

THE LEATHERNECK

October 1931

Single copy 25c



PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

GOOD...they've got to be good!



THEY'RE Milder, FRED

TASTE BETTER, TOO!

Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"

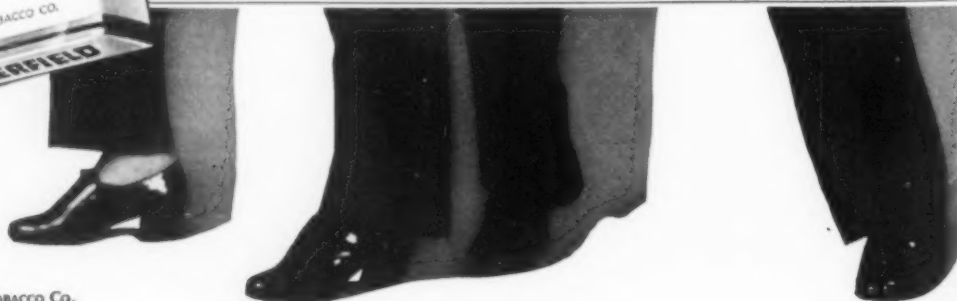
Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos—the best

that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burn evenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"



THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on July 31.....	18,423
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—Total strength July 31	1,189
Separations during August	2
Appointments during August	1,187
Total strength on August 31	0
ENLISTED—Total strength July 31	1,187
Separations during August	17,234
Joinings during August	580
Total strength August 31	16,654
Joinings during August	178
Total strength August 31	16,832
Total strength Marine Corps August 31	18,019

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben. H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Gerard M. Kincade.

Lt. Col. Philip H. Torrey.

Maj. Wm. C. James.

Capt. Frank P. Snow.

1st Lt. James M. Ranck, Jr.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Gerard M. Kincade.

Lt. Col. Philip H. Torrey.

Maj. Thos. E. Bourke.

Capt. Floyd W. Bennett.

1st Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

AUGUST 13, 1931.

2nd Lt. Claude I. Boles, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Olson, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Paul D. Sherman, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Weir, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about August 18th.

2nd Lt. Ernest E. Pollock, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about August 18th.

Chf. Pay Ck. Judson T. Armstrong, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about September 14th.

AUGUST 17, 1931.

Captain Louis Cukela, on September 10th detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Osbourne A. Hill, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Thomas J. McQuade, detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

AUGUST 19, 1931.

Colonel Thomas Holcomb, on August 17th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Colonel Presley M. Riker, on August 17th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Lt.-Col. Howard W. Stone, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Manila, P. I., on or about August 18th.

(Continued on page 3)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

AUGUST 1, 1931.

Sergeant William H. Crater—MD, NAD, Dover.

N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Charles R. Totten—MB, NS, Guam.

to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal John Burns—MB, NYd, Washington.

D. C., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Newell D. McLean—MB, Quantico, Va.,

to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Johannes K. P. Hoffman—MB, Parris

Island, S. C., to MB, NAS, Quantico, Va.

AUGUST 3, 1931.

Sergeant Green B. Evans—MB, NOB, New Or-

leans, La., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Frank Neider—MB, NAS, Lakehurst,

N. J., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Joseph B. Lewis—MB, Parris Island,

S. C., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Sergeant Ward W. Croyle—MB, Quantico, Va.,

to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Martin L. Hill—MB, Quantico, Va., to

MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

AUGUST 4, 1931.

Sergeant Harvey B. Carden—MB, Parris Island,

S. C., to Coco Solo, C. Z.

AUGUST 5, 1931.

Corporal Willard Brown—MB, NYd, Boston,

Mass., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Winslow Couch—MB, Quantico, Va.,

to Camp Rapidan, Cziglersville, Va.

AUGUST 6, 1931.

Sergeant Joshua Kelley—MB, NYd, Philadel-

phia, Pa., to MB, Norfolk, Va.

Corporal Arthur L. Elkin—West Coast to 4th

Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Wallace W. Crockett—West Coast to

4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Ernest F. Ballinger—West Coast to

Peiping, China.

AUGUST 7, 1931.

Paymaster Sergeant Leo B. Andrus—West Coast

to Paymaster, Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash-

ington, D. C.

Gunnery Sergeant Carl J. Cagle—MB, Quantico,

Va., to Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team.

Sergeant Francis W. O'Sullivan—MD, USS

"Asheville," to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Horace A. Smith—West Coast to 4th

Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Jay J. Clarke—MB, Quantico, Va., to

MB, Washington, D. C.

AUGUST 8, 1931.

Corporal Albert Rolke—MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.,

to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

AUGUST 10, 1931.

Sergeant Major Marvin T. Ball—MB, Quantico,

Va., to Nicaragua.

Master Technical Sergeant William W. Pardee—

AS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Nicaragua.

Gunnery Sergeant John A. Carleton—MD, NP

Portsmouth, N. H., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai,

China.

Gunnery Sergeant William A. Kennedy—MB,

Parris Island, S. C., to Haiti.

Sergeant Ralph McKinley—MB, Quantico, Va.,

to Haiti.

Sergeant Alton O. Coppage—MB, Quantico, Va.,

to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Corporal Anton M. Kopa—MB, NTS, Great

Lakes, Ill., to Haiti.

Corporal Walter J. LaCombe—MB, NYd, Phila-

delphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia,

Pa.

Corporal John F. Thrallkill—MB, Quantico, Va.,

to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

AUGUST 11, 1931.

1st Sergeant John F. Cato—Rifle Range, Wake-

field, Mass., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

(Continued on page 3)

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

AKIN, Lawrence B., at Quantico, 8-15-31, for MB,

Quantico, Va.

ALDER, Asa, at San Diego, 8-20-31, for NAS, San

Diego, Calif.

ALLEN, Joseph W., at Yorktown, Va., 8-16-31, for

MB, Yorktown, Va.

ALLISON, Rufus R., at Charleston, S. C., 8-17-31,

for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

ANGLETON, Philip L., at St. Louis, 8-11-31, for

West Coast.

BANISH, John L., at Iona Island, N. Y., 8-16-31,

for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.

BAXLEY, Newsom E., at Quantico, 8-13-31, for

Quantico, Va.

BEATTY, Carl, at Cincinnati, 8-24-31, for MB,

NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

BECKETT, Henry J. W., at San Diego, 8-17-31,

for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BENJAMIN, Allen S., at Cavite, P. I., 7-25-31, for

MB, Cavite, P. I.

BIALEK, Michael, at Washington, D. C., 8-22-31,

for MB, Washington, D. C.

BLAKE, Wayne M., at Cleveland, 8-29-31, for MB,

Charleston, W. Va.

BLAKEY, Homer, at Atlanta, 8-8-31, for China.

BOERKE, Adam T., at San Diego, 8-10-31, for

MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BRASEK, Carl F., at Portsmouth, Va., 8-27-31,

for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

BREVIEK, Lewis C., at Vallejo, 8-5-31, for NP,

NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

BUSTER, Ivan L., at Portland, Ore., 8-6-31, for

MCB, San Diego, Calif.

CAMERON, Elbert E., at USS PENNSYLVANIA,

8-2-31, for USS PENNSYLVANIA.

CHARPENTIER, Emile A., at Parris Island, 8-10-

31, for Parris Island.

CLARK, Norman R., at Indian Head, Md., 8-22-31,

for Indian Head, Md.

COFFIN, Linden V., at Puget Sound, 7-29-31, for

USS COLORADO.

COOPER, Charles P., at San Diego, 8-20-31, for

NAS, San Diego, Cal.

CROYLE, Ward W., at Quantico, 8-3-31, for 1st

Marines, Quantico, Va.

CRYTS, Bennie, at Quantico, 8-4-31, for 1st

Marines, Quantico, Va.

CURTIN, Charles D., at Puget Sound, 8-8-31, for

MCB, San Diego, Calif.

DANIEL, Earle E., at Dover, N. J., 8-28-31, for

MB, Dover, N. J.

DANIELS, Asa, at San Diego, 8-19-31, for MCB,

San Diego, Cal.

DARNELL, Ernest D., at St. Louis, 8-29-31, for

MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

DAVIS, Charles H., at Washington, D. C., 8-17-31,

for Quantico, Va.

DIAMOND, Harvey I., at Oakland, 8-15-31, for

RD, San Francisco, Cal.

DIAZ, Sloan M., at Quantico, 8-11-31, for Quan-

tico, Va.

DICKERSON, Percy J., at Quantico, 8-12-31, for

Quantico, Va.

DONELSON, Harry C., at Portsmouth, N. H.,

8-17-31, for Portsmouth, N. H.

DUMAIS, Alphonse, at Quantico, 8-29-31, for 1st

Marines, Quantico, Va.

FAULK, William T., at Jacksonville, 8-1-31, for

SDHS, Jacksonville, Fla.

FLECKNER, Clyde O., at Vallejo, 8-8-31, for MB,

NYd, Mare Island, Cal.

FLORCZAK, Frank, at Hampton Roads, 8-5-31,

for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

FLUCHT, Paul O., at Quantico, 8-22-31, for

Quantico, Va.

(Continued on page 4)

The SECOND GENERATION



Down the length of the great room goes a steady hum of sound, under-toned with the rhythm of a hundred busy typewriters and the buzz and click of conveyors. It is the Educational Service Division of the International Correspondence Schools, at Scranton, and the morning mail is in.

Watch one letter among the orderly thousands—a letter bearing the postmark of an up-state town in New York. It is opened, and by the deft manipulations of the sorters it moves to a desk far down the room where a clerk takes it from the top of the pile and reads it. An enrolment application for the Course in Business Management, signed by Robinson V. Carter, Jr.

When the clerk has typed the name and information on a yellow card, she steps over to the long line of cabinets

where close to four million students' names are filed. And as she is about to insert it in its alphabetical order her eye falls upon another card, old and discolored and worn with many handlings. "Robinson V. Carter" it reads, "Course in Foundry Practice," and the date it bears is 1900.

There is a story of human progress behind those two cards.

Back in the days when the country still echoed to the martial strains of "Hot Time in the Old Town," and Admiral Dewey's picture, laurel-wreathed, hung on a million walls, a young man came back from the war to his job in the foundry. He wanted to get ahead, but lacked technical knowledge. There was a school in Scranton, he heard, that taught all kinds of subjects by mail, and he was interested enough to write and find out.

That home-study course with the International Correspondence Schools gave him his start. He went up, steadily, to Foreman, Superintendent, General Manager. Today he owns the plant, and his son—a college graduate—is studying with the I. C. S. that he may help build the business.

In our files there are many stories of fathers who have won success through I. C. S. study, and are now urging their sons to take the same sound training.

So it is that this largest of all educational institutions is now serving its second generation of usefulness to America and the world.

There is a booklet, "The Business of Building Men," which outlines the vast service the International Correspondence Schools are performing for Business and Industry. We shall be glad to send you a copy on request.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMBER, NATIONAL
HOME STUDY COUNCIL

U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

(Continued from page 1)

Captain Louis G. DeHaven, orders to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., modified to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
2nd Lt. Roger T. Carleson, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
2nd Lt. John H. Griebel, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk NYd, for treatment.
2nd Lt. Thomas B. Hughes, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
Chf. Mar. Gnr. Walter G. Allen, detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

AUGUST 26, 1931.

Lt. Col. Harold F. Wirsman, on or about September 4th detached USS "Houston" to Department of the Pacific via first available commercial conveyance.

Captain Otto E. Bartos, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Louis R. Jones, detached MD, USS "Idaho," to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain William W. Scott, Jr., promoted to the grade of captain on August 18th.

1st Lt. Francis H. Brink, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1931.

2nd Lt. John S. Holmberg, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEP, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Pay Clk. Bernard E. Neel, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 7th.

The following-named officers have been promoted to the grade of Captain:
George W. Walker, Herman H. Hanneken, Edward G. Hagen, James L. Denham, Frank P. Snow.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1931.

Major General Smedley D. Butler, retired as of October 1st.

Captain William F. Becker, retired as of December 1st.

Captain Louis Cukela, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Donald Spicer, detached Garde d'Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. David K. Claude, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James E. Stanners, retired as of December 1st with rank of captain.

2nd Lt. John H. Griebel, orders to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., for duty and to NH, New York, N. Y., for treatment.

The following-named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Gerard M. Kincade, Lt.-Col. Philip H. Torrey, Major William C. James.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1931.

1st Lt. Homer L. Litzenberg, on or about September 20th detached MD, USS "Arkansas" to MD, USS "New Mexico."

1st Lt. Thomas J. Kilcourse, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Monroe S. Swanson, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. William W. Orr, on or about September 20th detached MD, USS "New Mexico," to MD, USS "Arkansas."

2nd Lt. Roger T. Carleson, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

Gunnery Sergeant Clyde H. Jenkins—Nicaragua to AS, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant William A. Pierce—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Jesse A. Brown—MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to AS, Nicaragua.

Corporal George C. Toth—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Alphonse Dumais—MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Knut. A. Hakanson—MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

AUGUST 12, 1931.

Sergeant John C. Cochrane—Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Corporal George W. Leigh—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to Haiti.

Corporal Joseph L. Watson—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Sharkey W. Harrison—MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Ellis D. Mambert—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Haiti.

Corporal Joseph E. Roberge—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Leonard C. Hansford—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Sergeant George A. Beck—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to Central Recruiting Division.

1st Sergeant Frank Miller—Central Recruiting Division to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal James C. Elland—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Irvin H. Elrod—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Archibald M. Seymour—MD, NH, Chelsea, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

AUGUST 14, 1931.

Gunnery Sergeant Leo W. Adams—AS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Nicaragua.

Gunnery Sergeant George A. Jahant—AS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Nicaragua.

Sergeant Claud A. Mudd—MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

Sergeant Marion R. Lenoir—Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Joseph M. Graczkowski—MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Leon K. Dudley—Wakefield to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Thomas L. Mix—MB, Quantico, Va., to Quartermaster, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Fred Harrison—MB, Washington, D. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

AUGUST 15, 1931.

Sergeant John Kechmer—MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Jack Oswald—MD, USS "Arkansas" to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

Corporal John C. Wyosky—MD, USS "Arkansas" to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

AUGUST 17, 1931.

1st Sergeant William H. Tobin—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Sergeant Frank Miller—Central Recruiting Division to MD, USS "Tennessee."

Sergeant John H. McNitt—MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Ernest J. Jessen—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Clayton H. Ruth—MB, Norfolk, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

AUGUST 18, 1931.

1st Sergeant Joseph K. Roberts—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard.

Sergeant John L. Banish—MD, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Thomas Maxwell—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal John S. Durant—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

AUGUST 19, 1931.

Corporal Lester L. Phelps—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Howard J. Meeks—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Albert Rolke—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

Corporal Stanley P. Field—Haiti to AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Alvie L. Thomas—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal Howard J. Meeks—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Earl M. Long—MB, Washington, D. C., to Navy Department Building Guard.

Corporal Earl J. Hoyle—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NB, NS, Guam.

Corporal John C. Duncan—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal B. E. Clements—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal J. F. Thrallkill—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Stanley P. Field—Haiti to AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Alvie L. Thomas—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal Howard J. Meeks—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Earl M. Long—MB, Washington, D. C., to Navy Department Building Guard.

Corporal Earl J. Hoyle—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NB, NS, Guam.

Corporal John C. Duncan—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal B. E. Clements—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal J. F. Thrallkill—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Stanley P. Field—Haiti to AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Alvie L. Thomas—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal Howard J. Meeks—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Earl M. Long—MB, Washington, D. C., to Navy Department Building Guard.

Corporal Earl J. Hoyle—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NB, NS, Guam.

Corporal John C. Duncan—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal B. E. Clements—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal J. F. Thrallkill—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Stanley P. Field—Haiti to AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Alvie L. Thomas—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal Howard J. Meeks—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Earl M. Long—MB, Washington, D. C., to Navy Department Building Guard.

Corporal Earl J. Hoyle—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NB, NS, Guam.

Corporal Howard J. Meeks—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Corporal Sharkey W. Harrison—MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Ellis D. Mambert—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Haiti.

Corporal Joseph E. Roberge—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Leonard C. Hansford—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Sergeant George A. Beck—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to Central Recruiting Division.

1st Sergeant Frank Miller—Central Recruiting Division to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal James C. Elland—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Irvin H. Elrod—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Archibald M. Seymour—MD, NH, Chelsea, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

AUGUST 20, 1931.

Gunnery Sergeant Leo W. Adams—AS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Nicaragua.

Gunnery Sergeant George A. Jahant—AS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Nicaragua.

Sergeant Claud A. Mudd—MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

Sergeant Marion R. Lenoir—Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Joseph M. Graczkowski—MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Leon K. Dudley—Wakefield to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Thomas L. Mix—MB, Quantico, Va., to Quartermaster, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Fred Harrison—MB, Washington, D. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

AUGUST 21, 1931.

Sergeant Kriston Markso—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Corporal George A. Robertson—MD, USS "Southern" to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal James K. May—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

AUGUST 25, 1931.

Gunnery Sergeant George C. Parrett—West Coast to MB, Cavite, Philippine Islands.

Corporal Virgil L. Garst—MD, USS "Rochester" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Ernest F. Ballinger—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Clayton H. Ruth—MB, Norfolk, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Ernest J. Jessen—West Coast to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

AUGUST 26, 1931.

Sergeant Kriston Markso—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Corporal George A. Robertson—MD, USS "Southern" to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal James K. May—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal John S. Durant—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

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Corporal John S. Durant—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

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Corporal John S. Durant—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

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Sergeant Lester D. Cox—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 Sergeant Carl I. Laine—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 Sergeant Kenneth E. Harker—Marine Corps Rifle & Pistol team to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 Sergeant Claude N. Harris—Marine Corps Rifle & Pistol Team to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 Sergeant Wilford D. Fields—MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C., to Haiti.
 Corporal Samuel D. Abbott—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sea School.
 Corporal William A. Easterline—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Corporal John C. Blodgett—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington.
 Corporal Louis E. Easley—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Haiti.
 Corporal George T. Philpot—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 Corporal Robert W. Reeves—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.
 AUGUST 31, 1931.
 1st Sergeant Ellwell P. Knowles—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 1)

FRANTZ, Carl L., at Puget Sound, 8-4-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 FRASER, John D., at Detroit, 8-24-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GARRIS, James E., at Parris Island, 8-16-31, for Parris Island, S. C.
 GILLESPIE, Harvey A., at St. Louis, 8-1-31, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
 GLASS, Orin, at New York, 8-2-31, for Rects. Dist. of New York.
 GOEHRING, McKinley, at Vallejo, 8-19-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 GOLDMEYER, Henry G., at Nicaragua, 8-6-31, for Nicaragua.
 GREENING, Eugene Edw., at Atlanta, 8-5-31, for AFM Office, Atlanta, Ga.
 GRIM, Floyd E., at San Diego, 8-16-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HAGERTY, Oliver F., Jr., at Washington, D. C., 8-5-31, for MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.
 HARTMAN, Harvey, at Quantico, 7-31-31, for 1st Marines, Quantico, Va.
 HAWKINS, Howard W., at Chicago, 8-22-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 HENDRY, Earl G., at San Diego, 8-3-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HENRY, Wallace, at Lakehurst, N. J., 8-14-31, for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
 HENSLEY, Lewis V., at San Diego, 8-12-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HILL, McGrady, at Baltimore, 8-13-31, for Haiti.
 HODO, Kenneth E., at Chicago, 8-15-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HOFFMAN, Albert F., at Vallejo, 8-16-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 HOLLIS, Alford L., at Quantico, 8-19-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HOPKINS, John T., at Atlanta, 8-3-31, for MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.
 HOUGHTALING, William L., at Puget Sound, 8-21-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 HUGHES, Dallas, at Hampton Roads, 8-15-31, for D. of S. Hampton Roads, Va.
 HUMPHREY, Andrew J., at Charleston, S. C., 8-1-31, for MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C.
 HUTCHISON, Paris, at Pensacola, 8-10-31, for MB, Pensacola, Fla.
 IRWIN, Charles A., at MB, Philadelphia, 8-13-31, for Philadelphia, Pa.
 JARAMILLO, John, at Vallejo, Calif., 8-21-31, for MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.
 JOHNSON, Ellis J., at Nicaragua, 7-19-31, for Nicaragua.
 JOHNSON, Hilberg A., at Chicago, Ill., 8-22-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 JOHNSON, William M., at San Diego, Calif., 8-11-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 JOLLY, Lewis, at Annapolis, Md., 8-27-31, USS REINA MERCEDES.
 KENNEDY, James McK., at Quantico, Va., 8-11-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 KENNEDY, Walter, at Nashville, Tenn., 8-6-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 KESSLER, Harry A., at Washington, D. C., 8-3-31, for Haiti.
 KINNEY, William A., at Quantico, Va., 8-27-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 KINSMAN, Walter L., at Newport, R. I., 8-15-31, for Newport, R. I.
 KLEIN, George W., at San Francisco, Calif., 8-3-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 LIVINGSTON, George, at Indian Head, Md., 8-10-31, for MB, Indian Head, Md.
 LONG, William T., at Parris Island, S. C., 8-17-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

LOUDIANA, Frank J., at Quantico, Va., 8-25-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MAGERS, Leopold, at Quantico, Va., 8-19-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MAGUIRE, John T., at New London, Conn., 8-18-31, for MB, New London, Conn.
 MALLORY, William C., at NP, Portsmouth, N. H., 8-21-31, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
 MARCHMAN, Ernest D., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 8-4-31, for MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.
 MARTIN, Ernest L., at NP, Portsmouth, N. H., 8-23-31, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
 MAYERS, Walter F., at Chicago, Ill., 8-24-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MCCLEAF, John N. F., at MB, Quantico, Va., 8-3-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MCCORMACK, John L., at New York, N. Y., 8-27-31, for MB, NYD, New York.
 MCCULLOUGH, James J., Philadelphia, Pa., 8-6-31, for MD, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.
 MCFELLIN, James A., at New York, 8-1-31, MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.
 MELEAR, Jessie "B", at Quantico, Va., 8-27-31, for ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.
 MILLER, Benjamin, at Washington, D. C., 8-3-31, for Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
 MILLER, George G., at Hingham, Mass., 8-15-31, for MB, Hingham, Mass.
 MILLER, Lewis, at MD, Peiping, China, 7-3-31, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
 MIOTKE, Leo L., at Quantico, Va., 8-19-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MULLEN, Edwrd A., at Lakehurst, N. J., 8-29-31, for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
 NEUMAN, William C., at Vallejo, Calif., 8-15-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 NILSSON, Nils A., at Quantico, Va., 8-12-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 NOVATNEY, Albert A., at Charleston, S. C., 8-25-31, for MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C.
 OLAGUEZ, August "A", at San Diego, Calif., 8-22-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 PALATINUS, Joe, at Youngstown, Ohio, 8-21-31, for MB, Charleston, W. Va.
 PARSONS, Harry C., at Quantico, Va., 8-5-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 PESL, Anton E., at Milwaukee, Wis., 8-3-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 PETERSON, William J., at Puget Sound, Wash., 8-22-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 PICKERING, Ray W., at Quantico, Va., 8-12-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 PIGG, Horace W., at Parris Island, S. C., 8-23-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 POLICK, Edward R., at Philadelphia, Pa., 8-10-31, for MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.
 POWELL, Emery M., at Parris Island, S. C., 8-11-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 PRICE, Caryl A., at San Diego, Calif., 8-23-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 RAPP, Ralph, at Philadelphia, Pa., 8-26-31, for MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.
 RIETH, Louis, at Parris Island, S. C., 8-1-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 ROGERS, Victory H., at Philadelphia, Pa., 8-20-31, for Eastern Recruiting Division, Philadelphia, Pa.
 RUHL, Edgar F., at Quantico, Va., 8-26-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SABO, Michael G., at Washington, D. C., 8-17-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SEARS, Kenneth O., at Long Beach, Calif., 8-24-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 SHOEMAKER, Gail "L", at Vallejo, Calif., 7-30-31, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
 SMITH, Abraham V. R., at San Diego, Calif., 8-19-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 SMITH, James E., at Pearl Harbor, 7-29-31, for MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 SMITH, Robert, at Haiti, 8-6-31, for Haiti.
 SMITH, Robert A., at Vallejo, Calif., 8-19-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SMITH, Russell G., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 8-28-31, for MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.
 SNYDER, Albert E., at Seattle, Wash., 8-4-31, for MB, Puget Sound, NYD, Bremerton, Wash.
 SNYDER, Harry C., at Nicaragua, 8-7-31, for Nicaragua.
 SOWDER, Ethel R., at New Orleans, La., 8-7-31, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 SPAUR, James, at MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., 8-5-31, for MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.
 STEINSDORFER, Joseph G., at Parris Island, 8-13-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 STEWART, Robert C., at Philadelphia, 8-14-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 STRABA, Albert, at Quantico, Va., 8-19-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 TAYLOR, Earl, at San Diego, Calif., 8-11-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 TAYLOR, Max C., at Washington, D. C., 8-10-31, for Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
 THOMAS, Alvie L., at Quantico, Va., 8-25-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 THOMAS, Ben T., Jr., at Atlanta, Ga., 8-18-31, for Haiti.
 TOHLA, Charles H., at Washington, D. C., 8-26-31, for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
 TUSON, Vernon A., at NAS, San Diego, Calif., 8-21-31, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.
 TYLER, Joshua M., at Washington, D. C., 8-3-31, for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

UPTON, Robert, at Augusta, Ga., 8-15-31, for MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.
 WALLACE, Barton D., at Chicago, Ill., 8-5-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WARD, Clifford A., at Washington, D. C., 8-17-31, for MB, Yorktown, Va.
 WEATHERFORD, John G., at Quantico, Va., 8-13-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WHITE, Byron O., at San Diego, Calif., 7-27-31, for MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.
 WILLIAMS, Erney L., at Washington, D. C., 8-10-31, for MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.
 WILLIAMS, Frank H., at Nicaragua, 7-28-31, for Nicaragua.
 WILLIAMS, Stanton L., at Detroit, Mich., 8-27-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WILLIAMSON, Robert S., at Quantico, Va., 8-6-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WOODS, Dayton R., at Parris Island, S. C., 8-24-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 WORD, William E., at Nicaragua, 7-30-31, for Nicaragua.
 YOUNG, Matthew J., at Vallejo, Calif., 8-1-31, for MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

RECENT GRADUATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Major Smith, Harry L.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 1st Lt. Stillman, John H.—Bookkeeping & Accounting.
 2nd Lt. Coffman, John H.—Bookkeeping & Accounting.
 2nd Lt. June, Frank M.—Spanish.
 2nd Lt. McCaffery, Joseph P.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. McDowell, Robert H.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Newhart, Harold O.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. O'Neill, Archie E.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Phillips, Earl H.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Weir, Kenneth H.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Ch. QM. Ck. Goodwin, Burns D.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 1st Sgt. Cain, Ambrose J.—Farm Crops.
 Cpl. Engelsing, August W.—C. S. Stenographer-Typist.
 Cpl. Gove, Albert J.—Metal-Pattern Making.
 Cpl. Griffin, Henry S.—Good English.
 Cpl. Moore, Karlton L.—Immigration Patrol Officer.
 Cpl. Sharak, Michael T.—Good English.
 Pfc. Schauer, Carl—Aviation Engines.
 Pfc. Weitz, Marvin J.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. Anderson, Clifford E.—Aviation Engines.
 Pvt. Beard, Bernard H.—Complete Automobile.
 Pvt. Cobb, Merle E.—Farm Crops.
 Pvt. Helverson, Howard H.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. McCarty, Harry—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. Mekara, Charles J.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. Miller, William—Practical Electrician's.
 Pvt. Ohlsen, Alan LeR.—Aviation Engines.
 Pvt. Powis, Stuart H.—Salesmanship.
 Pvt. Theis, Ervin J.—Poultry Farming.
 Pvt. Tupper, Harold M.—C. S. Post office.
 Pvt. Wayman, William T.—Spanish.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed Guam 23 August for Honolulu. Due Honolulu 2 September, leave 3 September; arrive San Francisco 10 September. Will leave San Francisco 30 September, arrive San Pedro 1 Oct., leave 2 Oct.; arrive San Diego 3 Oct., leave 5 Oct.; arrive Corinto 12 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 15 Oct., leave 19 Oct.; arrive Port au Prince 22 Oct., leave 23 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 27 Oct.
 HENDERSON—Arrived Hampton Roads 31 August. Will leave Hampton Roads 14 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 21 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive Corinto 25 Sept., leave 25 Sept.; arrive San Diego 3 Oct., leave 5 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 6 Oct., leave 7 Oct.; arrive San Francisco 8 Oct., leave 22 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 30 Oct., leave 31 Oct.; arrive November 13 at Guam, leave Guam 14 Nov.; arrive Manila 20 Nov., leave 22 Dec.; arrive Guam 28 Dec., leave 29 Dec.; arrive Honolulu 9 Jan., leave 11 Jan.; arrive San Francisco 19 January.
 KITTERY—Sailed Guantanamo 28 August for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 2 September. Will leave Hampton Roads 17 September for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive St. Thomas 22 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive San Juan 24 Sept., leave 24 Sept.; arrive Cape Haitien 26 Sept., leave 28 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 29 Sept., leave 1 October; arrive Guantanamo 2 October, leave 3 October, arrive Hampton Roads 8 October. Will leave Hampton Roads 21 October for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 26 Oct., leave 27 Oct.; arrive Port au Prince 28 Oct., leave 29 Oct.

arrive Cape Haitien 30 Oct.; leave 31 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 5 November.

NITRO—Sailed Cristobal for Guantanamo on 31 August, due Guantanamo 2 September, leave 2 Sept.; arrive Hampton Roads 6 September. Will proceed to Navy Yard Norfolk for overhaul.

DEATHS

ENLISTED MEN (REGULARS)

BOZELL, Howard Huron, Private, died August 10, 1931, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Fern Wertz, mother, R. F. D. No. 1, Edinburg, Indiana.

CAMPBELL, Richard Miller, Private, died August 23, 1931, of injuries received in an airplane crash near Corinto, Nicaragua. Next of kin: James D. Campbell, father, 1812 Beech Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

CLARK, Lee, Staff Sergeant, died August 23, 1931, of injuries received in an airplane crash near Corinto, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Stella Clark, wife, 4610 El Cajon Avenue, San Diego, California.

LINSLEY, Theodore, Private, drowned August 20, 1931, when he fell overboard from the USS "Henderson" at sea off Corinto, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Emma Linsley, mother, 713 North Rowe Street, Ludington, Michigan.

MARTIN, Clyde Elmer, Private First Class, died August 6, 1931, of injuries received in an automobile accident near Dover, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Effie Sowards, mother, 101 Barthman Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

MAVES, Gustav, Private First Class, died August 9, 1931, of disease, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Next of kin: Mrs. Gertrude H. Schlesinger, sister, 1413 Euclid Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

O'NEAL, Gilles Ernest, Private, died August 25, 1931, of disease, at Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Amanda O. O'Neal, mother, R. F. D. No. 1, Farmersville, Ohio.

(RETIRED)

BRADY, Arthur D. B., Staff Sergeant, retired, died July 24, 1931, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Next of kin: Mrs. Viola Metzger, sister, 1200 North 14th Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

UNSWORTH, Richard, Staff Sergeant, retired, died July 31, 1931, of disease, at Providence, R. I. Next of kin: Mrs. Amelia Humphrey, sister, 808 Pontiac Avenue, Cranston, R. I.

PROMOTIONS

FIRST SERGEANT Ernest Arnold—to Sergeant Major.

SERGEANTS Edward R. Bell—to Gunnery Sergeant.

Harland W. Bond—to First Sergeant.

John Murphy—to First Sergeant.

George Occhionero—to Gunnery Sergeant.

Glenn O. Seider—to First Sergeant.

CORPORALS Leo A. Batt—to Sergeant.

Newton E. Carbough—to Sergeant.

James N. Crocker—to Sergeant.

Alfio Ferazzi—to Sergeant.

James H. Greer—to Sergeant.

Cecil S. Hansen—to Sergeant.

Sharkey W. Harrison—to Sergeant.

Arthur P. Jones—to Sergeant.

Stephen Lesko—to Sergeant.

Ladd S. Millen—to Sergeant.

Joseph A. Morrow—to Sergeant.

Carl Obluck—to Sergeant.

Eugene A. O'Connor—to Sergeant.

Edward B. Peck—to Sergeant.

Phillip Wm. Sullivan—to Sergeant.

Frank C. Tracy—to Sergeant.

George Winters—to Sergeant.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS Joseph Backay—to Corporal.

Irwin A. Barlass—to Corporal.

Charles J. Behert—to Corporal.

Albert G. Mousquet—to Corporal.

Chester P. Brandt—to Corporal.

Harold W. Cameron—to Corporal.

Percy R. Carter—to Corporal.

John H. Cheshire—to Corporal.

Shepherd T. Coates—to Corporal.

Basil E. Darr—to Corporal.

William W. Dill—to Corporal.

Henry K. Dykstra—to Corporal.

Raymond J. Early—to Corporal.

Joel H. Easter—to Corporal.

Joseph E. Edwards, Jr.—to Corporal.

Lee A. Elkins—to Corporal.

Ernest G. Fuehrer—to Corporal.

William R. Fuller—to Corporal.

Frederick J. Glatz—to Corporal.

Howard E. Goman—to Corporal.

Howard M. Graham—to Corporal.

Carl H. Gustaveson—to Corporal.

Edwin C. Harris—to Corporal.

Joseph F. Hendrickson—to Corporal.

William M. Hutchins—to Corporal.

Lawrence J. Hydrick—to Corporal.

Raymond C. Jones—to Corporal.

John E. Kennedy—to Corporal.

William S. King, Jr.—to Corporal.

Carl J. Klopp—to Corporal.

Joseph F. La Bonet—to Corporal.

Adrain La Pointe—to Corporal.

(Continued on page 55)



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—W. C. BENNETT

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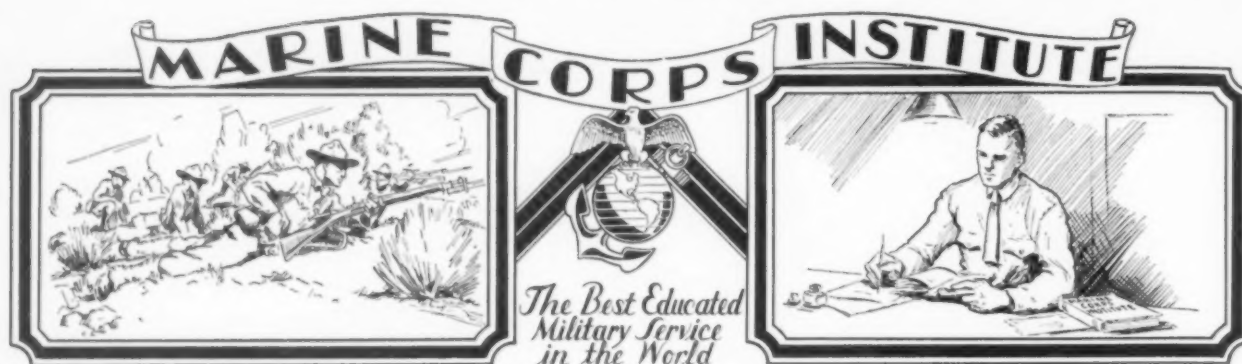
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☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish
☐ Second Lieut. Prep.
☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Stenography & Typing
☐ Good English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects

☐ Naval Academy Prep.
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Standard High School
☐ Gas Engine Operating

Technical and Industrial Courses
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying & Mapping
☐ Plumbing & Heating
☐ Radio
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Architect
☐ Architect's Blue Prints
☐ Contractor & Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry
☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture & Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

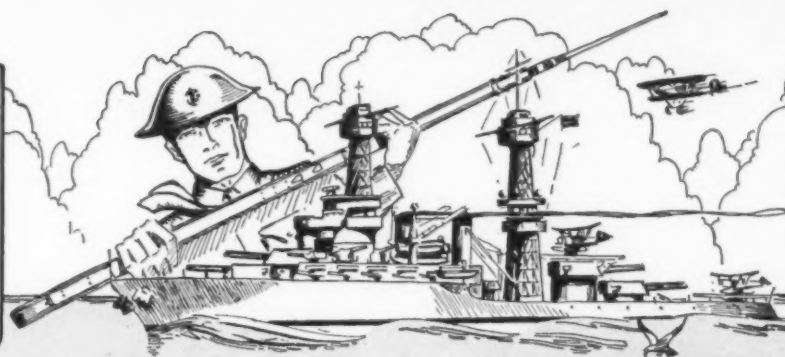
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The Director,
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NUMBER 10

The Romance of Parris Island

By N. L. Willet

EMPHASIS as to early landings here in our America, has heretofore centered wholly on Virginia, Massachusetts and New York. But recent translations in the archives of the Indes Library, Seville, Spain, have changed all of that! Today history altogether stresses that area stretching from Santa Elena to San Augustin as being the arena where came to pass our country's earliest, most vital and most hotly contested events.

Separated only by Port Royal River and lying close together and historically blended are, today, the three islands, Parris, St. Helena and Port Royal. Whether the first island of the trinity was named for its beauty, Paris, after the French city, by Rimaut, who also named Port Royal River, or was called Parris after the man who was the colony's first treasurer and whose home was on the island, no one knows. Localities in olden days carried no well defined borders. The whole section here by the Spanish was called Santa Elena; by the English, Port Royal, and by the Indians, Chicora.

Of a certainty, however, we know that on present day Parris Island, America's first pilgrims and her first would-be settlers, the French Huguenots, May 27, 1562, were landed; that on this island the Huguenots, 1562, built our first American fort, Charlesfort, and built here too, our country's first ocean-going sailing ship; that on this island, as her most northern outpost, Spain, under King Phillip II, built Fort San Felipe in 1566 and Fort San Marcos in 1577, and we know that all this happened on Means Creek on the southeast end of the island.

I copy here a recent letter to myself from Capt. Hal M. Stuart, Beaufort, S. C., and local historical authority which gives not only the successive owners of this island but makes plain the original name before its ownership by Alexander Parris. Says Captain Stuart: "The island receives its present name from Colonel Alexander Parris. In early colonial days it was known as Port Royal Island, under which name it was granted to Landgrave, Robt. Damill, of Berkeley County. By him it was sold to Edward Archer of Barbados (1701). It was from Edward Archer that the creek now spanned by the bridge from Beaufort to Parris Island is named—Archer's Creek, which, along with Broad and Port Royal Rivers, make up the waters that surround the island. From the foregoing gentlemen it came into the possession of Colonel Alexander Parris, by deed of sale, 1715. The modern holders of plantations on Parris Island listed in 1820 were Eddings, Barnwell, Stephen Elliott, Cartwright, Grayson, Habersham and Means—the Fullers owning there later on. It was from Cartwright that the creek by the Quarantine Station was named—since called by the various names of Ballast Creek, Pilots Creek, etc. It is not generally known that Parris Island was marked for a naval station by

the British—but the Revolution put an end to the plan. Not generally known is it, too, that Alexander Parris was auditor and treasurer of the colony of South Carolina, I think the first."

For 242 years, beginning 1521, Spain laid claim to the whole territory now known as Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. This claim was hotly contested by England, France and the native Indians. The area became truly "The Debatable Land" and was the continuous arena of blood and strife. It was only in 1763 that Spain relinquished her claim on Santa Elena.

The Spanish Mission work to the Indians on Parris Island began 1568, and on this island went up in 1569 the first religious wall in this country—the cry of lonely Juan Rogel in San Felipe Fort, bemoaning the failure of the Jesuits in this country—in 1570 the Jesuits went back to Spain!

In 1573 the Franciscans came. For a hundred years the Santa Helena Mission continued, but we have no story of success. The success of this order, however, in Gualle (Wallie)—the Georgia coast—and in Florida, was spectacular. In 1633 Gualle had 40 friars. The Gualle Indians were called Christian Indians and it was they who built the tabby churches whose ruins today one sees about Darien, Georgia.

The early landings on the Port Royal River islands were:

(a) The Spanish: In 1520 Velasquez de Allyon touched at St. Helena Island and it was he who named it; in 1525 three or four Spanish ships came to St. Helena Island for slave purposes, but were largely foiled by the Indians; in 1566 Menendez de Avilles came to Parris Island and built Fort San Felipe; in 1577, from San Augustin, came Menendez Marques to Parris Island and built Fort San Marcos; in 1686 came Spanish ships from San Augustin and burnt Stuart Town, built in 1664 by the Lord Cardross Scotch Colony, and the first town built in the section and situated some four miles from Parris Island on Port Royal Island.

(b) The French: The Huguenots under Ribaut landed on Parris Island, 1562; a ship from France in 1565 called at Parris Island to thank Audusta and other chiefs for their kindness to the Huguenots.

(c) The English: Hilton explored the coast islands between Port Royal and Bluffton in 1663 and sent back flattering accounts; in 1666 Sanford visited Port Royal and found friendly Indians who were growing corn, peas, melons, pumpkins, peppers, grapes, peaches and



figs and found the woods full of game and the waters with fishes; in 1670 Wm. Sayle, appointed first Governor of the Province at Port Royal, landed at Port Royal with two ships made up mostly of Englishmen with their slaves, from the Barbados Island and who moved in 1671 to the Ashley; in 1684 came the Lord Cardross Scotch Colony with large grant and powers—the remarkable Cardross and Dunlop letters have only been recently published—and built Stuart Town on Beaufort River, and near present day Port Royal town, and which being burnt in 1686, ended all Scotch immigration. An integral part of English history on the islands of the Port Royal River are the lives of those heroic figures, Dr. Henry Woodward, whom Sanford left behind and who became the first English citizen here, Capt. Thos. Nairne, John Stuart and Colonel "Tuscarora" John Barnwell.

The Parris Island forts make a story of great romance. They are equally a story of tragedy and failure. Charlesfort, 1562, only a short distance from the later San Marcos, and only a small frail one, was totally destroyed in 1564 by the Spaniard, Rojas, who left behind no vestige of it and no possibility of its rediscovery. San Felipe, 1566, was only 100 feet distant from the later San Marcos. It stood up well until July, 1576, when, because of cruelty to the Indians by Captain Maranda, 500 Indian braves besieged it; Maranda put his people in three ships and sailed away to San Augustin; the Indians made a bonfire of the fort. No relics of it have ever been discovered. San Marcos Fort, 1577, larger and more costly than San Felipe, was built as the archives tell us, of upright cedar posts in the form of a square and with an embankment of shells. The exact measurement east by west and north by south is given. The archives tell us that 150 men aided in the building and that the wives and children of the men were respectively 44 and 62. We are given the soldier's names and the accoutrements of each and the number of cannon. In 1586 redoubtable Drake of England played havoc with San Augustin and Marques was forced to reduce San Marcos, evacuate Santa Elena and concentrate all efforts to the relief and rebuilding of San Augustin. Many relics were in evidence of San Marcos until 1917, when the Marines levelled the place, thinking the relics to be part of a Civil War fort.

Only a few miles away from the above forts and situated on the peninsula of Port Royal Island were the following pre-revolutionary English forts: On Battery Creek was Old Fort. One-half mile farther up on Beaufort River was Fort Frederick of tabby, most of it now standing and wrongly called Spanish Fort. It remained a fort from 1734 to 1743. It was on the ground of the Penney Grant, 1701. The land was later a part of the Cardross grant. A fourth of a mile up Beaufort River was built, to take the place of Fort Frederick, with its shallower water, in 1756, Fort

Lyttleton. Fort Marion was built on the Fort Lyttleton site after the Revolutionary War and was well garrisoned in the war of 1812. Today the place, and known as "Shipyard," is owned by Mr. Todd. Altogether this exhibit of forts makes a remarkable story.

Till the revelations of Seville, a few years ago, there had been no dream of Parris Island forts save that of Charlesfort. The relocation of this fort was undertaken under the command of General E. K. Cole. Major Geo. Osterhout, Jr., did the research work. While digging ditches to discover foundations and relics the major discovered underground cedar posts, and soon was laid bare the whole square of posts with their shell environment and though underground 360 years these cedar posts, even to their bark, were sound and untouched by time.

That this was Charlesfort there was not a shadow of a doubt and what the fort needed was a national monument dedicated to the Huguenots! And when the foundation was laid Huguenots from everywhere gathered on Parris Island—the city of Paris

sent an eloquent speaker. And every visitor today to Parris Island goes to see this tall granite shaft beside Means Creek—one of the most notable and beautiful of our American monuments. The monument is purely of French design and artistry and with many French emblems. On one of its sides we read: "Erected 1925, by the Government of the United States of America to mark the first stronghold of France on this Continent."

If we had waited till the rediscovery of Charlesfort there never would have been on Parris Island a sacrosanct shrine granite shaft commemorating 1562! Down in old Spanish Catholic San Marcos Fort there is a tragedy it's true, in monuments! But the old fort gave us the monument and it will guard it well and furthermore the Spanish Inquisition is dead! What really counts is that the Huguenots landed on Means Creek, Parris Island, and that on Means Creek, Parris Island, stands a Huguenot monument!

Not often in the world's history do such errors occur. The Seville translations showing measurements and material not only prove that Major Osterhout uncovered San Marcos Fort but also show that there was a total annihilation of Charlesfort by Rojas.

Of all the reports sent back by American explorers the most flattering were those as to the islands about Port Royal. Sayle was to be governor at Port Royal. Cardross was to bring over 10,000 Scots. Peter Purry was to bring in Swiss. The West Indies was to send its thousands. Many indeed were the attempts to carry out Nature's decree that here was to be a great port and a crowded citizenry. The failure here came from two causes: First, the contiguity with its easy sea transit of Port Royal to San Augustin, and, second, the failure of the Lord's Proprietors to protect the Cardross Colony.

The facts here are that with



The Parris Island forts make a story of great romance.

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Early Days In Carolina Province

In the building of the Nation the Carolina Province played a major part. The province was owned by the Lord's Proprietors. The upbuilding of the Port Royal Section began in 1674. Slavery was synchronous with the first landing here of Englishmen for the Barbadians of the Sayles Colonists, landing at Port Royal, 1670, and afterward moving to the Ashley River, brought their slaves from Barbados with them.

The Lord's proprietors were narrow and selfish and placed many restrictions upon the Colonists. Roman Catholic immigrants were forbidden and only British and Irish (Protestants) peoples were allowed to come in. All traffic was done in English built ships, manned by English seamen and masters. No creation of nobility titles was allowed and no Bishops for confirmations were permitted to come in. In 1690, John Stewart bewails these restrictions, disclosing that with a free wide open port here and no custom duties, myriad people would flock into this country where a man could earn a greater yearly income than was possible by any man in England below the nobility.

The appointments here were all political. Some of the Governors sent were distasteful to the Colonists. The same is true of some of the Rectors as sent across to fill the pulpits of the churches. St. Helena Church, Beaufort, erected 1724, refused to accept certain Rectors and law suits grew out of it. This church is one of the oldest in continuous operation—no gaps and no fires through 207 years—in the United States. The printed book containing the minutes of the Vestry from 1725 to 1825 makes an amazing ecclesiastical exhibit of early days—the church's first American born rector began his work here, 1825.

The Anglican Church here was a State church and supported by the Crown. The Huguenots of the Santee and Cooper River sections thus doubly taxed in church support, largely became Episcopalians under the promise that there was to be no belief in transubstantiation. The Huguenots of Charleston remained faithful. The beautiful old Huguenot Church in the city is still standing and carries on religious services and is the only Huguenot Church in the United States. Of all the old Anglican Churches as built in America, the most beautiful perhaps, in architectural design, are St. Luke's, Smithfield, Va.,

said to be 299 years in service, and the Sheldon Church near Beaufort, S. C., built in 1746, and now, as burnt, in ruins. Famous old churches in the Colony, restored and now in use, are St. Andrews, 1706, and Goose Creek. Exceedingly quaint they are, and strange to say, are without altars, crosses or candles. Many pilgrimages are now made to these above ecclesiastical shrines, for these old churches played a supreme part in the Colony's early day history.

The Colony's building materials were imported English brick and home-made tabby—oyster shells and sand mixed in burnt oyster shell lime and then moulded into blocks. Everybody lived by the water side. Transit was by big cypress boats rowed by 6 to 12 negroes who kept time by singing spirituals. These periaegs often came into Charleston, carrying over 2000 skins for export. The negro called the well-to-do white man "de buckruh" and the poor whites (between whom and himself was antagonism) "de po buckruh." Still in use are old time negro "praise houses"—small in size, democratic, twice a week for

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Trade with England in the Carolina Province began in 1670.

The Marine Factory, Parris Island

By Earl B. Hardy

WHEN the recruit depot system, that is, training of recruits before being assigned to barracks for duty, was started, recruits were sent to four or five of the larger posts, where they were segregated as much as possible for training. It soon became apparent that satisfactory results were not being gotten, mainly for three causes: (a) difficulty of keeping recruits segregated from the older men; (b) the recruit feature of the post being merely an adjunct to the post proper it was not infrequently treated as such, with attendant interference with recruit training; and (c) difficulty in keeping the different depots to the same standard of training. After a time the depots were reduced to two, one on each coast, and the result that followed showed a decided improvement in the product. The east coast depot was at Norfolk, Virginia, which was an adjunct to the regular post there.

Those officials of our Marine Corps then holding the destiny of the future of the Corps in their hands, were much concerned over the question of the best manner of training, and after considerable study became convinced that the best results could only be secured through the establishment of a post where the sole object was the training of recruits, a post where the commanding officer, the officers, and instructors of the depot could not but realize that their mission was the training of recruits and that all of their thoughts and energies must be devoted to that mission so as to get the best results and where the recruit would have little to distract his attention from the work involved in his training. In connection with the matter of segregation of recruits and older Marines, a study of recruits has brought out that the young Marine is not at all anxious to have his mistakes observed, or to feel that he is being commented upon, even though no outsider is really paying any attention to him. This thought will distract him with the attendant lack of complete assimilation of the instructions.

Another argument in favor of the establishment of a separate recruit de-

pot for the sole purpose of training recruits was that a recruit also desires a change after the training, and when he leaves the depot upon the completion of his course of instruction to move to some other station, it is a new adventure, and if he has remained under instruction for a sufficient period, he feels he fits in, and consequently, becomes a contented member of his new organization. The majority of these young men desire a change between the recruit period and the time they become a Marine, and in view of the type of young men we are now getting in the Marine Corps this is a consideration well worthy of attention. Through transfer, men who have not made particularly good in their recruit course, are able to get a new start in their new surroundings or post, and their reputations do not so easily follow them.

When it was decided that a post should be established for the purpose of training recruits, records indicate that an attempt was made to obtain one of the abandoned Army posts, such as Fort Thomas or Fort McHenry; but failing in that, the East Coast Training Depot continued at Norfolk until in the latter part of 1915.

In the latter part of 1915 the East Coast Training Depot for the Marine Corps was transferred from Norfolk, Virginia, to Parris Island, South Carolina, which was then known as the Marine Barracks, Port Royal, South Carolina. There were very few permanent buildings on the island at the time this transfer was made, and the Marine Corps reservation lay to the very eastern portion of the island, with a large fence dividing the reservation from the balance of the island which was at that time privately owned.

It is interesting to note that Lieutenant Colonel Henry N. Manney, Jr., now the chief of staff of the post and commanding officer of the Recruit Depot at Parris Island, and who has contributed so much to the perfection of our machine here, came as a lieutenant to Parris Island with this first detachment

from Norfolk. The colonel can tell some interesting stories about the early days on the island before and during the early part of the World War. He states that when the move was made to the island from Norfolk they moved by two trips of the famous U. S. S. "Prairie" and that they left Norfolk with "lock, stock and barrel"; that the colonel commanding Norfolk at the time was on leave and they even moved the fence from around his home, for which Colonel Manney was called to accounts when he again met the colonel. Colonel Manney says that the island was some place in those early days, that there was no way to get on or off the island except with a four mast sail boat, that there were no trucks, and above all, as he says it, there was no WATER. There was no fresh water on the island in those days, and it was necessary to boil it two or three times and then it was so hard that a person could not use it. It seems to have been a case of water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink, all being salt water. Since the colonel has mentioned the difficulties of the water supply in those early days on the island, the writer now understands why he guards so carefully a large and old file covering the water supply on the island from those early days and indicating the improvements that have been made until now we have a most excellent supply of very fine fresh water, which is pumped to the island through a set of the most modern automatic operated pumps, passed through a softening plant and given to the island in abundant quantities. In spite of all this, the colonel states that in the early stage of the World War they received a message from Washington that \$75,000.00 had been appropriated for the purpose of building a cantonment for 14,000 men. At the time the colonel was the post quartermaster here and had as his assistants Captains Gregory and Savage, who were then quartermaster sergeants.

The Marine Corps had been linked with the history of Parris Island prior to this, such as during the Spanish-American War and later a training camp for officers, but when the recruit camp was moved to this place from Norfolk in 1915 the post at Parris Island had its beginning as an important factor in the United States Marine Corps.

During the World War, during which period some 50,000 Marines were trained at Parris Island, the reservation spread over the entire island. The designation was changed from Marine Barracks, Port Royal, South Carolina, to that of Marine Barracks, Parris Island, South Carolina. Under Proclamation No. 1472 of the President of the United States dated 7 August, 1918, the title of all land on Parris Island was vested in the United States and taken over by the Marine Corps. During this period temporary barracks were thrown up practically all over the island and it was at this time that the height of activity in the history of Parris Island was known. In this connection it is interesting to note that in a letter from General John T. Myers to General C. H. Lauchheimer dated Marine Barracks, Parris Island,



Three years, eleven months and a butt—to do.

South Carolina, 7 September, 1918, he stated that when he had assumed command of this post from General Eli K. Cole he had found some 14,000 Marines on the post.

After the World War it was decided to continue the Recruit Depot for the training of Marine recruits.

This Recruit Depot at Parris Island is different from other Marine Corps posts. Ours is a machine—a factory. Our mission is that of taking the raw material from civilian life and turning it into Marines, giving them the fundamentals of soldiery and indoctrinating them in the *Esprit de Corps* which has made the Marine Corps famed in the annals of the history of our country.

Handling these new members is a task requiring specialists—for they must be started right if they are to make the type of Marine required for the many and variegated tasks assigned to our Corps. The personnel of the post must be especially drilled in their important duties. They must have patience and must understand all types of human nature to enable them to assist the raw recruit in getting all that is possible out of a very short training period. In this respect they must always bear in mind that the change from civil life to that of the Marine Corps is very radical to most of these young men; that these recruits must be slowly but firmly hardened to stand the sometimes arduous duties of a Marine, and that a great deal of what these men will make of the future Marine Corps depends on getting them started right. There is a feeling in some quarters that just anybody will do to handle these recruits, but serious injury will be done to the future of the Marine Corps if care is not taken to pick the right type to see that these men get started with the right foot forward. In the accomplishment of our mission, no coddling is tolerated, but all young men entering the Corps are treated like men, firmly but not unkindly.

Throughout the training period of a recruit at Parris Island, to the day he departs for other stations, it is remarkable to note the system of training and building. He is taken, a raw civilian, unaccustomed to hard drill, and often times work, without knowledge of the organization to which he has applied for membership, and in a very short time is sent away from here acquainted with the handling of himself, his rifle, physically fit and thoroughly conversed with the history of our Corps and our exploits in the past; which knowledge is the basis of our continuing to be fit to wear the same uniform of that body of Marines that went into the battle of Belleau Wood and Bouresches and left sixty-two hundred on the field, but taking what they went after.

The Receiving Barracks is the first stop for an applicant for enlistment in the Marine Corps at Parris Island. Here he is in quarantine and is given a thorough physical examination and study, with the purpose of weeding out the undesirable and those physically unfit for the service. His enlistment papers are checked, he is warned against fraudulent enlistment and thoroughly observed to see if he has the character and stamina essential of a good Marine. A good recruit depot, as we have here, begins at this stage to acquaint these

young men with our traditions. Those who are accepted for enlistment are sworn in, outfitted with clothing and equipment, and then sent to the east wing for the first real period of recruit training.

At the east wing the recruit receives the basic training of a Marine. Here he is taught the fundamentals of soldiery, from facings and steps to guard mount and review; he is instructed in all those little details of health, cleanliness and those little items which our past experiences have proven to be valuable in the life of a Marine. He is further drilled in the traditions of our naval service and made to realize that he is in a wonderful organization and should live up to the name of those who have worn the uniform in those glorious days of the past. During the first week at the east wing the recruit receives daily troop inspection, inspection of quarters, school of the soldier, school of the squad, manual of arms, platoon drill, extended order, battalion parade, review and inspection, and lectures on nomenclature of the rifle, military courtesy and the articles for the Government of the Navy. During the second week the troop and quarters inspections continue together with drill in rifle squad and platoon, drill in extended order, informal and formal guard mount, combat signals and instruction in bayonet and wall scaling. During this week lectures on extended order, its uses and advantages, first aid and sanitation, government and commercial insurance and guard duty are given the recruit. The third week at the east wing is devoted to drill, guard mount, review, heavy marching order drill and inspections with lectures in application of first aid and hygiene, extended order and the future as a Marine. During the second and third week the recruit continues in the study and handling of his rifle, all preparatory to the time he goes on the range to use it.

Since the World War and up until 1927 the west wing was designated as the next step of recruit training. While at this place the recruits marched to the rifle range for target practice and spent their "spare" time at extensive drill. In 1927, for reasons of concentration and elimination of maintenance costs, the west wing was done away with and at the present time the recruit goes direct

from the east wing to the rifle range, where he is quartered and subsisted during his rifle practice. Those of the readers of the "Old Marine Corps" when they carried condiment cans" will remember those long daily hikes from the west wing to the rifle range for target practice, with double timing and various other tactics going and coming, including gas mask drill (if the platoon sergeant felt a little bad).

The first week on the rifle range (the recruit's 4th week in training) the recruit is assigned to a group for coaching, lectured in the arts of fine shooting, the Shaker aiming device, windage and elevation calculations, demonstrations of the positions for firing are given, lectured in trigger squeeze, bolt operation, care and cleaning of the rifle and required to demonstrate his ability to do these things. The second week at the range is devoted to firing the 22-caliber rifle, coaching in drawing the proper sights, firing the .45 caliber pistol and one day of .30 caliber rifle practice. The third week at the range is devoted to practice firing, instruction in windage and elevation and in record firing.

After three weeks on the rifle range the recruit is brought into the main station. At the main station there is now a recruit area, where the men continue drill while awaiting transfer to other posts. This training while in the main station recruit area includes bayonet combat, extensive close order drill, extended order, guard duty, formal guard mount, heavy marching order and further inspections. During the latter part of the recruit's stay in this area he performs guard duty and mess duty.

In reviewing the course of recruit training at this post, and all the steps that have been taken in the years past to build up our machine here there comes to mind certain excerpts from C. E. Scoggins' "The Red Gods Call," which, incidentally, might be interesting reading to those Marines who have done tropical duty:

"Days and events go by in swift procession, like random beads along the string of time, not one of them ever to be seen before it comes; not one of them ever to be held as it goes by; but sometimes, looking back, a man can see a pattern



Old slave quarters at Hermitage, near Savannah, Ga.

spreading. The panorama widens, looking back. Maybe that's it; maybe it's life that moves, toiling, groping, questing into the hidden future . . .

All those steps which were taken to build up our factory at this post for the production of Marines, probably seemed endless, unnecessary and disjointed at the time, but in the end as we sit and look back we can see a pattern spreading, where one little cog fits into another with the resultant smooth running of our unique machine.

Likewise is the steps in recruit training. Many of the details required of a recruit seems unimportant, needless and unconnected with the whole at the time they are required to be performed by the instructors, but in looking back a person can readily see that all of those little things are jointed and most essential for a good product—how our directing heads have studied each small item and placed it where, if properly applied, will result in a finished, unblemished output.

In the main station is also located the industrial activities and a great deal of the amusement features such as the power plant, the commissary, the ice plant, the machine shop, the electric shop, the plumbing shop, the post laundry, the carpenter shop, the bakery, the lyceum and the restaurant. The permanent detachment, less those serving as actual instructors of recruit platoons, are also stationed in separate barracks from recruits in the main station.

In it all many hardships have been eliminated from recruit training at this post during the past few years. All buildings are double walled and have ceilings and heating plants. The water for bathing is fresh water in this modern recruit day and the men do not have to stand under cold salt water in freezing blasts of wind and take a bath in mid-winter as was the custom a few years ago. All training is on a set schedule which is studied and supervised by commissioned officers.

Some criticism is offered on the organization at Parris Island—that it is too widely dispersed. The mission of a post like Parris Island is to meet the demand for men with the supply of men and to do this it is essential that segregation of units and areas of training be maintained to avoid the outbreak of communicable diseases stopping the entire output at a time when the exigencies of the service require more men. Looking at this phase of our problem it is easily seen that all applicants are potential sources of contagious diseases.

Segregation of unit and area is well maintained with the present temporary building organization, and we earnestly hope that careful consideration will be given to this phase of our organization when action is taken in the matter of permanent construction at this post.

Due to the authorized salvage of a great number of temporary buildings after the World War, ending with the demolishing of the west wing in 1927, there was for a great time little expense in keeping up the other activities of the post, as salvaged lumber from one temporary building was used to repair the authorized ones, also of temporary construction. However, during the last two years this salvaged lumber has been exhausted, and as a result the maintenance of the post has mounted extremely, as practically all buildings of the post are of wooden construction and very old. With this in mind the Major General Commandant in early 1930 directed General Harry Lee, commanding the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, to convene a board of officers to consider the matter of location, construction and cost of building permanent constructions for the Marine activities at this post. This board was early in this year directed to include in their considerations a recommendation for a new hospital and naval prison. These estimates and plans have been completed and are now in the hands of the Major General Commandant and the Navy Department, and all are looking forward to seeing real barracks at this post in the years to come.



St. Helena Church, Beaufort, S. C.

A good many adverse comments have been made in regard to the isolation of Parris Island. The post is within three hours of Charleston, South Carolina, or Savannah, Georgia, by automobile and with the new causeway the attractiveness of the island for duty has been greatly enhanced. This causeway is the pride of the island and has put us in close touch with the mainland. It is well constructed, paved, and when liberty goes we have a means of leaving the island and driving over the excellent highways in the adjoining country. In considering the mission of the post and the fact that the recruit must be drilled in so many subjects in such a short period of about eight weeks, it can easily be seen that it is not desired that a Recruit Depot of this type be located near or just around the corner from the bright lights. To assimilate the instruction given at this post the recruit must apply himself diligently and must not be detracted by other attractions. We must bear in mind that our mission is that of taking a civilian unacquainted with our Corps, and unfamiliar with our life, and in a very short time make him a full-fledged member of the greatest military organization in the world.

Aside from the Recruit Depot activities at Parris Island there is a U. S. Naval Hospital and a U. S. Naval Prison. The hospital has a good staff of medical officers and nurses under command of Captain I. S. K. Reeves, Medical Corps, U. S. Navy. It is well equipped to handle the hospitalization needs of the Recruit Depot, and in addition handles a great number of the Veterans' Bureau patients. The Naval Prison is under the command of Colonel Eli T. Fryer, U. S. Marine Corps, and is a very unique prison. It is really a disciplinary barracks only, and not a prison. Only men with sentences less than three years and mostly men convicted of desertion are confined here. The honor system is used together with ranks among the prisoners. In this way the prisoners are able to work without guards and work in groups under ranking prisoners. This system of prison is most unique and has been the source of surprising interest on the part of certain high ranking Army officials who have seen it in operation.

Many improvements have been made on Parris Island in recent years, much of which is due to the efforts of Brigadier General Harry Lee and Lieutenant Colonel Henry N. Manney, Jr.

Parris Island is not the old barren island that you Marines of the olden days

(Continued on page 32)



Parris Island abounds in scenic beauty.

The National Matches

The nation's greatest shooting match has ended and the Marines are back home, not quite as successful as last year, but with enough trophies, medals and prize money in their kit bags to feel justly proud of their record. When it is considered that 3,384 competitors took part in the various matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, this year—384 greater than in 1930—it is seen that they had more competition. This is not offered in extenuation, but in order that we may be better able to appreciate the really fine showing they made.

A short summary of the various matches in which the Marines participated will be found below:

N. R. A. Individual Pistol Championship Match. Course: Two scores, five shots each, slow fire, one minute per shot at 50 yards. Two scores, five shots each, timed fire, 20 seconds per score at 25 yards. Two scores, five shots each, rapid fire, 10 seconds per score at 25 yards. This match was won by A. W. Hemming, Detroit Police Team, with a score of 276. He received the trophy, a gold medal, and a cash prize of \$30. Gunnery Sgt. J. R. Tucker, U. S. M. C., placed eighth with a score of 268. He received a bronze medal and a cash prize of \$4. No other Marines placed in this match, which was open only to members of the National Rifle Association.

The Marine Corps Cup Match. Course: 10 shots at 600 and 1,000 yards. In the Medal Winner class, Sgt. W. C. Kjellstrom, Infantry Team, won first place, the Marine Corps Cup, and a gold medal with a score of 99; Sgt. C. I. Laine, U. S. M. C., placed fifth with 97, winning a bronze medal; Gunnery Sgt. H. M. Bailey, U. S. M. C., placed ninth, winning a bronze medal.

In the service category of the Marine Corps Cup Match Gy. Sgt. C. I. Laine, U. S. M. C., placed third, receiving a prize of \$10. The following Marines also placed, winning cash prizes of from \$9 to \$2: Gy. Sgt. S. J. Zsiga, fourth; Gy. Sgt. H. M. Bailey, fifth; Pvt. J. G. Jones, ninth; Cpl. J. G. Lemons, 11th; Gy. Sgt. Tucker, 12th; Pfc. W. A. Hunt, 13th; Cpl. L. E. Easley, 19th; Gy. Sgt. H. P. Crowe, 21st; Sgt. K. E. Harker, 25th; Sgt. J. R. Tiete, 32nd; Pvt. E. V. Seeser, 33rd; Sgt. F. S. Hamrick, 34th; Pfc. R. B. McMahl, 36th; Capt. M. A. Edson, 40th; Second Lieut. A. Larson, 44th; Cpl. J. C. Blodgett, 46th; Gy. Sgt. G. L. Robinson, 49th, and First Lieut. P. E. Conradt, 50th.

Timed Fire Pistol Match. Course: Four scores of five shots each, 20 seconds per score. Match once begun must be completed without interruption. Winners: First, J. J. Engbrecht, Los Angeles Police; medal, gold; score, 192; cash prize, \$8. Sixth, First Lieut. Lewis A. Hohn, U. S. M. C.; medal bronze; score, 186; cash prize, \$2.

The Scott Match. Course: 10 shots rapid fire from standing, 300 yards. Medal winners: First, CMM. Ervin Frye, U. S. C. G.; score, 49. Presented with the Scott Trophy, a gold medal, and a cash prize. Third, Pvt. J. G. Jones, U. S. M. C.; score, 49; medal bronze. In the service category, Private Jones placed second and received a cash prize of \$17.25. Other Marines to place were:

Cpl. William A. Easterling, 11th; First Lieut. P. E. Conradt, 20th, and Cpl. William T. Guy, 43rd. Easterling received a cash prize of \$3.14, the other two receiving \$2 each.

The Wimbledon Cup Match. Course: 20 shots at 1,000 yards. There were no Marine medal winners in this match, the trophy going to a civilian, Mr. R. F. Izard, but the following Marines placed in the service category, receiving cash prizes of from \$5 to \$2: Pvt. Salvatore J. Bartletti, 8th; Capt. Merritt A. Edson, 14th; Cpl. Louis E. Easley, 17th; Gy. Sgt. Jack A. Stone, 18th; Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete, 19th; First Lieut. Raymond T. Presnell, 21st; Pfc. William A. Hunt, 24th; First Lieut. Pierson E. Conradt, 36th, and Pvt. Edward V. Seeser, 38th.

The Herrick Trophy Match. Course: 15 shots per man at each range: 800, 900, 1,000 yards. Teams of eight men each. The Marine Team won this match and the Herrick Trophy with a score of 1,766. U. S. Cavalry Team was second with a score of 1,752, Washington National Guard third, also with 1,752 (outranked).

The President's Match. Course: 10 shots, 200 yards standing; 10 shots, 600 yards prone; 10 shots, 1,000 yards prone.

According to the Army, "world renowned rifle shots are seldom named Reginald," but this particular Reginald



Lt.-Col. John J. Dooley and Sergeant Jiggs at Camp Perry, Ohio.

took the President's Match like a duck takes to water. Continues the bulletin:

"Anomalous as it may seem, Reginald A. Herin, a railroad yard clerk from Jackson, Miss., at present suffering from the technical unemployment prevailing throughout the country, entered and won the President's Match, the outstanding .30 caliber rifle event in the world. For winning he will get a letter of congratulation from President Hoover.

"For this cherished accolade, 1,724 of the greatest rifle shots in the regular army, navy and Marine Corps, national guard and civilian units were entered.

"From his first shot, in the rain, his rifle bolt smashed his nose and made it bloody. Despite the rain and blood, and the high pressure of competitive shoot-

ing with the world great, the 35-year old national guardsman from the Delta country of old Mississippi squeezed his shots in so consistently that he made a possible 50 at 1,000 yards, a 46 at 600 yards, and a 49 offhand at 200 yards. When told he had won the President's Match, he said:

"My nose is awful sore!"

In the medal winner class, First Lieut. Raymond T. Presnell, U. S. M. C., placed third; Second Lieut. August Larson, U. S. M. C., placed sixth, and Gy. Sgt. James R. Tucker, U. S. M. C., placed 10th. All three received bronze medals and cash prizes. The only trophy won by the Marine Corps in this match was the Appreciation Cup, presented each year to the high Marine. As Lieutenant Presnell was in the lead, it went to him.

In the service category, Lieutenant Presnell was classified as second, Larson as fourth, and Tucker as seventh. The following Marines also placed in this great match: Blodgett, Conradt, Bailey, Crowe, Lemons, Hunt, Laine, Edson, Tiete, in that order. All of the Marines were among the first 100 best shots and were accordingly presented with brassards by the President of the United States.

The Wright Memorial Match. Course: Grand aggregate of the following matches: Navy, Leech Cup; Coast Guard, Wimbledon and President's. Prizes: To the winner, a trophy presented by Maj. K. K. V. Casey, known as the Lee O. Wright Memorial Trophy and a gold medal; bronze medals to the remaining 99 highest competitors.

Marines placed as follows: Conradt, sixth; Tiete, seventh; Bailey, eighth; Edson, ninth; Presnell, 10th; Laine, 15th; Harris, 26th; Seeser, 32nd; Lemons, 76th; Fisher, 78th; Larson, 80th; Guy, 81st; Hamrick, 94th.

N. R. A. 1,000-yard Two-man Team Match. Course: 10 shots per man, slow fire, prone, at 1,000 yards.

Marine two-man teams walked away with this match, Tiete and Zsiga winning first place with a score of 99; Lee and Lemons taking second place with a score of 98; Jones and Hunt taking fifth with 94; Shiebler and Hohn eighth with 92, and Harris and Bailey 10th with 91.

The National Individual Pistol Match. Gy. Sgt. J. R. Tucker, U. S. M. C., who placed fifth; First Lieut. R. T. Presnell, U. S. M. C., who placed sixth, and First Lieut. L. A. Hohn, U. S. M. C., who placed 11th, were among the gold badge winners in this match. Marines to win silver badges were: Bailey, Fisher, Lienhard, Slocum. A bronze badge was presented to one Marine, Pvt. John G. Jones, who placed 46th.

N. R. A. 200-yard Two-man Team Match. The Marine Corps lost first place in this match to a navy team composed of Berns and Martin, whose total score was 98. Marine teams placed as follows: Blodgett and Conradt, second, score 97; Cagle and Tucker, third, score 96; Harker and Cochrane, sixth, score 95; Presnell and Edson, seventh, score 95; Zsiga and Tiete, ninth, score 95; McMahl and Guy, 12th, score 94.

National Pistol Team Match. The Marine Corps Team, winners seven times, was leading. The Cavalry was second. The Infantry, winners three times, was third. The Coast Guard rose to third; the Infantry dropped to fourth.

(Continued on page 46)

A Tribute to General Butler

IN AN organization where fighting is a profession and courage a common factor, a man must possess many qualities and virtues before his achievements transcend the ordinary. On the whole, all things are adjudged by comparison. The fighting ability of the most courageous rabbit would scarcely merit praise when compared with the aggressiveness of the tiger; but a fighting tiger amongst others of his kind is something different again.

Thus we must accord recognition to Major General Smedley D. Butler, whose retirement from the Marine Corps will create a vacancy difficult to fill. The be-medaled, dynamic general's retirement becomes effective October 1, 1931.

General Butler was born in Pennsylvania on July 30, 1881. The story goes that when the Spanish American War broke out Smedley Butler was a boy of sixteen years. In his veins coursed the blood of Quakers and warriors; and there is slighter difference between the two than most people believe. The boy wanted to go to war. He applied for enlistment, but the recruiting officer recognized him and sent him home. He tried the Navy with the same result. Then he took his mother into his confidence. And she, gallant soul, went with her son to the recruiting office where she swore that Smedley was eighteen.

"And that's how I happened to go soldiering," explained the general at a recent lecture.

The sands have run through the glass many times since that April day in the Nineteenth Century. Empires have toppled and kingdoms have withered; and the Marines have found themselves fighting for their lives in far and strange countries many times. There have been wars, skirmishes and contacts in Cuba; Mexico; Haiti; China; The Philippines; Nicaragua; San Domingo, and France; and General Butler wears a campaign ribbon or a decoration for every one of these countries.

To attempt to do full justice to his service is quite impossible within our limited pages. Each incident in his record carries the possibility of a great romance. To quote from Lieutenant Arthur Burks' story: "One incident was enough. That's when Butler led his Marines into Vera Cruz in 1914, after having got away with some spy work in Mexico City. Nobody can tell me he hasn't courage. He led his men through the streets with no weapon of his own in use except a stick he'd picked up on the way in.

"He walked in the center of the street while snipers in the windows on either side were trying to pick off his men, who were in two columns on either side, keeping close to the doorways for cover. Butler walked, as I say, squarely in the middle of the street, with bullets kicking up dirt around him. He pointed out Mexican snipers in the windows to his sharpshooters and yelled to them to do their stuff.

"Maybe it was sensational, but to Butler it wasn't. He walked in the center of the street because he could see bet-

ter there and he was anxious to get the job over as fast as possible."

There are so many stories of this kind it would fill a book to even briefly record them. General Butler has achieved so much. He was appointed second lieutenant in the Marine Corps (for the war with Spain) May 20, 1898, and after a brief period of instruction at Washington, D. C., he was ordered to the Marine Battalion, North Atlantic Squadron, serving with that battalion and on board the U. S. S. "New York" until February 11, 1899, when he was ordered to his home and honorably discharged February 16, 1899.

He was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps April 8, 1899; was promoted Captain July 23, 1900; Major May 13, 1908; Lieutenant Colonel August 29, 1916; Colonel (temporary) July 1, 1918; Brigadier General (temporary) October 7, 1918; Colonel (permanent) March 9, 1919; Brigadier General (permanent) June 4, 1920; and Major General July 5, 1929.

In April, 1899, Lieutenant Butler was assigned to duty with the Marine Battalion at Manila, P. I. From June 14, 1900 to October 10, 1900, he served with distinction in China, being appointed Captain by brevet, for distinguished conduct and public service in the presence of the enemy near Tientsin, China, and advanced two numbers on the list of Captains for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle at Tientsin. He was wounded in that battle on July 13, 1900.

He returned to the United States in January, 1901, and served at various posts in the States and on several ships of the Navy, and during this period also served ashore in Porto Rico and the Isthmus of Panama for short periods. On October 20, 1905, he reported for duty with the First Brigade of Marines in the Philippine Islands, where he served until August 24, 1907, after which he served in the United States until December 2, 1909, when he embarked on board ship in command of the 3rd Battalion, First Regiment of Marines, for service in the Isthmus of Panama. He was temporarily detached to command an expeditionary battalion organized for service in Nicaragua, August 11, 1912, in which capacity he participated in the bombardment, assault and capture of Coyotepe, October 12 to 31. He remained on detached duty in Nicaragua until November 28, 1912, when he rejoined Camp Elliott, Panama. He was detached from Panama in command of the First Provisional Battalion of Marines, January 21, 1914, and after a brief period of service on the U. S. S. "Minnesota," the designation of that organization was changed to Third Battalion, Second Advanced Base Regiment, with which organization he disembarked at Vera Cruz, Mexico, April 22, 1914, and participated in the occupation of that city and the engagements incident thereto. For distinguished conduct in battle at Vera Cruz he was awarded the Medal of Honor.

From August 10, 1915, to August 31, 1916, Major Butler served on detached duty in the Republic of Haiti, participating in the operations against hostile Cacos in the northern part of that country.

For conspicuous bravery during the attack on Fort Riviere, Haiti, November 17, 1915, he was awarded a second Medal of Honor. While on this duty he organized the Haitian Constabulary and was appointed Commandant of that organization by the President of Haiti, upon nomination of the President of the United States, August 31, 1916. He was detached from duty in Haiti and returned to the United States March 16, 1918, and served at Quantico, Va., until September 12, when he was detached in command of the 13th Regiment of Marines for foreign short expeditionary service in France. He landed in France September 24, 1918, and with his organization was detached for service with the U. S. Army. On October 5, 1918, he assumed command of Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France, in addition to his duties as Commanding Officer of the 13th Regiment, and for exceptionally meritorious services was awarded the Army Distinguished Service Medal, the Navy Distinguished Service Medal, and the Order of the Black Star, with grade of Commander, by the French Government. He returned to the United States August 8, 1919, and was assigned to command the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., in which capacity he served until January 7, 1924, when he was granted leave of absence to accept the post of Director of Safety of the City of Philadelphia, which he held until December, 1925. In February, 1926, he assumed command of the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

In March, 1927, he was assigned to command the Third Brigade of Marines, organized for duty in China, and served in the capacity until January, 1929, when he returned to the United States. He is at present in command of the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and will be retired October 1, 1931.

General Butler wears as many, if not more, decorations and campaign ribbons than any living man. He has earned them by sweat and blood; and he has won them on the battlefields. Such things are priceless, for mere bags of gold can never buy them. Here is what the multi-colored expanse on General Butler's left breast signifies:

INSIGNIA	DATE	ACTION	RANK
Med. of Hon.	4-22-14	Mexico	Major
Med. of Hon.	11-17-15	Haiti	Major
D. S. Medal	1918	France	Brig.-Gen.
D. S. Medal	1918	France	Brig.-Gen.
Etoile Noire	1918	France	Brig.-Gen.
Brev. Medal	7-3-00	China	1st Lieutenant
Med. Militaire	1915	Haiti	Major
Mert. Cert.	1918	France	Brig. Gen.
W. Indian	1898	RESOLUTE	2nd Lieut.
Span. Camp.	1898	Cuba	2nd Lieut.
Phil. Camp.	'02-'01	Philippines	1st Lieut.
China Camp.	1900	China	2nd Lieut.
Nicgn. Camp.	1912	Nicaragua	Major
Mex. Camp.	1914	Mexico	Major
Haiti Camp.	1915	Haiti	Major
Dominican Camp	1916	San Dom.	Major
Victory Med.	1918	France	Brig.-Gen.
Exped. Rib.	1916-17	Haiti	Brig.-Gen.
Ex. Medal	1903-10-16	Pan.-Nic.-Haiti	

Copy of Citation. First Medal of Honor.

For distinguished conduct in battle, engagement of Vera Cruz, April 22, 1913; was eminent and conspicuous in command of his battalion. He exhibited courage and skill in leading his men through the action of the 22nd and in the final occupation of the city. G. O. 177, December 4, 1915.

Second Medal

On November 17, 1915, it was planned
(Continued on page 48)



Parris Island

Post Ramblings

Cool weather, green uniforms and football are again with us, effacing all signs of summer. A cool morning gives one the pep to start the day right and a good beginning has a benign influence on the entire day's activities.

Sergeant "Tony" Anthony has departed from our midst, having left on the 8th of September for passage via the "Henderson," for where?—Oh, the Island of Guam. All you Gyrenes should have seen Staff Sergeant "Patty" Wells giving "Tony" the low-down on the Island of Guam a few mornings before "Tony" left. It sure was encouraging. Suffice it to say that, according to "Patty," Napoleon's passage of the bridge of Lodi was buying fame at bargain rates in comparison with making yourself comfortable on the Island of Guam.

First Sergeant Joseph K. Roberts and Sergeant Harvey B. Carden also sailed on the "Henderson," Roberts to Nicaragua for duty with the Guardia Nacional, he having a penchant for native armies; and Carden for his old home at the Sub Base at Coco Solo, C. Z.

Gunnery Sergeant "Bill" Kennedy has also left our fair island—via the September "Kittery" to the First Brigade at Port au Prince. With him was Private First Class Maurice Hutchason of our radio station here and formerly with the radio station at Managua, Nicaragua. He loves beautiful (?) tropical scenery and coconut trees.

Along with this detail leaving the 8th of September were quite a number of other "Parasites" bound for Haiti, Nicaragua, Guam and the land of the "Ding How."

Gordon "Pop" Harris is back with us again and up to his old tricks of road building. Only the other evening I ran into a group the size of a young mob out in front of Post Headquarters and thought sure that a keg of nails must have been discovered and opened when, lo and behold, it turned out to be "Pop" telling them all about the second Nicaraguan campaign—the names of the officers and men he used and the names of the towns sliding so glibly from his tongue stirred deep, forgotten items in my memory.

Labor Day, 7 September, saw the opening of the new greens on the golf course which improves the links very much. Speaking of these new greens, I cannot help mentioning the hard work and plan-

ning to make them possible by Colonel Manney, Captain Armstead, Dr. Patton, Lieutenant Fink, Corporal DePishon and others of the post. In connection with golf, anyone desiring information as to a sure cure for the "golf bug" should apply to Sergeant Charlie Arndt, whose remedy calls for some rough treatment of the clubs. Corporal DePishon has



Lt.-Col. H. N. Manney, Jr.

devised a scheme for a new type of course for such golfers as Ye Scribe and many others of similar caliber at this post. The scheme is a very simple one and it is surprising that no one thought of it before. It calls for a rough where the fairway generally lies and two fairways on either side where the roughs

now lie. Then all we incipient golfers have to do is attempt to drive down the rough in the center and be sure of landing on one of the two fairways. A very clever idea, eh what?

The rumor that Sergeant "Doctor" or "Dutch" Hoffman was married finally proved groundless. The "Doctor" informs us that such a thing is entirely out of the question, that he is a good man and can control the weather, but does not consider himself good enough to attempt controlling one of the fairer sex. Furthermore he says to say to all concerned that he has just had his ears cleaned. The "Doctor" was recently accused of reading Shakespeare along with all those weather books. Well, there is a quotation by "The Fool" to "Lear" somewhere around line 250 of Scene Four, Act One of Shakespeare's "King Lear" that seems to become the "Doctor." Good luck at your new station at Quantico, Doctor, our best wishes go with you.

The "Four Horsemen," which includes "Top" Yalowitz, "Gunney" Petrillo, East and Quartermaster Sergeant Miller, are still holding sway as we go to press. All who sojourned on the island during the summer will remember this famous group from their corner on the Pop-sickle market at the Lyceum during the hot weather.

With the appointment of Quartermaster Clerk Landreville Ledoux, our assistant post adjutant, as officer in charge of tennis in the late summer, this game took on a bull movement. We were late in getting under way in the tennis world this year, but with our present spirit we expect to make quite a big splash when spring comes around again. In the meantime our attention is turned to bowling and football, news of the latter being covered separately by our sports correspondent, Corporal Henry S. Griffin. Speaking of bowling, Mr. Ledoux is no slouch at that game either. We have some good alleys here—in fact, we have excellent arrangements for all types of entertainments and sports.

Who wants a boat ride? Apply to Captain Armstead, the post adjutant, who has gone into the yachting business. There is no fear of having to walk home, as this particular boat has both motor and sails. When General Lee first saw the mast of this boat towering above the buildings on our dock he accused the captain of turning the tables on us all by purchasing "Old Ironsides." But all joking aside, this is a real sea-going vessel and since the captain has put all those finishing touches to it, has become a very attractive craft.



Do you recognize this place?

After much hard work on the part of Quartermaster Clerk Ledoux (who also acts as communication officer), the personnel of the telephone exchange, headed by Sergeant Drummond and Corporal Matchett, the new telephone exchange is now functioning beautifully. In the first days of this new telephone system it was a Chinese puzzle. You looked up a number in the directory and gave it to the operator and held your breath wondering who you would get. At one time the odds were that you would not get the person or activity you desired. It proved more interesting than horse racing.

Then there is the Motor Transport headed by First Lieutenant Delmar Byfield. With the garage are such old timers as "Swede" Nilson, "Frog" Foster, Harold Sours, "Pop" Conyers, Kludt, and Sammy Trippe. Another factor in Motor Transport at this post is Corporal Johnny Wilson, better known in the circle of flying wheels as the "Green Devil," being the driver of the green Ford touring standby for post headquarters.

At the Post Inn, "Mother" and Dick (First Sergeant) Richards hold sway. "Mother" runs the Post Inn and Dick handles the Headquarters Company and talks and plays golf. At the Post Inn Mother Richards furnishes modern hotel facilities, yet homelike, for any and all visitors coming to Parris Island. "Pardon me, I thought I was in the Hostess House," is an old expression that is gone, as the old Hostess House is now the modern Post Inn.

At the Post Library there is "Doc" Otis up to the old game of entertaining the reading public of the Corps. The Library serves as an important cog in the machinery of entertainment and content of the personnel of the post. Books may be drawn at any time between the hours of eight in the morning and six in the evening. There is a reading room always open and supplied with the latest newspapers and magazines. The book reviews written by "Doc" Otis and flashed to the command on the screen at the evening movies have aroused the keen interest of the reading members of the command and has proved to be an excellent medium for keeping readers informed of new books received. We are informed that this plan has nearly tripled the circulation of the library since it has been in vogue—and all know that reading never hurts anyone. Also the library co-operates with men study-

ing special courses by advising them and keeping them supplied with the proper books and reference works—a special department has been set aside for this activity. Branches of the Central Library have been installed at the receiving barracks, rifle range, naval prison and one is being placed at the naval hospital and we are fast gaining the reputation of having one of the best library services in the military world.

In reviewing all the many attractive features of Parris Island I am just a little bit worried. While I am no Cassandra and never holler fire until someone grabs the kerosene can and starts for Troy, I am afraid that when all the splendid features of this post become known to the personnel of the Corps, it is going to be difficult for a person to secure a billet here.—E. B. H.

Labor Day Celebrations

Labor Day was observed on the Island as an official holiday and the fighters of the Range Detachment went out for battle at the smoker held at the Post Lyceum, with Watkins and Blanton representing. Considering everything, we have to mention the dinner our mess sergeant placed before us on this particular day and say that it included roast chicken with dressing and candied yams, not to mention the pie, cake and ice cream and other delectables. Later during the evening the smoker came off on schedule. To start the entertainment was a wrestling bout—10 minutes, fall or top time, in which O'Brien threw Smith in 20 seconds. Then came another wrestling affair in which Kasanek took a minute and 15 seconds to win the bout.

The boxing events were then brought out for an airing and Healy took the decision from Watson. The second fight was a technical knockout for Griffin, who was fighting Blanton. Green won the third bout when Webb fouled. The fourth mixup, in which Kerr and Young took part, was considered a draw. Gilmore and Sigeley were the main features in the fifth bout and the latter won by a decision. Pitrie knocked out Stein and this ended the sixth bout. The eighth was between Wagner and Barfield, in which Wagner won the fight when he put his opponent away, kayoed. Szolwinski lost his fight to Fairbanks on a decision. The tenth bout was the main

event of the evening and Colombo won by a knockout. Announcer, Sgt. Merle Smith. Referees were First Lieutenant Hunt and Lieut. Emery Larson.

Then the "Royal Hawaiian Trio," featuring Hayes, Huneycutt and Irwin, with the program as follows:

1. Yaka, Hula, Hicka, Dula.
2. Kohala March.
3. Blue Ridge Mountain Blues.
4. Cunha Melody.
5. Hawaiian Sunset.
6. Aloha Oe.
7. Has Anybody Seen My Gal?
8. Honolulu Moon.

We also had three vocal selections in which Thomas D. McCarthy rendered the following well-known songs: When Irish Eyes Are Smiling; Mother Macree; Where the River Shannon Flows.

This concluded the wonderful program and we wish to thank all concerned in making such events possible and hope that many more such as these can be had as often as practicable.

We are very sorry to report that Mr. Mahoney fell from his horse and fractured his arm and sustained other injuries recently. Mr. Mahoney is now recuperating in the Naval Hospital here. We hope that he will be able to return to duty in the near future.

It is rumored that the once Private Mills, the detachment carpenter, will be a high class private in the near future. Of course, some rumors can be true. Best wishes to the lad who hits the hammer with the nail.

The Naval Prison lads were featured in a smoker held at the prison last Tuesday under the supervision of Lieut. C. R. Allen, athletic officer, and approved by Major H. M. Butler. The bouts began at 8 in the evening and a goodly number were present to witness the events. The first bout was between Winkler (135) and Vozar, same weight, and lasted for three rounds before Vozar was declared the winner. The second bout was a three-round affair in which Mason and Mody took part. These boys were in the 150-pound class, the decision going to Mason. The third bout came up as per schedule and was in the 145-pound class in which Osakowicz and Ferland took part. The

Huguenot Memorial,
Parris Island

decision went to Ferland. Fourth bout went to Wright, while Jenkins was on the losing end; these lads were of the 135-pound class. Bout five went to Stewart, who was fighting Hudson, same class. The sixth bout between Mitchell and Regan of the 140-pound class was ended when Regan was declared winner in the third stanza. Seventh bout went to Green (185) who was fighting Webb, same weight. The eighth bout was a semi-final and was between Symanski (140) and Entin, also the same weight. The decision went to Entin in the last round. The final bout consisted of a four-round affair in which Wagner and Hancock, both of the 165-pound class, took part. Wagner was given the decision. The bout that was thought to have gone over with a grand slam was the "pan fight." Six boxing gloves and six small frying pans were the weapons. Tying a glove on one hand of each of the men and giving them a frying pan to use in the other—they were then blindfolded in the ring. The bell started the bout and the crowd was supplied with an amusing five minutes. The judges for the evening were Sergeant Anderson, SK1cl. Hollen and Roderick. The referee for these bouts was Moravec. The timekeeper was Steward, and the announcer was Judkins.

Our skipper, Lieutenant Humphreys, "dry-docked" his "kicker" the other day and gave it a brand new coat of paint. Now, if in a couple try-outs of the craft the engine hits on all (one) cylinders, most likely there'll be some boat rides for the family?

Corporal Rusk seems to be our "luckiest" one. Recently he won a radio and watch at the raffle. This lad is also one of the many who works out continuously. No doubt a couple of Earl's courses would top the program properly. Roadwork in the early mornings before the majority of us hear reveille and hard training in the early evenings in the gym, located in the lyceum, take most of his spare time.

Sergeant Padgett, the mascot of Paris Island, now bides his time when he will "take off" with the football squad when they commence to roam. The boys on the squad have been training hard for weeks and weeks on the field at the East Wing. Lieutenant Hunt, recently of the Nicaraguan trails, and Lieutenants Larsen, McDowell and Allen are the coaches who have charge of the team and after strenuous training and selections made they now have the squad ready for the following schedule of games:

October 3, Newberry College at the Island.

October 10, Oak Ridge M. I. at the Island.

October 16, Catawba College at Salisbury (if night game).

October 17, Catawba College at Salisbury (if day game).

October 24, South Georgia Teachers College at the Island.

October 31, Campbell College at the Island.

November 14, Norman Park College at the Island.

November 21, Piedmont College at the Island.

November 26, Bowdon State College at the Island.

Last week, Sergeant Buss, who is now acting First Sergeant of our detachment, came through the barracks with one of



General Butler presenting sword to Marine Gunner Bubier

those knowing smiles (bet we catch something for this) and gave a good many of the boys the glad tidings that they were to depart for China or other ports in the near future. Among them were: Sergeants Wilson and Martin; Corporals Rusk, Jones and Johnson; Privates Johnson, Bradley, Williams, Watson, Miller and Stoner. Some of these days they will be sending back reports of foreign countries and telling us that old Parris Island wasn't so bad after all. —Bristy.

Quantico News

Brown Field Bull-e-tins

A sample of wartime mobilization was had at the field on the 10th of September when with only 30 hours notice a detail of 32 men for duty on the Aircraft Carrier "Lexington" and six men going to Haiti for re-placements left the field 3 hours before the scheduled time of departure. Another detail of 17 men left on the 14th to replace men in Nicaragua.

The Army guys who made their brags about the Army being better fitted for quick movement of troops might take this move for an example of the way Marines get under way.

In addition to the 32 enlisted men who will board the airplane carrier there will be ten officers, First Lieutenant W. O. Brice commanding the detachment of aviation with the following officers: First Lieutenants Donald G. Willis, and Albert D. Cooley; Second Lieutenants Dean C. Roberts, Alan A. Koonce, Clinton E. Fox, Charles D. Warfield, Edward C. Dyer, and Joe A. Smoak. Leading the enlisted contingent aboard the "Lexy" will be none other than John Jacob Prim in person and John says from now on it will be "Papa Prim" of the "Lexy." Staff Sergeants Lee E. Roberts, Ralph Eaglet H. Hobbs, and William "Senator" F. Watson will be the Naval Aviation Pilots from the East Coast to go aboard. Sergeants Arthur H. Bourne, Frank H. Reynolds, L. M. "Popeye" Schaller, Fer-

dinand G. Salcedo, Monte Berg, and Chambers went along with the detail with Gunnery Sergeant Luther Swampy Norris and John J. Egonut, Jr., to join the detail in San Diego. John Prim will also drive across after a 20-day delay en route to San Diego. Corporal Joe Howard went along as the operations clerk and we venture that the "Lexy" and the Navy will change the old order of things when the operator par excellence gets on the landing deck.

Staff Sergeant Louis Cortwright cleared the field on the 10th along with the carrier crew for Nicaragua with two musics and Privates Sam H. Wilson and Roy H. Crawford. Master Technical Sergeant Ira Brock left under separate orders for Nicaragua to take over the radio work there.

Gunnery Sergeants Powell W. Godbee and Dugald Steele traveled under separate orders to Haiti on the 14th and Sergeant Bill Mannan, radioman, with 17 others in tow left for the Magic Island on the same date. The detail carrying replacements for almost every job except that of clerk and with our old friends Ruben and Schneider working with Sergeant Major Nathan Rothstein there pencil purveyors won't be needed.

We forgot to mention that the First Sergeant of the "Lexington" detail was Phillip J. "Paddy" Costello of China soccer fame. In his short stay here, Costello was one of the most popular first sergeants that ever came to Aviation. He is a first line top kick and with the kicking ability that he has in soccer and other athletic games that he excels in, he rates along as a first class good fellow not to mention the fact that he knows his duties as a paper-work man. Costello, with Prim, will be a non-commissioned duo that will be hard to beat to work.

It goes without saying that we are a bit short of help after the three drafts.

The work of the VF Squadron 9-M stunt team is known to all who followed the Cleveland Air Races over through the papers and over radio announce-

ments. The story of Lieutenants Sanderson and Brice colliding in one of the follow-the-leader formations and both taking to their chutes, landing safely, is a real thriller when told by Lieutenant Sanderson, who in a very unassuming way explained how he pushed the folded wings from around the cockpit, bailed out only to find that he was fouled with the tail section and then had to finger the shroud lines of the parachute to prevent being crashed to death with the falling plane. There is little doubt but what the red-nosed plane team took all the service honors at the National races from the newspaper talk of the show. From the races six of the stunts went on to Sioux Falls, Minnesota, to another show before returning to the field.

As predicted in the last month's "Leatherneck" we did win that coveted baseball trophy of the year when Andy Pasckiewicz and his tossers took the second game of the three game series to the tune of 9 to 5 for the final game of the championship series.

With football ushered in the 19th we had three men from Aviation to make the squad. They are Harley H. Dupler, who hails from Washington, Indiana, Boats Williams, former West Coast star, and Jack Carter, an Oklahoma product. Dupler was a regular guard and Carter was a wing man of last year's team. Williams is running at the end position and all three are expected to do good work with the bang-up Quantico team that threatens to take all by storm.

The work on the new field is about half finished as far as the excavation is concerned it was learned from Mr. George H. Dennison, Chief Inspector for the Department of Public Works. Although the appearance is not so much with a lake occupying the location of old Field No. 1, there really is progress when the dirt moving figures are had. The work on the concreting of the aprons and the runways on Field No. 2 will have been completed long before this yarn appears in "The Leatherneck" and that alone will be one of the biggest things ever done hereabouts in keeping the planes out of this Virginia mud in the winter and the rainy months of early spring.

The death of Staff Sergeant Lee Clark, Naval Aviation pilot, in Nicaragua was received at this field with a shock. The reports are that Clark crashed on the end of the field at Corinto, Nicaragua, with an O2C-2 with a passenger named Private Campbell, a member of the quartermaster department at Corinto. Clark finished the class at Pensacola in 1930 and since then has been stationed at San Diego and in Nicaragua. He was well-known here on the East Coast and his passing marks the going of an old-timer and real friend. Many here were in his class at Pensacola and knew him as a good pilot and Marine.

Seven Reserve officers underwent a course of two weeks instruction here from the fifth to the fifteenth of the month. One plane was lost when it lost its oil pressure and dove into the Potomac south of the field, the pilot escaping without a scratch.

First Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt was a guest of the field over the weekend of the 10th. He was one of the honorary pall bearers at the funeral of First Lieutenant George H. Towner, Jr.

Not too late to mention the detail that

sailed on the "Henderson" on the 14th, accompanying none other than Major General Fuller on his tour of inspection of posts on the West Coast.

The Haitian detail that left here on the 14th went south via the old Scat, her excellency the "Kittery" next to the "Bremen" and "Leviathan" in accommodations and luxuries of sea travel.

Most of the boys have finished the range for the year but many found that in order to stay in the black and four ring on record day that one had to get in before 12 on the night before. Just like Hack Wilson of the Cubs found out that he couldn't bat around all night and still bat .300 the next day.

The age-old game of dobin's oxfords has taken Quantico by storm and the game is being championed here by Gunnery Sergeant REAL Lillie, who was at one time runner-up in the Michigan state championship horse slipper contest.



Major James T. Moore, Executive Officer, Brown Field.

Ferries Amphibian

Quantico, August 12.—Major James T. Moore took off today in a Navy amphibian for Managua, Nicaragua, accompanied by his mechanic, Gunnery Sergeant James F. Hill.

Major Moore will proceed leisurely, landing at fields in Fayetteville, North Carolina; Charleston, South Carolina; Jacksonville, Florida; St. Juliens, Cuba; Belize, British Honduras; Tela, Honduras, and, finally, Managua, where he will turn the plane over to the Marine Aircraft Squadrons.

Major Moore was commissioned in November, 1916, has been flying since 1920, and has seen aviation service in Santo Domingo, China, and the Philippines.

Horseshoes & Rackets

The baseball season being over, the Quantico Marines have taken up horseshoe pitching and tennis as the principal means of whiling away the time until the gridiron campaign begins.

A tennis tournament consisting of

men's singles and doubles, started on 29 August, and is in full swing at the present time; and it seems that nearly every officer and man in the post has volunteered for the annual horseshoe pitching contest sponsored by the Evening Star of Washington, D. C.

We are having plenty of fun and exercise at the two sports and hope to report some very exciting contests in the next issue of our magazine.

Marines Win Battle

In a battle against an imaginary enemy on August 13, 300 Marines of the First Regiment, Quantico, Va., captured an artillery position established to guard a main railway near Quantico. Airplanes from Brown Field laid down a smoke screen as the Marines, attacking in two groups, waded ashore from nine Navy motor launches, which had approached the enemy position on the Potomac River.

To aid the attacking party, a squadron of airplanes centered on the enemy position and dropped fragmentation bombs among the enemy guns. Near the imaginary artillery position the Marines released smoke bombs in stimulation of smoke shells hurled from an imaginary fleet in the rear of the attackers.

Nancy Jean Campbell

Quantico, Va., Sept. 2.—Nancy Jean Campbell, 22 months, daughter of Capt. H. Denny Campbell, was run over and killed by a runaway tractor here late yesterday afternoon.

The child was sitting in her carriage in a yard adjoining her home, watching her brother and sister at play when the tractor, proceeding along the roadway in front of the house, got out of control of the two colored men operating it and ran into the yard where the child was. She was crushed beneath the machine.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 10 o'clock at the Little Church here. Interment will be in Arlington National Cemetery tomorrow afternoon.

The child's mother, formerly Miss F. O. Shattuck, was an opera singer at Boston. Captain Campbell is an aviator stationed at Brown Field, Quantico, Va.

The accident is believed to have resulted from an imperfection in the machinery of the tractor. An investigation was being made today.

For Distinguished Service

Quantico, Va., August 13.—Major General Smedley D. Butler, commanding general of the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., at 2:15 P. M. today presented First Sergeant Clyde R. Darrah, U. S. M. C., with the Navy Cross, awarded for distinguished service in battle in Nicaragua. First Sergeant Darrah served in the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua as a first lieutenant, in which capacity he commanded a patrol near Puerto Cabezas, on the East Coast of Nicaragua, which defeated an overwhelming force of bandits and killed their leader, Pedro Brandon, one of the followers of the notorious Sandino.

This engagement took place on the property of the Bragmans Bluff Lumber Company, a branch of the Standard Fruit Company of New Orleans, La., and resulted in defeating the efforts of the

bandits to pillage American property in that vicinity. Assisting First Sergeant Darrah was Mr. Ralph Beardsley, of New Orleans, La., who was an employee of the Bragmans Bluff Lumber Company.



General Butler presents Navy Cross to 1st Sergeant Darrah

Major General Butler shook hands with First Sergeant Darrah and said:

"First Sergeant Darrah, I want to thank you for setting such a splendid example to the men of the Marine Corps. Deeds like yours make the Marine Corps what it is today."

Commended

In the January, 1930, issue of "The Leatherneck" we ran a story concerning the new mess pan cover that has recently been issued to the service, predicting that it would be received with universal approval. Such has proved to be the case in the Marine Corps and the Army is seriously considering its adoption at the present time.

The new mess pan was suggested to the Quartermaster Department of the Marine Corps by Captain Thomas F. Joyce while he was serving in the Western Area, Northern Nicaragua. Captain Joyce found that dessert and other articles of food got mixed up in the old style mess pan cover and this gave him the idea of dividing the cover into a nest of two pans to keep various articles of food separated.

It is a pleasure to announce that the Major General Commandant has recently commended Captain Joyce on his ingenuity and initiative, giving official voice to the universal approval of the Corps.

Desk to General Butler

Quantico, Va., Sept. 15.—Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler was loudly cheered last night by 2,000 Marines and 500 ex-service men, as he entered Quantico gymnasium to receive a surprise gift of a \$1,000 mahogany desk, presented by officers and enlisted men to General and Mrs. Butler.

Met at the door by a delegation of senior officers and enlisted men, they were escorted to the platform while the crowd sang "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here."

Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley made the presentation speech and the crowd sang "Sweet Adeline," Butler's favorite song, and the Marine Corps hymn.

General Butler said:

"I am overcome with surprise and gratitude. Your expression of loyalty and friendship will never be forgotten.

For 33 years and three months I have been a Marine, and I shall be a Marine until I answer that last roll call on earth. My retirement merely means that wherever I may be, I will always be ready to help the man who wears the uniform, boost the Army and Navy and remember our glorious traditions and our history as the finest body of fighting men in the world. We are always first to fight. We advance or die, but never surrender. We are the only organization on earth that is allowed by Congress to write our name on the American flag. Our name is there because we wrote it there with our blood.

"Pacifists may try to take our arms, Communists may try to steal our food and clothes, but don't forget that more than 300,000 red-blooded ex-Marine veterans stand like a stone wall between America and the wolves that are snapping at her throat. I close with one request, men, and that is to fight like hell, but don't cry when you are licked."

The desk presented Butler is one of only four in existence, and is a copy of the original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. The desk is equipped with phone, lamp and writing materials, and has an inlaid silver plate with an inscription.

The 10-year-old twin daughters of Sgt. Maj. and Mrs. Gilbert R. Miller presented a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Butler, and unveiled the desk.

—Washington Star.

Sails Alone

Quantico, August 19.—Sergeant Major Jack Fliey sailed from New York harbor today on the U. S. Army Transport "Grant," bound for China, where he will serve as sergeant major of the American Legation Guard, Peiping, China. Sergeant Major Fliey is making the trip unaccompanied by other Marines, an unusual incident in Marine Corps life. Sports followers remember Fliey as "Jawbreaker Jack" who fought Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britt twenty-five years ago, when boxing was a strenuous sport.

Sergeant Major Fliey was born February 1, 1886, at Franklin, Kentucky, served honorably for a number of years in the United States Army, and has had sixteen years of excellent service in the U. S. Marine Corps.

He is entitled to the following medals: Victory, Nicaraguan, Haitian, San Dominican, and Good Conduct. Mrs. Cecilia Harris Fliey, mother of Sergeant Major Fliey, lives at 10606 Inglewood Drive, Cleveland, Ohio.

Detachments

Newport News

The layout at Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., is as follows: Major John L. Doxey, commanding officer; Captain James E. Betts, post quartermaster; First Lieutenant D. W. Davis, post exchange officer; First Lieutenant J. N. Hudnall, company commander, Barracks Detachment, and Second Lieutenant John M. Davis, morale and athletic officer. A very fine group of officers to serve under. First Sergeant Thomas W. P. Murphy and Corporal Scheffer handle the office work, and in the quartermaster department we have QM. Sgt. Milton R. Scott and his able and economizing clerk, Pfc. J. L.

Schornak. "Popeye" Stockdale and Ausmus do the to-and-from business in their trucks.

A baseball game between the privates recently won, of course, by the privates. The pitching of Cpl. Fleishman and the non-coms was played here for the N. C. O.'s was nothing to brag about, but he had just recovered from an attack of rheumatism and we can't hold him accountable.

There are plenty of short-timers here at present. Sgt. Howard E. Boyd will soon depart from our folds to the Windy City, while Sgt. E. A. Murphy will go back to Canada.

Captain Wright Honored

The enlisted personnel of the Office of the Assistant Paymaster, United States Marine Corps, Atlanta, Georgia, entertained at dinner on August 27, honoring Captain Lee W. Wright, assistant paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, who is to be transferred on September first to Shanghai, China, for duty as paymaster of the Fourth Regiment. Captain Wright, accompanied by Mrs. Wright and son, sail from Hampton Roads on the U. S. S. "Henderson" on September fourteenth.

Invited to attend were Captain Prentice S. Greer, assistant paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, who relieves Captain Wright in Atlanta; Chief Pay Clerk Guy B. Smith, Jr., on duty in the Atlanta office; and Chief Pay Clerk Walter J. Sherry, who was in Atlanta en route to Parris Island, S. C., where he takes charge of the office of the Assistant Paymaster's Deputy on September first.

The dinner was given at Dabney Manor, the palatial Peachtree Road residence of about half of the enlisted men. Jughead Bill Clay, the Major Domo of Dabney Manor, had very tastefully decorated the dining room in Marine Corps colors. In the center of the table was a model of a ship, representing the U. S. S. "Henderson," from the anchor of which dragged Groucho Ford, the paymaster sergeant of the office, who is also going to Shanghai. Ford was represented in the touching tableau by a small iron bull dog.



Sgt.-Major Jack Fliey.

The hosts were Paymaster Sergeant Edwin C. Ford, Staff Sergeant Vernice S. Calvert, and Privates First Class William C. Clay (Jughead), Hubert H. Dunlap, Eugene E. Greening (the Silent Worker), John H. Rice (who should be with Caruso), and John S. Ward.

A very enjoyable evening was spent, the only cloud on the merriment being the thought of the coming separation, as the office force has become very much attached to Captain and Mrs. Wright during their stay here.—V. S. Calvert.

Lollygulupus Bird

Lakehurst is one place that is well advertised among Marines and doesn't need any more publicity than it already has, but we wish to tell all the unfortunate men who have never been here that they are missing a good thing, despite the many tales to the contrary.

Concerning liberty, "on the beach with you" is a popular song when it comes to hitch-hiking to Asbury Park, Sea Side Heights, or per post exchange liberty bus to Ocean Gate. The tired working girls who spend their vacations at these resorts have all agreed that the Marines have the situation well in hand. The post itself must have some hidden charms, too, judging from the length of time some of the old-timers have prolonged their stay here. Our leading contender in this long-winded contest is none other than Sergeant "Pop" Dahms, who is famous for his Daniel Boone ideas: breaking all the new trails in the "boon-docks" around here.

Our commanding officer, himself an old-timer at Lakehurst, is Major W. G. Emory. He is on leave at the present time, as is Captain Donald R. Fox. Next in line is Captain M. Scott, who is in command during the absence of the Major. He is also in charge of all drills and instruction and is station fire marshal to boot. Captain M. J. Gould is a company officer and AAQM. First Lieutenant J. W. Cunningham is our efficient mess and post exchange officer. First Lieutenant A. Stahlberger, who joined us recently, is also a company officer. We have, in addition, Second Lieutenants S. Boyle and F. D. Beans, both being company officers. Lieutenant Beans is also post athletic officer and intends to turn out an "All-Marine" football team here this fall.

First Sergeant E. A. Mullen holds down the sergeant major's chair. He won renown in the wilds of Nicaragua as the champion lollygulupus bird hunter, and is shipping over this month—for Lakehurst, we all hope, as the clubs hereabouts will close their doors if he doesn't. His efficient company clerk, Cpl. S. E. Johansen, wants everyone to know that he is not a Swede. He receives fan mail daily and claims Greta Garbo is his distant cousin. There are no moles on his body, he doesn't drink (water) and sleeps in green pajamas.

Cpl. L. Hudson, who recently joined

from the U. S. S. "Pensacola," is the original company clown. He never opens any mail, but likes to, has been told he is a perfect double for Buster Keaton, does not gedunk. His able assistant, Pfc. Paul E. Frick, has repeatedly tried to enlighten his frozen complex by bringing forth ancient scrapbooks with beautiful Russian scenery (from China) which would make anyone smile.

Sgt. Frank Neider has left for duty with the Fourth Marines, China. Our loss, their gain, and we wish him luck. Sgt. Wallace Henry, ex-garbage administrator, is also departing for the land of Asahi after a three-month stay in New Mexico (first time home since boyhood: the old sheriff died). Pfc. Conniff, who was discharged, own convenience, is now in Indiana. Cpl. E. L. James, the one and only postman, was heard to say the other day, "I don't like you any more, you bad, bad mans, and you can't holler down my mail bag, or slide down my Chevrolet fender."

Stand up, you noble sons of success and extra dough, let us help you wet them down: May, Comer, Byers, Nesmith, and "D" "J" Morgan to high privates.

A couple of weeks ago Parris Island sent us sixty of their finest and Mike Douyard is very busy answering such questions as, "When do colors go in the winter time?" "What do you have to do to get a commission?" Mike refers them to the captain of the head.

Corporal Pine has at last discovered, after prolonged researches in the Pines, why the New Jersey mosquitoes differ from others. The story goes that when the "Mayflower" landed in America, a stowaway with a pet mosquito ventured forth into the land of the Pines. Between fighting Indians and making his way, he had no time to care for his pet mosquito, who strayed into bad company and the following year there were many mosquitoes with blue blood in their veins and since then these mosquitoes, which are not related to common mosquitoes, have made New Jersey their home. Now run to bed, little children; tomorrow night papa will tell you how you can tell when a cow is crying.

Tintypes

QM. Sgt. Lydick: Smith, what is the meaning of gedunk?

QM. Sgt. Brown: Any size you want. Gy. Sgt. Chambers: Now, when the captain and I were privates together.

Sergeant Cox: No, I am not playing golf today.

Sergeant Fuksa: This is a nice place. Sergeant Greiser: Fagan, did youse ever bark at the moon?

Sergeant Seyler: I sang her a song and then we were married.

Sergeant Snellings: After the next one, Joe, we will sing.

Corporal Hudson: Say, could you lend . . . ?

Pfc. Smith: Where's my oil?

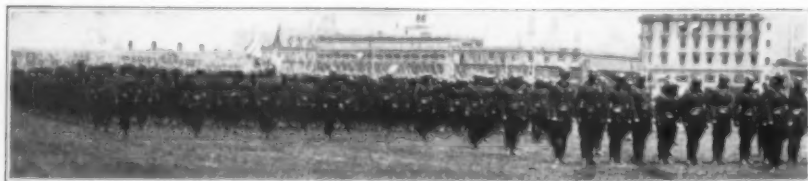
—Paul & Joe.

Caribbean News

Such a long time has elapsed since anyone has heard from us we think that it would be wise to give our name and address, in short, Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. No, sir, you are mistaken, we are not at the end of nowhere. We have one of the finest camps in the old Corps and the best of it is we are improving steadily. Some of you who have done service down here before would probably be extending for here again if we were to tell about all the good things that are going on down here, so—we are keeping some of them secret.

First, before we go any further, we would like to have you know our officers. Our very-well-liked commanding officer and executive officer are, respectively, Lieutenant Colonel F. A. Gardner and Captain E. S. Shaw. Both are newcomers at this post but have already won themselves a place in the hearts of the men. In the Quartermaster we have First Lieutenant J. M. Greer. Right here we might say that "in addition to his other duties," Lieutenant Greer plays a mean game of tennis. First Lieutenant R. O. Bare is our mess officer and also "head coach" of all the firing of rifles, B. A. R.'s, machine guns, etc., and boy what a coach! With him on the line it seems easy to sock 'em in the bull. Oh, yes, last week Lieutenant Bare blossomed out in a seemingly brand new Chevy, but, alas, the secret is out. He merely applied a coat of paint on the old bus. Sorry we cannot send the usual before and after pictures for publication. Last but not least, our pay department has its head chief pay clerk, J. J. Darlington, who also is a late arrival at this post. After reading over that list, if any of you do not think that they are a group of officers to work and fight for then something must be decidedly wrong in your upper story.

Next, we think you should know a few of our very efficient staff of N. C. O.'s. First Sergeant C. G. Klehm is our sergeant major. We have been wondering how he keeps his cap visor so bright and shiny, but since we have learned the secret of Lieutenant Bare's car we have grave suspicions. First Sergeant Lee L. Saxton is our well-known top-kick and when he is not to be found in the office one can usually find him with his pistol at the twenty-two range. First Sergeant Saxton also spent his birthday, August third, quietly here at home without the usual band and celebration. We all join in wishing him many and many happy returns of the day. Both our quartermaster sergeants are new arrivals at this post, Quartermaster Sergeants R. L. Razzette and F. L. Tyree. The latter relieved Quartermaster Sergeant E. R. Beavers and we might state here that by the time this article is published we will have had about a month's rest from the usual "Beaver line" that has been floating around camp all the while. In charge of the range is Gunnery Sergeant T. O. Lowry. Both he and his wife are numbered among the recent arrivals. He relieved Gunnery Sergeant J. H. Turney who was very well liked by all of us and whom we all hated to see leave here. Good luck, "Gunny," and may many more years be yours. The armorer is Sergeant C. A. Hansen, who always has some yarn about "way back



when" no matter what subject is brought up. In charge of the boat house is Sergeant George Winters. Both Sergeants Hansen and Winters were just recently promoted to sergeant. Corporal C. W. Johnson is our well-known post exchange steward and believe me he doesn't give a t—g away. Sergeant D. J. McNeil is the police sergeant and he never seems to run out of pet names such as "peicans," "buzzards," "canary bird snatchers," etc. But his favorite is @%&\$@-??-????? Nevertheless he surely does see that this camp is kept spick and span and his ramous "outside at police call is no doubt well-known by many who have done duty down here.

One of the improvements that we mentioned in the first part of this article is our new library which is going up on the beach. It is surely going to be some "ritzzy" place, with a wide veranda all around. Sergeant A. H. Steinhardt, our "chief builder and contractor," has the job well in hand. He is ably assisted by Privates First Class Aaron, Belanger and Brovinski, and Privates Davis and Zimmerman. Of course our new radio is going to be put on the veranda as soon as the building is finished so that we can get all of the best programs that come in during the night.

Our "talkies" have not arrived yet but we are looking for them at any time. Believe me, when we get the new library finished, the new "talkies" in and some of these old buildings torn down, this will be a place to ship over for.

We have a little bowling tournament going on here between the Marines, the Navy and the civilians and at the time of this writing the Marines are in the lead. The Marine team consists of Private Bolak, Private First Class Powell, Corporals Gulino and Thompson, Private First Class Ayers, Private Abbott and Corporal Shoemaker. We have high hopes of them winning first place. If they don't they surely will not win a place in this column again.

There are two other men whom we think deserve mention in this article but the names will be withheld. It seems that they have some pet fish out in the bay to which they have been feeding their caps and hats on the way back from liberty. They have decided to form a corporation and go into the cap and hat business so that they will always have a supply on hand.

We think that we have a noteworthy record as to qualifications with the light Browning automatic rifle. Out of twenty-eight men who fired the course we had eleven experts, ten sharpshooters and five marksmen. Only two did not qualify. Let's hear if any other post can tie that.

Promotions September first were: Private First Class Joseph Gulino to corporal, and Privates W. E. Hemingway and J. F. Fryar to privates first class. Congratulations, and may they continue up the path of good Marines.

—Hatuey.

News From New York

Lieutenant Colonel G. M. Kincade, U. S. Marine Corps, reported for duty as commanding officer of the Marine Barracks on August 15th as relief for Colonel Edward A. Greene who retired on September 1st. Colonel Greene resides at Fort Gaines, Georgia, and left with the

well wishes of the entire command for a long and successful life following his faithful and varied service in the Marine Corps.

Second Lieutenant Cornelius P. Van Ness, U. S. Marine Corps, reported for duty August 15th and was assigned to the Barracks Detachment for duty.

Captain Frank Mallen, F. M. C. R., reported for a tour of active duty on August 9th and was detached on August 22. Captain Mallen is engaged in the newspaper publishing business in Westchester. Captain Mallen expressed his appreciation for the many courtesies extended him and regretted the termination of his tour of active duty.

Second Lieutenant Howard M. Houck, F. M. C. R., reported for a tour of active duty on August 10th and was detached on August 23rd. Mr. Houck is a member of the New York City police force and is attached to Investigation Division 18. Mr. Houck also expressed himself as being well pleased with his tour of duty and the many courtesies extended him.

Quartermaster Sergeant John L. McCormack was discharged upon expiration of enlistment August 26, and immediately shipped over for four more years.

Paymaster Sergeant Ray R. Maynard has expressed his desire to ship over for duty at this post upon the expiration of his present enlistment on September 12.

Sergeants John F. Boshman and Arthur Kaplan were recently transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, for duty under instruction in the Quartermaster's School of Administration.

Second Lieutenant Nels H. Nelson was a recent visitor at the barracks and is to report at Fort Manmough, N. J., as a student in the Army Signal School at that station.

Second Lieutenant Miles S. Newton is at present acting post quartermaster during the absence of Major Arnold W. Jacobsen, who is spending a few days on leave in Maine.

Sergeant Major Alexander J. (Jack) Fliey reported here from Quantico August 17th en route to the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China, for duty, and sailed from Brooklyn, N. Y., via the U. S. A. T. "Grant" on August 18th.

The following recent graduates of the Sound Moving Picture School have been selected for a tour of foreign service and transferred to the Marine Barracks, N. O. B., Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., for further transfer: To Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China: Corporal Hugh S. Wynne and Private Joseph V. Wood. To First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti: Privates William O. Morris and Joseph J. Pevey. To Marine Barracks, N. O. B., Pearl Harbor, T. H.: Private Frank A. Simpson. To Marine Barracks, Naval Station.

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba: Pvt. C. R. Stish.

Sergeant Gordon L. Rea has been transferred to Headquarters, 19th Marines, at Fourth Avenue and 53rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for duty as relief for Sergeant Thomas J. Manning who was transferred to Class II (F. M. C. R.) after 16 years' service on August 14, 1931. Sergeant Manning will reside in Chicago. Best wishes are extended Sergeant Manning on embarking in civil life.

Sergeant Kristos Markos was recently transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., for duty. After a short sojourn with us in New York, Kristos decided he preferred duty at a post nearer Headquarters, where he can keep in touch with Corps activities.

Where Pavements End

Hi, Broadcaster! We who ride the desert instead of the salty waves, who roll our own and like it, who read the mail order catalog both for pleasure and profit and who live where the doubtful atmosphere of the bright lights is unknown, send double greetings. From Whisky Flats to Walker Lake we reign and cheerfully herewith send items of news for your columns.

The interior of our barracks has reached the final stage during the past month. Painters from Civiliana have done it over in cream and green and Sgt. Grady A. Thompson's assistants have been doing deck work with paint remover to remove the idea we paint our decks in this home. Our decks are concrete, our walls lower green and upper cream with a thin line of black between, and our ceilings white. The job has improved the appearance of the interior a great deal and we can show off the place more confidently now to visitors.

Our four-target rifle butts have seen much activity during the past three months, and some of the boys have come into the money here who were not on the marksmanship payroll before. The high man is a post exchange employee, Pfc. Lornie Leslie, who has rung up 323 for record. The expert riflemen are: Capt. R. J. Bartholomew, Sgts. B. W. Stone, G. A. Thompson, Boyd Lofland, Joseph Hudson, Cpl. Dan Sullivan, Pfc. Lornie Leslie, R. E. Peterson, L. E. Blair, E. L. Davis, Arthur Morgan, John Sheeh-
hans, Pvts. H. R. Eyestone, L. A. Walker, Claude Sauvain, Lawrence Blackburn, A. S. Baughman, Gayden Harper, Jas. R. Kellar. Sharpshooters are: Pfc. Chas. Condo, Jack Deegan, Ernest Martens, Richard Johnson, John Perry and Joseph Yackley, Tpr. S. J. Perry, Pvts. A. Baker, Frank Mulholland, Joseph Dargi, Jr., Lester Klingler, Dante Ricci, Guy Trumbull, Ray Patten, O. J. Dragge. Marks-
men are: Cpls. Ivan Carrick, H. C. Coslet, Pfc. J. Harvey, Archie Knight, Byron Latimer, Pvts. Frank Smith, George Ralph Nicholson, Chas. Rafferty, Melvin



Banks, Theo. Johnson, and Clarence F. Storm.

Two new aspirants for the title of First to Fall have joined the Mounted Marines here. They are Pvts. H. R. Eyestone and L. A. Walker. These persons are now wearers of the fur-lined chaps and eye all strangers in the magazine area with eyes of steel, etc. Pfc. Joe Yackley and his first mate, Lester Klingler, are riding the wire fence daily and keeping the stable. Pvt. Chas. Rafferty, who hails from the middle west, has recently received some publicity in the hometown weekly, the Malvern, Ia., paper. Pfc. Chas. Condo was visited by his younger brother during the past month for a day or so. Younger Condo was on his way with a companion to accept employment in Reno, Nev.

Strange as it may seem, Marine pugilists in Hawthorne NAD use an attic for training purposes instead of the usual gym or outdoor ring. We have it though that a gymnasium is on the way in the building program scheduled for completion here. The post pugilists have been training faithfully for some time now. There's Jake Harvey, Bombardier Ricci, Music Sam Perry who also includes water sports as a training method, K. O. F. J. Smith who has met some of the better men of the day, Speed Kellar of the mess force and a protege of our speedy mess sergeant, Boyd Lofland, and Young Jack Deegan, slim and packing the wallop. We hear that the post gym equipment for boxing will be reduced to nothing upon the retirement of the present lone pair of 16-ounce training mitts. Dear Santa: Send us some 16-ounce and 8-ounce mitts, a punching bag and some floor work mats. An undercover report sent to your correspondent's office is that "Doc Yak" Blackburn, who celebrates his birthday in a big way at least once each month, is considering offers to start training at an early date for the rasslin' championship of Hawthorne, Rawhide, and vicinity. "Doc," however, is known to have visited the training quarters and eyed the matless deck with some apprehension. But you never know what Doc Yak might spring on the unsuspecting followers of big-time sport.

Sgt. "Whattaman" Hudson, who carries the post mail bag daily, reports an unusually heavy Montgomery Ward catalog distribution for the fall-winter buying season. Every Marine has a Monkey Ward or Sears-Rareback, it would appear. Sounds bad for you, Leslie. Better get your sales promotion department busy. By the way, Steward Leslie of the post exchange and commissary has secured the services of Sales Promotion Manager Pfc. E. L. Davis, formerly of our M. P. force. Cpl. "Nugget" Hadusek is visiting the hills right often lately, where it is rumored gold dust hides away for searchers from far and wide. Cpl. Robt. Bayless has kept the nearby hiking trails hot during the past month. Both corporals are now members of the National Rifle Association, which is a good step for any shooting Gyrene to take. Paris Perser has taken up duties with Pfc. Latimer as cook, besides his duties as post tailor. Melvin Banks recently received a shipment of cobbler's supplies and has opened up Banks' Shoe Repair and Rubber Heels Shop. Get those rubber heels put on at once, boys, we live on concrete decks. Pfc. Trash

is working out daily on his banjo uke, the spreader of joy among those within hearing. On August 23 Pvt. Clarence Storm swam Walker Lake, accompanied by several oarsmen whose heroic names we haven't for publication at this time. Storm is one of the hefty life guards of NAD. Pvt. Guy Trumbull will open the bowling alley shortly, he announces. And that, dear Broadcaster, will close the services for this time. Cheerio.

Granite State Marines

Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has long been absent from "The Broadcast" and the other departments of "The Leatherneck," but we will try to make up for lost time.

Our commanding officer is Colonel James T. Buttrick, widely known throughout the Corps. Captain George H. Morse, Jr., is our post quartermaster. He is a recent arrival from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Company officers are First Lieutenant Monitor Watchman, well-known as athletic officer of many winning baseball teams; First Lieutenant Ernest E. Shaughnessy, who is the post exchange officer; and Second Lieutenant Charles E. Sheppard, Jr., Wallace M. Greene, and Paul W. Russell, also recent arrivals from the Basic School, Philadelphia. Lieutenant Russell is our athletic officer, and has a capable looking bunch of aspiring football players busy this month trying out for the squad. (Harvard and Yale please note.) Lieutenant Greene is an authority on wrestling and has taught members of the command enough holds to enable them to toss the toughest local "clam digger" to the mat. This is mighty handy when some rival for the affections of a coy damsel decides to get rough with some of the detachment Don Juans.

Chief Pay Clerk Miller is the deputy assistant paymaster, and is very much sought after about the first of every month.

Quartermaster Sergeant Kemp, old-time Haitian aviator, is the "big shot" in the clothing, transportation, subsistence, etc., line. He is ably assisted by Cpl. Harry C. Donelson, who recently held his good right hand aloft for another four years.

First Sergeant Melvin Mosier is the "Top Soldier," and an old Nicaraguan campaigner. He holds the Navy Cross and Medal of Merit for work well done. The company clerk is Corporal C. G. Shelton, late Haitian typewriter puncher.

Sergeant J. B. Walter is the post exchange steward. He is a veteran of Santo Domingo. The other half of the post exchange personnel is Pfc. Barker, who owes his shiny pate to sticking his head in display cases.

Promotions for the month are: Pfc. McTiernan and Pfc. Shelton to two stripes.

Transfers to Boston and Philadelphia took away Privates Getman and Silva. Privates Carter, Peters, Croy, Bolton, Mooney, and Pfc. Bryant have joined within the last month or so.

Discharges have reduced our number somewhat. Corporals Donelson and Clark, Pfc. Staskiewicz, Pfc. Wendroff, Private Croy, have all joined the army—of unemployed. Donelson is back with us again.

Counting the days (and in some cases the hours), are Tpr. Smith, Pfc. Lutton, Privates Hawkins and Thacker and in a couple of weeks we will lose Corporal Prenetta. All of them have decided to try the "outside" for a while, at least. We will welcome them back.

The detachment baseball team, captained by Sergeant Walter, won several games and lost a few, but have managed to hold their own with the Navy Yard workmen. But you know how Navy Yard workmen are.

Great excitement prevailed one night not so long ago. The Yard fire siren began to scream while we were at the movies, and rushing back to the barracks, we found that the mess hall, of all places, was on fire. Of course it couldn't have been the police shed. Police sheds are notoriously fireproof. Anyhow, the mess hall was filled with smoke, and two of our brave lads, at considerable risk to permanent waves, dashed into the inferno of smoke and flame. Armed with axes, they attacked a cast-iron steam pipe and did considerable damage to said pipe, before discovering that it was not afire. These heroic Marines then set to work on the ceiling, creating havoc with the plaster and lathes until a hole was made that the proverbial cow could have been driven through. The post carpenter, seeing many weary days of work ahead of him, stood wringing his hands. Several other stalwarts went into the post exchange and tackled the flooring there and to keep the cigarettes from being damaged by fire and smoke, they put them in their pockets, which consideration the ungrateful steward did not seem to appreciate. But you know how it is, it isn't every day that fires happen in the post exchange! After all the excitement and smoke had cleared away, it was found that the damage was slight. But we had lots of fun!

The Garde d'Haiti number of "The Leatherneck" was greatly enjoyed and the Editor is to be congratulated on such excellent make-up. How about having a New England number: posts such as Boston, Chelsea, Portsmouth, both Marine Barracks and Prison Detachment, the "Southery," Hingham, etc., being all represented. I am sure that Marines intending to transfer, reenlist or visit these posts would find it interesting and informative.

In summer there are many famous beaches near Portsmouth and the members of the detachment take advantage of them. The post quartermaster furnishes a truck twice a week to Hampton Beach, a delightful resort.

Portsmouth is close enough to Boston, Portland, Me., and lots of other pleasant places to spend a forty-eight hour liberty, to enable one to visit one or the other every week-end.—Gilbert G. Shelton.

Survived Contribution

South Charleston, West Virginia.—The Leatherneck survived our contribution last month and we've not had to take a trip to the hospital ourselves so we're back to give the latest dope to our gang.

We have plenty of new arrivals. Pfc. Murdick has reported in from the now defunct "Pittsburgh" detachment and seems to enjoy duty here; O'Connor is

here from the Virgin Islands, via Annapolis, and we've not heard him pine for the past; Cline, recruited on the West Coast and member of the 57th Machine Gun Company, 2nd Battalion, Eleventh, from January, 1928, to October, 1929, furlough-transferred from the West Coast and has kept our handball court free of cobwebs ever since his arrival. Thomas—all we know of him is that he was a music last cruise—and Beatty, former corporal in China, here and Washington Navy Yard, shipped over recently and are doing their watches with the rest of the bunch.

Lieutenant Harris is going to have the best trained bunch of Marines in the Corps before long. We have school every day except Saturday and Sunday and cover everything the well-informed Marine should know. We weren't much to look at when he began but squads right twice without messing the landscape is just one of the easiest things we do. The Plant has so much waste land that we are able to carry on a small war without running into fences or houses—but that mud—come around some morning when we come in and listen to some of the experts tell about it—words fail me.

The weather—you just knew I'd get around to that, didn't you?—this past month has been so miserable that swimming was reduced to almost nil and Corporal Pringle went back to No. 2 Post, leaving Pfc. Oliver Lord of the Beach. Pringle, in case any one is asking for him, will be on furlough the rest of September and a few days in October.

First Sergeant Pierce left us on the 6th for Quantico. Best of luck, Top. First Sergeant Uhlman, late of Lakehurst, replaced him and we are well pleased. We got acquainted last winter when Uhlman was Pierce's relief during the latter's re-enlistment furlough and we are all glad that he liked us well enough to ask to be sent back.

Sergeant Jesse Kidd will have been paid off by the time this appears. We'll tell you next month whether he shipped over or not—but as he has ten years in now the odds are that he will.

Harwell is still on furlough altho he drops around occasionally for a chow. Moltenberry went away for a week and hasn't been the same since. It won't be long, John—just six more months and then the U. S. S. "Outside" will welcome (?) you.—Joseph L. Milliken.

Ten Decks & a Straw Bottom

The cold, cold weather is setting in way up here at Dover. And it won't be long now before we give up the khaki for the winter fields. We expect a nice cold winter but what's the weather to a bunch of husky Gyrenes—Trumpeter Hall, for instance?

Just arrived: Private Knox, from the Motor Transport School at Philadelphia. Due to arrive: Corporal Shames, from Port au Prince, Haiti. Due to leave: Pvt. Albert M. Creech to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C. Already gone, but not forgotten: Pvt. George "Scram" Skowran, to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

Pvt. John J. McHugh is contemplating a trip to Canada in his new Ford. Pfc. "Herby" Burkhardt just got back from a 30-day furlough, most of which was spent up around Wursthoro, N. Y.

Trumpeter Pipitone took a leave and stayed right here in Dover.

Cpl. Wallace K. Stainbrook will be with us again in a few days. He is returning from furlough after shipping over in the good old Corps. Hope you had a good time.

Captain Harry W. Bacon, our Skipper, is very much surprised to find the brig empty after every pay day. Incidentally, the Inspector of Ordnance in Charge passed the same comment at inspection Saturday. Well, you see it's this way. When we were serving with the Marine Detachment on the good old "Tuscarora," ten decks and a straw bottom—and so on far into the night.—J. Goldstein.

The Show of Shows

THE SHOW OF SHOWS, the Grand Labor Day Track and Field Meet, Bar-B-Q, game-cock contest, and horse-racing program, was put on by the Brigade Morale Officer, Lieutenant E. J. Farrell, for the entire personnel of the First Brigade, the officers of the Garde d'Haiti, their families and guests, and the members of the American Colony and their guests on Monday, September 7th, at the Aviation Field in Port au Prince.



They're off!

Starting at about ten a. m. when the first contingent of guests arrived at the field, until dusk, Bowen Field was the center of interest and activities in all of Port au Prince. Approximately one thousand spectators witnessed the events of the day.

The track and field events were the first to be run according to the program and at ten-thirty a. m., Lieutenants Walker, Blanchard, and Batterton together with their trusty assistants MT. Sergeants Weigand and Gooding; Gunnery Sergeants Knopf, Towles, Cooper, and Rodgers; and Staff Sergeants Long and Trevelyan, made ready for the opening event.

The events, winners, etc., are listed below:

100 yard dash, won by McGrath, Brigade Hq. Co., 11 seconds; second, Hubbard, Brigade Hq. Co.; third, Garcia, 2nd Regiment.

220 yard dash, won by Cole, 2nd Regiment; second, Hubbard, Bg. Hq. Co.; third, Garcia, 2nd Regiment.

Shot put, won by Walters, Bg. Hq. Co. 34 feet, 9 inches; second, Moore, Bg. Hq. Co.; third, Campbell, Aviation.

Standing broad jump, won by Petras, Aviation, 9 feet, four and one-half inches; second, Moore, Bg. Hq. Co.; third, Fahr, Regiment.

Baseball throw, won by Craig, Aviation, three hundred and a half feet; second, Campbell, Aviation; third, Moore, Brigade.

50 yard dash, won by Petras, Aviation,

five and one-fifth sec.; second, McGrath, Brigade; third, Cole, Regiment.

Running high jump, won by Petras, Aviation, five feet, four and a half inches; second, McGrath, Brigade; third, Murray, Brigade.

Hop, skip and jump, won by Moore, Brigade; second, Craig, Aviation; third, Adamczyk, aviation.

880-yard relay (four men), won by Brigade (McGrath, Stoppani, Ancrum and Moore); second aviation (Craig, Campbell, Sargent and Adamczyk); third, Regiment (Cole, Fahr, Szymansky and Bierum).

With the completion of the 880-yard relay all hands turned to the chow lines. In fact as early as eleven o'clock chow was being served and thanks to the Brigade Commissary Officer, Captain H. M. Peters, there was chow of good quality and of more than sufficient quantity.

The truth is the chow was excellent and no more can be said in praise of it than that. And the kiddies weren't left out either. Imagine 115 cases of soda pop being consumed and 50 gallons of ice cream, and you just know that the grown-ups had their share of the pop and cream, too. Hot dogs in those handy little rolls, ham, pork, and beef, potato salad, relish, and the never-to-be-omitted beans, all these and lot more were to be had.

The sport of kings was next in order and we can assure you that no racing crowd at Laurel, Bowie, or any other track in the States witnessed a more eventful racing program at any time. This is a broad statement, yet we leave it to each and every one of our spectators.

For getting the racing program lined up and ready to go we can give thanks to Captain F. O. Rogers, familiarly known as "Tex." He worked hard getting up the races, he worked hard giving the jockeys pointers, and he worked hard to see that everybody got a run for their money.

Pari-mutuals were running full blast, and in the very words of Captain Rogers, all gents who had fifty cents or more had ample opportunity to double, triple, quadruple or lose their money. The horses ran and all one had to do was pick the winners. And as we are ready to tell about the first race, let us inform you, kind reader, that the weather was clear, the track was fast! And here goes for the first race.

The ZOMBIE Handicap. 3 furlongs. For horses who have been dead for years but whose owners are not yet aware of it.

A four-to-one shot, Tambourine, with Woods up, won this race, and Brownie, Stoddard up, came in second. The favorite, Blanco, proved to be a wash-out, although he had Olsok riding him. However, this was but a forerunner of what was to follow. And you can bet your boots that some of those gents with four bits or more to spare lost their money on this race. Sunny, a 50-to-1-shot, never showed up, but Dan, Quininie, Jeff, and Buddy also ran.

The OUNGA Sweepstake. 3 furlongs. For horses whose owners had a "ounga" on them when they made their purchases.

True to his name, and to the dope of his many backers, Speedy came in first in this sweepstake, thus removing the "ounga" from his owner. This made two straight for Woods, his rider. Major Shepherd endeavored his damndest to get



The fair and the fleet.

his "ounga" removed and rode his Ipicac hard enough to come in second. Zombie, one of the favorites thought he should have been in the first race, and even Stoddard couldn't make him change his attitude. Mate, Lieut. Walker's horse, almost got in the money, but as almost doesn't count, he'll wait until Thanksgiving Day to collect on him. Sextet, Buddy, and Rastus also ran.

The HAY and OATS Handicap. 4 furlongs. For horses that have eaten more than three times their original value in hay and oats.

With Olsok of polo fame up, Lester, a speedy little marvel, came home first in the stretch. Jim, with Woods up, came in second. Lester took off from the start and was leading all the way, although Jim was closing in on him on the home stretch. Olsok let his horse go, and we'll say, for the mite of a horse he is, he went. Two-bits, one of Capt. Rogers' pride and joy, didn't place. Venuti, on Whoozit, couldn't get his nag started and when he did start Lester had the race won. Cul-de-Sac, Stampede, and Tri-Sox were also entered in this race, but the latter did not run. The fast-riding Olsok, and the fast-running Lester brought the crowds to their feet, and indeed did this one race give some of the gents, and ladies, too, an opportunity to double, triple, and quadruple their money. But not us, we bet on Whoozit, and that is what we are asking, whoozit?

While waiting for the Pan American plane to arrive and take off, the Grand Battle Royal Cock Fight was held. This was for the senior non-com Proxy Cup as Captain Rogers put it. The entries were Sergeant Major Cartier, Sergeant Major Rothstein, Sergeant Major Straub, First Sergeant Bill Barrick, and Sergeant McCloskey. Straub didn't last long in this fight and McCloskey tried to fight but couldn't keep his Irish up. Which left Rothstein pecking first at Cartier and then at Barrick. Barrick got tired and figured he could do better resting, thus Cartier was left and he just had to fight. Rothstein fighting in there all the time, just about had all he could stand, and Cartier, getting away with as much as he could until he had to fight, just

ripped up one side and down the other and Rothstein just pooped. Thus ended the Grand Battle Royal Game-Cock Fight for the senior non-com Proxy Cup, whatever that was.

Then followed the fourth horse race, and this was a race.

The BEAUTY CONTEST Special Handicap. 3 furlongs. For horses that by their speed and looks had earned the right to carry the jockeys who rode them. We will give you all the entries on this one, their riders and owners.

Dark Beauty, Miss Pollard, Capt. Conachy; Nag, Miss E. Clark, Pfc. McMahon; Robey, Mrs. Pawley, Major Hermie; Smedley Butler, Mrs. Culpepper, Major Sullivan; Codeo, Mrs. Riseley, Capt. Riseley, and Lightnin', Mrs. Loomis, Capt. Rogers.

Robey, with Mrs. Pawley up, took the lead from the start and came in at the stretch in front. Mrs. Pawley rode a beautiful race and she got every ounce of speed out of Robey. Edith Clark on Nag also rode a pretty race and kept right behind Robey throughout the race. Lightnin', one of the favorites, Mrs. Loomis up, got off to a bad start. His speed was more than ample to make up for this bad start, but just before going into the home stretch and as he was closing in on Robey, and as he was making a turn he stumbled and threw his rider. Luckily, Mrs. Loomis was not hurt, although she was shaken up. Codeo also lost money for his backers and Dark Beauty was another also-ran. Smedley Butler couldn't make up his mind to run, much to the embarrassment of Mrs. Culpepper. This race created an argument that will not be settled until these horses meet again. At least their respective owners believe these horses are the fastest, and they are willing to back their judgment with greenbacks; Lightnin', Robey, and Nag. Well, we'll have a chance to see about this Thanksgiving Day.

Fifth Race. PORT AU PRINCE GRAND NATIONALS—SANS JUMPS. For Haitian horses that were supposed to be fast. 4 furlongs.

Stoddard on his own horse, Buzzard, won this race in handy fashion. It was

a nice piece of riding on Stoddard's part and it was a surprise to those who are in on the know. San-Rival, with Mr. Pawley up, came in second, while Flash failed to do so and also ran. So did Canary and Prince.

Sixth Race. 6 furlongs. The HAITIAN DERBY. For the championship of Haiti and open to any horse regardless of size or speed or reputation!

This race settled for once and for all a long-drawn-out argument. With Captain Montague up, and carrying 220 pounds, The Clown proved to be everything but a clown, and on coming into the next to the last lap, just breezed by Bright Night, Lieut. Beall up, as prettily as you please, to take first place. Silver Mark, Major Shepherd up, who was about the longest shot in any of the races, came in second, and he too just breezed by Bright Night to say Good Night to him. Beall got the lead from the start and managed to keep it for 3 furlongs, and then The Clown did his act to gain the lead and was followed by Silver Mark. The same ladies and gents with the four-bits pieces and more doubled their money by laying it on The Clown while Silver Mark got his backers greater odds for placing.

All in all, these were hair-raising, breath-taking races. And everyone, win, lose, or draw, got their money's worth in the line of fun, entertainment, etc.

Lest we forget, the judges of the races were Commander Gendreaux, Captain Rogers and Lieutenant Loomis. First Sergeant Bill Barrick was starter.

All this news is being made up in a hurry in order that it may be dispatched by air mail in time to appear in the October issue. If by chance we omit giving credit where credit is due, we ask those people's pardon, but we will say here and now that this holiday program was one that was enjoyed by all who witnessed it, by all who participated in it, and by all who worked hard to make it the success it was.

And we can close and honestly say—And a good time was had by all.

Squirrel Food

Port au Prince, Haiti.

The Editor,
The Leatherneck.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Over in Manwaring Hall, also known as Caserne Dessalines and Marine Barracks, there resides a young fellow who, if he can't walk into the well-known hall of fame certainly should be allowed to sleep on the front steps for a couple of nights. . . . The other day this chap, his name is Canter, was chucking (one c and one k please) on behalf of the regiment baseball team who were opposing our league leaders from the Brigade Field Hospital. During the seven innings of indulgence in the national pastime our hero suffered his offerings to be nicked for one lone bingle, or bungle, and lost the game because that bingle, or bungle, went far enough and stayed away long enough to let Lavaly, also known as Duke because he parts his hair in the middle, misses ground balls gracefully and bows talking to ladies over the telephone, negotiate the four bases that compose the infield while the Regimenters just couldn't collect

themselves a single run. . . . Now you will notice that I've called it a bingle or a bungle and I'd like to explain, weather permitting. You see when Lavaty swung his bat and connected with Canter's pitch the center fielder, despite the fact that he had been regularly posted in the center garden to take care of all Government property in view (and I've been assured that the Government owns the baseballs and that's why you can throw better slow balls with them), well, anyway this center fielder ran in to make a date with the second baseman's sister right at the same moment that Lavaty connected with it, and that's how it happened. . . . In the meantime a sailor by the name of Sams, an elongated heaver who practices by making you open your mouth and throws the pills in it, was doing a pretty fair job of chucking (c and k again please) for the benefit of the spectating gobs. Sams gave up five hits but scattered them so much that Miller, the scorekeeper, had to borrow the microscope to get them together. Now it might be well to explain that the center fielder who came in to make a date with the second baseman's sister while Lavaty was making a date between his 34-ounce hickory and the stitched nugget cast by Canter, our hero, got two of those five. Now he never got any farther than first base so maybe he wasn't trying to make a date with the second baseman's sister, maybe he just wanted to see if second base was still there since he hadn't been able to get there except to pass it going out to his regular station and duty.

Just think, if the center fielder hadn't tried to make a date with the second baseman's sister, or if Lavaty hadn't hit that ball, or if Canter had changed his mind and not thrown the darn thing, maybe they would be playing yet. I wish they would because then Miller would have to buy some more cigars. You know Miller is pretty smart. He told me if I'd say something nice about him he'd see that I led the league in batting. Now you know, Mr. Editor, that this fellow Miller is a fine chap. I said he's smart—he is. He looks up the time of all the games—how long they generally last and takes out enough cigars to last through the game. For instance if two good fast teams are playing he takes out two cigars and if two slower teams are playing he takes out three, maybe four. Sometimes he has to take out a whole box. If the Culpepper Department Store ever goes out of business and can't sell cigars we'll have to stop the baseball league. One day they took inventory (they take it every month but nobody knows where they take it to although it always comes back, right on the dot) and Miller couldn't get any cigars so I had to give him a couple and honest, Mr. Editor, I wasted half a lung hustling those birds through that game so they would finish before the cigars. . . . You see some funny sights at our ball games. One day a young lady was out there rooting like the deuce for one of the teams and found out in the fourth inning she had been rooting from the wrong side, but she must have been a sergeant major's daughter because it didn't bother her a bit; she just kept on rooting and said her friends had been transferred, or if he hadn't he would be. —Belton.

Unsung Heroes

No. 7—Sergeant Willis E. Hall
Second Lieutenant, Garde d'Haiti

The only medal "Wee" Hall sports is a Good Conduct Medal, but were they to award medals for good sportsmanship and all around good fellowship, his breast would be laden with them.

The Garde has lost one of its best athletes and one of the most outstanding optimists in the outfit. It did us all good to encounter "Wee" for we were sure of that ear-to-ear grin and a cheerful greeting. He didn't stay more than a couple of years with the Garde, but those years have been a distinct gain to us all.

When the last "Kittery" sailed from Port au Prince for the States, "Wee" went home in the sick bay, still his old self, but surveyed home for treatment. His unquenchable optimism will carry him through his illness, we're sure, just as it carried many teams of which he was a member to victory when the going looked blackest.



Sgt. Willis E. Hall

Hundreds of Marines and civilians have thrilled to the spectacular plays performed by "Wee" on the baseball diamond. Chosen at one time as the best second baseman the Marine Corps ever had, "Wee" had not lost any of his cunning when he performed in Haiti. Thrice team captain of the Garde team he led that organization to two successive baseball championships after piloting the regiment team to a pennant. On his fourth effort "Wee" was taken down with an illness and doctors advised his transfer to a different climate. Had illness not crept up on this diminutive, peppery, hard hitting, all around diamond star perhaps things would have been different. As it is the Garde repose in second place in the Port au Prince baseball league standing for the first time in three years. "Wee" could turn out a pretty fine game of basketball a few years ago and friends are emphatic that his 130 pounds crashed like a ton of brick when it hit someone on a football gridiron.

He was blessed not only with the knack of an athlete but with the spirit of sportsmanship. Lots of people can lose well but there are not so many who can win well. "Wee" could do both.

As a leader on the baseball diamond he was the type that inspired his fellow players with confidence, not only by his consistent line of encouraging chatter but also by his phenomenal actions in actual play. He was much better under fire than when the going was easy. Small in stature, a half pint in structure, he batted from both sides with equal ability and fans will remember for many years his feat of two years ago when he clouted two home runs in succession during one ball game, off the same pitcher, hitting one from the left side of the plate and one from the right.

"Wee" lives for athletics, but made as big a hit in his every day contacts. Blue Mondays, rainy days, a lot of work, didn't in the least damper his disposition. He was and will always be the same happy "Wee," a person who cheered you up when he saw you and made the day seem somewhat brighter. Being sick made no difference to him. He is the same man we've known for years, and the same man he'll be when they put him out into the "cruel, cruel world," when he's finished thirty years.

We're glad to have met you, "Wee," and will be glad to serve with you again.

If "Wee" reads this, it might be some consolation for him to know that it was pounded out on his old wreck of a typewriter.

Press of Port au Prince

Although mail from home arrives only on the average of once a week, Port au Prince Marines are not out of touch with the rest of the world. Every night, when regular traffic is less heavy, the news events of the day are broadcast from the "Chicago Tribune," and from steamship lines broadcasting to ships at sea. The Marine operators copy this news, mimeograph it, and the bulletins are distributed to the entire personnel.

News from everywhere has come into Port au Prince. On the short wave frequencies they have caught the flashes from all over the world.

The radio press bulletins contain all the current news of importance, quotations from the New York Stock Exchange, results of sporting events, Marine Corps changes, and local information of interest.

It is not every detachment that can boast of daily news service, published simultaneously with the great dailies in the States.

Garde d'Haiti Briefs

It was pitch dark this particular night. Not a star in the sky. The raiding party, fearing that some of their members might lose their way, tied white handkerchiefs around their necks, allowing a wide portion to hang down over their shoulders. In this manner they hoped to at least see something that would act as a guide.

The officer in charge demanded the strictest silence, as the slightest noise would give their quarry notice of their approach. The trail led them to a hill where a thin-edged strip overlooked a drop of a hundred feet. The mules picked their path and all went well until one of them lost its footing and went over the side, cantens and condiment cans clanging as the unfortunate mule fell into space. Coming up in the rear a member

of the party became excited, pulling his automatic he fired three shots into the air. Thus raiding party and those about to be raided heard the silence split, and a well-planned raid turned into a farce.

In 1928 the Garde had no easily distinguishable color for its bad conduct discharges. One gendarme blessed with the name of Terrible Rebecca, having received such a discharge, carefully burned out all derogatory remarks, pasted a piece of paper underneath the certificate and carefully filled in more acceptable entries. And when he was reproached for the deceit remarked that he had thought it worth a trial, anyway, as he desired to return to the Garde.

A certain Garde officer of Jewish faith was very proud of his French. The closest clew we can give is that he was stationed at Hinche in 1919. This particular officer never failed to make use of his French in the presence of natives. One morning he decided to take a horse-back ride before breakfast and calling his boy, ordered: "Sellez cette cheval avec cette selle," pointing to the horse in the backyard. About half an hour later the boy came to the front of the house leading seven horses, all saddled. (Seven in French is written "sept" but pronounced "set." "Cette" means "this.")

The language question in Haiti is always good for a joke or two. One of the best of them all concerns a man who is still in the Marine Corps, a first sergeant. At one time he was a captain in the Garde. He was proud of his knowledge of French and Creole, in fact he claimed to speak Spanish decidedly well. As a closer clew to his identity let it be said that Captain Richard Shaker, G.d'H., tells the story.

The story is that our hero wanted to impress on a certain individual that his actions were not the best, that he was being watched, and to act accordingly. One day he met his quarry downtown and proceeded to inform him, in his very best French and Creole, something he had planned in his mind for weeks. He waxed eloquently for ten minutes and when his warning was over the native turned to Shaker and said, "Tell the captain I can't speak English."

Prisoners have been known to await trial over 18 months. During this time they remain in confinement, but cannot be ordered to perform any manual labor other than to clean their own cells. They must be fed.

Over 600 applications have been received for the next class of the Military School for Officers. Four hundred and forty were received for entrance to the present class which graduates this year. Forty were accepted.

The larger cities and towns of the republic are equipped with automatic telephones.

In 1926 there were 600 horse-drawn busses on the streets of Port au Prince. There are now less than 75.

The rainy season of 1931 was the rainiest rainy season in 25 years.

Haitian door keys make good bottle openers.

Sylvio Cator, native born Haitian, holds the world's record for running broad jump. He jumped slightly over 26 feet in France on September 9, 1928. He will compete in the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles.

There are seventeen newspapers in Port au Prince. Six of them are dailies. Two morning and 4 afternoon.

The population of Port au Prince was estimated at 120,000 in 1915. In 1931 it was still estimated at 120,000.

Electric ice boxes and electric stoves are very popular in Port au Prince.

Port au Prince has two street cars. Both are propelled by Dodge motors of a very old type. They meet each other twice each trip.

Practically all the mud-walled, thatched roofed outpost buildings of the Garde have been replaced with up-to-date stone-walled, tin-roofed, sanitary standard buildings. By the end of this year the old type building will be but a memory.

The musical hits "K-k-k-katy" and "Charley My Boy" are still popular in Haiti.

Colonel Thomas S. Clarke, Garde d'Haiti, the present department commander of the Military Department of Port au Prince, organized the Palace Guard in 1916. The Palace Guard is a crack organization.

There are a number of non-commissioned native officers of the Garde who enlisted during the first year of its organization still going strong.

The Service de Sante Department of the Garde issued 9102 doses of bismosol during the year to prisoners and vaccinated 9411 against smallpox.

Colonel Joseph E. Fegan, Garde d'Haiti, was personally responsible for the restoration of the tombs of Christophe and his son at La Citadel. Bronze tablets suitably embossed were placed on Christophe's tomb and on the wall of the Palace of Sans Souci where he committed suicide. Christophe is perhaps the most widely publicized Haitian.

50,000 prisoners were handled by the Garde during the past fiscal year.

There are no provisions for the retirement of native officers or enlisted men. This despite numerous recommendations.

Of a number of native doctors examined for commissions in the Garde, only one passed. He demanded a rank higher than any rank held by natives who had served the Garde for years. He was not accepted.

The average strength of the Garde d'Haiti is 2689, average number of officers (both Haitian and American) 189 and rural policemen 550.

A native hospital corpsman stationed at the most isolated of all isolated stations, Tiburon, has held 17 clinics and treated 6000 civilians.

Nicaragua

Contact

Washington, D. C., August 27.—Brigadier General F. I. Bradman, USMC, commanding the Second Brigade Marines, stationed in Nicaragua, reported to the Navy Department today that a guardia patrol under the command of Lieutenant Ross Alwyn Trosper (Corporal Trosper, U.S.M.C.) of the Guardia Nacional had contact with a small group of bandits under the leadership of Catarino Vargas near the town of La Muta, Nicaragua, at 8:30 a. m., August 23.

General Bradman reported that one bandit was wounded and that there were no Guardia casualties.

Corporal Trosper's home is in Albion, Nebraska.

San Diego

The Dead Arise

It has been called to the attention of this command (A. S., W. C. E. F., M. B., San Diego, Calif.), that we are not represented at all in the Marine Corps' most popular magazine. Now this is a lamentable situation and we will remedy it in the best way possible.

It is hardly necessary to explain that this post is second only to Quantico as far as Aviation is concerned. And, unlike regular posts, items of personal interest are more than likely to become lost among routine affairs.

We have a gradual "sifting in" of men from other posts and in that way we are kept in touch with outside activities but other than that we are most completely submerged by naval activities.

While we are regarded as a minor unit in the scheme of things here, we manage to edge the omnipotent Navy into the sidelines occasionally by a few outstanding feats peculiar to the Marine Corps. Our VF squadron captured the light bombing prize for the current year, thereby causing moans or regret and anguish from our Navy, no doubt due to the loss of the prize money.

Many men have joined this command from outposts in Nicaragua. The personnel is composed of many old-timers and many more are joining every day.

A few of the old-timers will no doubt be familiar to you all and it would be well to mention some of our outstanding personages. Of our latest additions we have MT.-Sgt. Kyle and Gy.-Sgt. Markle. Both of these men have done duty here before and must like it because they came back for more. Kyle is a noted ball player and we are sorry that we haven't a team on which he might "strut his stuff." It is known, however, that a man of such outstanding ability cannot but be beneficial to the general morale of the outfit.

We also have many men looking forward to that none-too-far-off day of retirement. Many of them we shall certainly regret losing. MT.-Sgt. Scottie Parrick, Pop Stewart, Skip Adams and others are about to reach that age where everybody is seriously considering a permanent address and no more foreign duty. It is imagined that many of these old-timers are slightly awed by the knowledge that some day their ship of service will make its last port of call

and that they will then be able to enjoy a home and home life as a final reward for their long service. Perhaps we are wrong in this. Perhaps they will regret going as badly as we dislike losing them.

There has been a recent scurry in search of Civil Service jobs. Several of our men, short-timers of course, received remarkable gradings in their examinations and are standing by for that promised call to duty.

It is amusing to note just how optimistic a Marine can be. Of all the men recently paid off the percentage of "ship-overs" is remarkably small. Every man seems to think that he can readily find employment soon after he is paid off. That spirit founded nations but I wonder what effect it will have on the current depression. But, should they fail, they know where "Beans" can always be had merely by signing the "dotted line" once more.

MT-Sgt. "Eagle" Parrick has either retired or surveyed his ancient chariot. The Ford did not seem to satisfy his requirements and now he is cruising around in a new Auburn. Rather nice, eh? It would seem as if the Marine Corps were getting "High-hat" when a member refuses to pilot a Ford, a good Ford, too—length of service and condition proves that. If it hadn't been good it would have fallen apart fifteen years ago.

Is it wondered how many posts in the Marine Corps are favored by the use of double-deck bunks? We have been using them for the past several months and have discovered one very puzzling feature about them. Why do men with flight orders always choose a lower berth? Aside from making these old sea-going Marines homesick and an occasional fall from a top berth, we much prefer them to the old type single-decker.

The most popular sport prevailing is the well-known Acey Deucey. It substitutes for all other athletics and seems to do the job well. Tournaments have been arranged between groups of good players with a very desirable prize for the winner and the enthusiasm this little game creates is remarkable. It even induces men to forget that there are such things as working hours. There are many features in its favor when compared to other games. The best one is that no matter how strenuously it is played, the player never suffers from sore muscles.

Our staff of officers is now quite complete, as we have between thirty and forty aviators and three non-flyers. Major Mitchell recently joined and, with Major Evans, we have two ex-C.O.'s present. As yet no serious arguments have arisen but the future appears bright. The tales these ancients tell would thrill an experienced novelist into ecstasy. It makes one wonder if life is as kind to everyone as to these men. If so, perhaps we, too, can, in our reclining years, awe the younger generations by tales of actions and achievement. But, it is well to remember that even roses have thorns.

Major Rowell, it is said, is preparing for the day when the gold turns to silver. Rumors have it that some morning we may find a lieutenant colonel in command. In some cases silver has more value than gold. It most assuredly has more power. It is particularly true of this case, however.

Major Evans is busily engaged arranging fishing tackle and chartering

boats for the weekly excursions in search of the finny monsters of the deep briny. He has not yet returned disappointed. But, perhaps he does not like tales of defeat and keeps all his failures to himself rather than reflect upon his prowess as an angler. There are a few others here, however, as equally enthusiastic as the major and it can be readily imagined that fish stories often afford the center of interest.

Lieut. L. T. Burke is quite occupied with flying and administrative duties. He gathered the reins of management as Squadrons Adjutant, relieving Lt. Putnam, who departed for the Banana country last April.

For Prompt Action

At about 1:20 A. M., 27 August, Pfc. J. W. Oleson, stationed at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif., while on duty, discovered a fire in the Submarine Base, turned in the alarm, and then obtained a fire extinguisher from the battery room of the Submarine Base and discharged the extinguisher on the blaze.

For his prompt action he was rewarded by a letter from his commanding officer, W. H. Lassing, to the captain of the yard, in which it was stated: "I am of the opinion that this prompt action on the part of Oleson retarded the fire in its incipency and prevented a serious blaze, with attendant property loss.

"It is requested that either the gist of this matter be made a part of the current service record of Pfc. J. W. Oleson or that it be taken into consideration in assigning him a mark in proficiency in the performance of duty."

Sea Going

Out-classed the Navy

At this writing the U. S. S. "Nevada" is in Frisco and we are enjoying the hearty welcome that that old town always extends to Marines and sailors.

Gunnery school has just been completed without any mishaps. After many nights of night battle practice, in which the Marines steadily out-classed the Navy in handling the five-inch guns, they finally called it quits and decided to give us a whole night's sleep.

Most of the detachment has changed

in the past few weeks as all the old-timers rated shore duty. They were replaced by a bunch of wild and notorious Sandino sympathizers. If you want to learn the up-to-date method of catching bandits and averting earthquakes, consult Pvt. J. A. Murphy. This man has all the latest data at his finger tips waiting for the right person to come along and make use of it.

Among the recent promotions were Vroblecky, Graham and Norfleet.

Captain Otto E. Bartoe has just left us after his two years at sea. Everybody was sorry to see him go, and we all agree that the next outfit that gets him will be lucky.—J. T.

At 'em, "Arizona"

The U. S. S. "Arizona" has been in the hands of remodernization experts (?) for a period of two years, and during the last six months of her remodernization we pretty nearly wore out the docks and drydocks in Norfolk and Boston. Every time we started somewhere we had a few breakdowns, all in fun, of course.

We finally took Horace Greeley's famous words, "Go west, young man, go west," to heart and on August 1st left Norfolk for points on the West Coast—San Pedro and the Battle Fleet in particular.

August fifth found us in Guantanamo Bay and on August eighth we lifted the old mud hook and proceeded to Cristobal, C. Z.

Through the Canal, August fifteenth found us on our way for sunny California, and during the trip up the coast we became familiar with those famous words, "Stand by for rehearsal of short range battle practice."

Shortly after leaving Norfolk we had an epidemic of moustache growers. However, the Top cured practically all concerned by casually making the statement that the Brig Post was a good place to keep all moustaches out of sight.

At the present writing we have eighty men in the Marine detachment. Captain Lucien W. Burnham is in command, Second Lieutenant Alva B. Lasswell second in command. James W. Scott is the first sergeant and Sam Withers is the gunny. The sergeants are Harry D. Hill, Leonard C. Payton, Russell Schoneberger, and Carl R. Gurrath; the corporals, J. S.



Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Asheville"

Lipsky, R. B. Robbins, P. Mangogna, R. F. Coleman, J. E. Narkiewicz, H. D. C. Blasingame, D. E. Ellison and A. J. LaPointe.

Recent promotions were Carl R. Gur-rath, corporal to sergeant; Hersal D. C. Blasingame, D. E. Ellison, A. J. La-Pointe, private first class to corporal, and J. W. Holliday, L. B. Chroninger, T. Williams, W. A. Weippert and J. P. Rhodes from private to private first class.

Harry D. Hill is soon to become First Sergeant Hill. Hill is a capable and efficient non-com and should make an excellent top kick.—**Dave Ellison.**

First "E"

On August 7th the U. S. S. "Lexington" was given a regular quarterly inspection by the commander of Aircraft Squadrons. The Marine detachment passed the inspection in true Leatherneck style. It took lots of hard work, but we all enjoyed it, knowing it was for a good purpose.

Captain J. L. Perkins has been with us a few weeks now and has been making friends among all the command. Captain Perkins came to us from Quantico to relieve Captain Coffenberg, taking seconds on sea duty, at his own request.

We have a new gunnery sergeant—new to the ship, but not to the service—in the person of George F. Cole, lately of San Diego and Nicaragua. "Gunny" Cole is the relief of Gunnery Sergeant Dougherty, who spent some time at sea and is now ending an unusual ninety-day leave.

Our first sergeant is about the shortest-timer aboard. He finishes his sea duty some time in the year to come. The top has been on the "Lex" for a good while and is well-liked by all hands. We're all happy to know that he'll be with us a while longer.

The third of August was a gala night for all men who took advantage of the opportunity to attend the ship's dance, held in Long Beach. From word brought back, it was quite an affair and, as usual, the Marines had the situation well in hand.

Sergeant Greer, who was until the first of August a corporal, has been promoted to sergeant. Greer very graciously handed out the cigars, which were appreciated by all hands. He was a sergeant on his last cruise, having stayed out a little too long.

Nemitz made corporal and received his warrant the same time Greer did. Corporal Nemitz dished out the candy and for a few moments everyone had something to eat. We congratulate these men, for they deserved what they received.

Sergeant Sperling is police sergeant once more, having relieved Jackson, who went to Philadelphia to the Quartermaster's School. Sperling's previous experience at this delightful duty makes him an expert. He is also a gun captain and his is the first Marine gun to ever make an "E."

Sergeant Arnold has at last found a home for his famous wildcat. It is a known fact that the wildcat has been every place the sergeant has been, thereby making him (the wildcat) well-known. Incidentally, after many years of travel, the wildcat has a name. "Bonzo" is the monicker and will be

called such, starting when you meet him.

Sergeant Harter is still brig warden, and the brig is running smoothly and well up to capacity.

Joe Hemm is marking time at present, waiting for the next boat to China. Joe extended two years for Shanghai—another thirty-year man. He also sports an "E" on his sleeve since the last short range practice.

The "Lexington" will be anchored at San Diego for a few days for flight operations. From San Diego we go up to San Francisco for fleet week. Most of the crew have been there before and are anxious to go back, for it's just like going back to New York. From Frisco we return to Diego, and from the 3rd to the 9th of September we'll be at home in Long Beach for reunions and other unfinished business. We then leave for Bremerton for an overhaul of machinery and other necessary repairs. We will also have rifle range activities at Fort Lewis during our stay at Bremerton.

"Red" Crabtree has taken over the post stand and seems to be doing nicely. He'll be broken in by the time we head for a warmer climate.

The telephone board will be all automatic in the near future, relieving a number of men for other watches.

Our talkies will be in shortly, as all preparations have been taken care of. Now all we need is the equipment to be installed, when we hope to have one of the best theatres afloat.

At captain's inspection on the flight deck recently twenty-two Marines and eleven bluejackets drew "E" and first class prize money. The Marines on this ship are on the up-and-up and out to do better in future practices, this being the first time we have made an "E" since the "Lex" went into commission.

Pesetas, Shawls, Senioritas

The first port-of-call on the European cruise of the U. S. S. "Arkansas" was Copenhagen, and we took the town like that little blonde took McGrath last summer. Those cabarets, the beautiful parks, the interesting shops and the Old World atmosphere were all very interesting and delightful, not to mention the Montmartre of this Northern Paris—the "Tivoli," with its fountains, shaded walks, lovely architecture, and various amusements.

Then came Scotland—lassies, shillings, fish and chips for sixpence; fog and more fog; dancing, beer, kilties and all the rest that goes to make up the land of "Annie Laurie." Our only regret was our early departure. We would have liked to have stayed on and on.

Spain—pesetas, shawls, wine, senioritas, bull fights, with hope eternal rooting for the bull, and, presently, Gibraltar, with its flock of rock and its British soldiers, sailors and Marines—thence the long trek home.

And that, gentlemen, was the cruise. We would all like to start right out and make it over again, but all life can't be a rubbernecking expedition and we'll have to endure a little routine again in order to really appreciate our next cruise.

Lead at the Fishes

The Marine detachment of the U. S. S. "Saratoga" had their usual summer's fun by throwing a lot of Uncle Sam's

good lead at the fishes, targets or anything that happened to get in the way during short range, night battle, long range and a few more ranges of firing. The gobs took high honors, missing the target farther than anyone. They managed to put three star shells through the target, however.

The "Sara" is running circles around San Diego now trying to show some Navy fledglings how to land on a 900-foot deck without crashing. Some of them do it, too, but every so often one of them forgets all the rules concerning a three-point landing and the splinters fly (the plane doesn't for a few weeks).

After some ten days of this entertainment, the ship leaves for San Francisco for the mobilization of the entire Pacific Fleet.

Football season is well under way. The "brutes" in the detachment are tackling everything and everybody who happens along to prove their condition. Looks like the Marines will be as well represented on the team this year as in previous seasons. And, speaking of athletics, it must be noted that the "Saratoga" won the Division, Pacific Fleet and U. S. Fleet championships in basketball this year. The star man on the team was Pfc. McMichael, this detachment.

About once a year we make the announcement that we still have the snappiest and most satisfied group of Marines afloat. This can be easily verified by considering the number of men who extend their enlistments for sea duty. Over 50% of the bunch extend six months or more when their two years of sea duty is up. We challenge any ship to beat that.

Thanks to the best skipper in the U. S. M. C., the "Saratoga" is just like a home to us. We would certainly hate to lose Captain H. E. Anderson.

Just got a new lieutenant aboard: J. F. Stamm. The writer wonders if he paid the water bill the ensigns here insisted that he owed.

Watch the Tide Come In

On the 12th of August we forgot the rat-a-tat of air hammers and got under way for San Pedro. Glad to leave Mare Island and enter our experiences there in our memoirs and get back to Pedro amongst our friends. Friday, the 14th, we tied up to our buoy at San Pedro and once again we shall watch the tide come in and go out for several months to come.

However, ere we left Mare Island we transferred one man and joined two. Pfc. Jerald T. Nelson was transferred to the Naval Hospital to have an operation performed and in accordance to regulations transferred to the Marine barracks thereat by staff returns. His relief, Pvt. Lawton C. Lowrance, reported on board an hour before we sailed.

On the 7th Pvt. Paul L. Kimbrell reported on board for duty as the relief of Corporal Dalmer N. Bates who was granted a furlough of 30 days and transferred to San Diego on the 25th.

The 23rd brought us three new men: Pvts. Harold W. Gould, Edgar M. Joubert (brothers) as replacements for Pvts. Chester D. Babo, William M. Dill and Herbert L. Nelson, transferred on the 24th to San Diego for further trans-

fer to the 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

First Lieutenant John E. Curry, our commanding officer, was on leave from the 7th to the 16th. Pvt. Karl F. Whitaker was on furlough from the 17th to 21st.

Private Glen R. Hatfield was promoted to private first class as of the 8th of August.

On the 26th we went ashore for close-and extended-order drill. Though we were only over for about two hours, we received quite a few pointers. It is believed that in the future we will be able to drill more, and this, coupled with the schooling we receive aboard ship, will enable us to perform our duties in a competent manner should we be ordered on expeditionary duty.

Passed Many Lighthouses

The good ship "Maryland" has passed many lighthouses since "The Leatherneck" has published news of our Marine Detachment. Just why no one has seen fit to let the other detachments ashore and afloat know of our doings is puzzling, for we have one of the snappiest guards afloat—a congenial, happy bunch.

We have just returned from a three months' stay up north. To say we enjoyed it is putting it mildly. If there is any one city on the Pacific Coast where the liberty is superior, that city is Seattle.

A word or two for the spirit of the Marines here. "Maryland" Marines always prove their mettle and sporting blood when handling and firing guns. While in the north we also organized a baseball team and went to the finals of our group in inter-division baseball. With about four good players (and the others good scrappers) we managed to lick most of the sailors' division teams.

We have several good tennis players aboard here, as well, as boxers, notably the hard-hitting, southpaw, welterweight boxer, Charlie Roscoe. He fought the finals in the Battle Fleet (Pacific) last year with a broken hand and still made an impressive showing.

A tip to the boxing stables of Mare Island, San Diego, etc.: Roscoe goes to the beach in December, and he would make a good acquisition to any boxing team.

For the first time in weeks we are able to look the world in the eye without showing signs of this-and-that for the short-timers aboard—they're gone now, and we're kinda sorry. Wish they didn't have to go, but that is the way of all wise Gyrenes—to the beach. The most keenly felt loss is that of Lieutenant Shoup. To a man we were sorry to see him go. Another boy we wish success is the former company clerk, Pfc. Fleming.

We are now in the midst of that inevitable, feverish drill for short range, but it is a good chance to pick up some prize money and I don't hear many squawks. Our instruction is in good hands—Gunnery Sergeant Jefferson, who has been blasting with the "Maryland's" guns ever since she went into commission. Must be some kind of record, yet he seems to hustle more every day. Maybe after the first eight or ten years one begins to like sea-going.—Fred Wilkinson.

"Southery"

Things have been pretty quiet on the U. S. S. "Southery," stationed at the Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts, for quite some time, the only excitement being the usual routine transfers and promotions, and the new arrivals that are constantly reporting in for duty on this vessel. A few of the recent promotions were Fred Grubert and Marvin Forney to corporals and Harry Crump, Charlie Meadows, John Brownell and Donald S. Kenyon to the rank of pfc.

There is a new detachment clerk on the job as this is written—a very versatile gentleman by the name of Coyne, Bernard Coyne, if you must know.

Commanding officers have been moving through here quite frequently of late. First Lieutenant E. F. O'Day was relieved by First Lieutenant Evans F. Carlson and Lieutenant Carlson remained with us for only three or four days (until he was relieved by Captain William P. Richards). Captain Richards is also expecting to move on before long and it is hard to guess who will assume command then.

Corporal George A. Robertson, late of this detachment, is at present working out with the football squad at Quantico and we are all betting that he'll be a winner.

Guess Who?

I wonder how many Marines know there is a Marine detachment aboard the USS "Antares"? Speaking for myself, I have met quite a few Leathernecks who were ignorant of the fact.

The USS "Antares" is the flagship of Training Squadron One. Although she isn't as up-to-date as some of our other ships, I doubt very much if you could find one of us willing to make a swap. We carry a guard of 36 Marines, including our commanding officer. At the present writing we are tied up at the docks in Hampton Roads and we have four posts: Captain's and admiral's orderlies, gangway sentry, and telephone orderly.

First Lieut. W. C. Purple is our C. O. He has been with us but a short time, having recently relieved Lieutenant Enyart. He has the sincere admiration and cooperation of the entire guard.

First Sergeant Fitzgerald issues all weeping slips. A square shooter and a corking Top. Sergeant Landsen is our own Richard Dix. Then there is Corporal Wilkens, whose one passion is the boat deck. He states that he intends to take it ashore with him when he leaves the guard.

We also have Corporal Stallings, Corporal Hardy and Corporal Vincent. Pfc. Sawyer holds down the office routine. He has his eyes bent on a top kick's berth between now and '45. Just mention my name, kid, and you'll "go out" in a big way.

—Bob Murray.

Mormon Marines

On September 9 the U.S.S. "Salt Lake City" Leathernecks, who man two of the four anti-aircraft guns, went on the range for short range battle practice. After the smoke of battle had cleared it was learned that both crews had made

the coveted "E." (How those Gyrenes can shoot!)

The port gun, captained by Cpl. E. B. Cook, was high gun for the battery. Its pointer group consisted of Sgt. D. Russell, Pfc. G. A. Ripka, Pfc. J. R. Phillips and Pvt. L. A. Bryan, while Pvts. W. W. Keller, E. C. Flowers, J. W. Machael, Z. W. Pigott, J. Wade and A. Kedward passed the shells.

The starboard gun, commanded by Cpl. A. J. Brooks, also rang up an envious score, which was second high. This pointer group was composed of Cpls. F. Steger, C. L. Wood, Pvts. K. H. Kessler and J. J. Hatcher. The leaders were Pfc. W. J. Hayes, Pvts. O. W. Peffers, C. Z. Davenport, E. Manthey and R. L. Scott.

Gun No. One of the battery, manned by seamen, also made the "E" with a score which was third high. As a result of these scores, we believe the 5th AA Battery has hung up a new record for this type of battery on all classes of ships, the battery having tripled its last year's score. That's something for the "Pensacola" and other cruiser Marines to shoot at! Also the Marine Division is the high Gunnery Division on the ship for 1931-32.

The crews performed their duties in a most efficient manner, and much of the credit for their success goes to the untiring efforts of the battery officer, First Lieut. B. L. Bell. He was ably assisted by First Sgt. W. (Ham) Harrmann, who organized and trained the hoist crews, consisting of Marines, sailors and mess attendants, also Gy-Sgt. E. L. Anderson, who deserves full credit for developing four of the fastest loading crews afloat. When Peffers slams four 78-pound shells into the breech in five and three-fifths seconds by hand, they stay slammed!

Sgt. James E. Kenny held sway in the magazine and 'tis said that his replacements hit the gun deck so fast and furious that they actually made more noise than the guns.

Of the original detachment, which embarked when the "Salt Lake City" went into commission, we have almost a score of "plank owners," and these of shell-backs are holding sea-bag drill in preparation for a cruise on the beach. Stand-by for a "line," mates, when "Bobo" Evans, the original "Salt," blows in.

"The Salt Lake City" is hard after the big "E" this year, and a water saving plan has been inaugurated. Because of this draught, Pfc. C. L. McKinney smokes Camels and has all his mail addressed to "The Desert Ship."

"Frankie" Meeker, "Hook" Hatcher and "Kid" Gardner, who represent the detachment in the squared circle, have been hard at the bag of late, and we hope to see these boys all winners in the coming "smokers." More power to you, "gang."

From the last edition of "The Leatherneck" we learned that Pvt. Harry G. Gardner has "shipped over." The boys all send their best regards, "Animal."

Who was the gun captain that said, "I want hits and more hits aboard ship, but plenty of 'Misses' on the beach?" Page Cpl. E. B. Cook.

Once again our "scuttlebutt" is about drained, so we'll say, "Adios amigos" until the next issue.

—Russell.

China

Magic Land

China—what thoughts bestir themselves in our minds when we see this word. Thoughts of the celestial ancients; of traditions and life older than our faintest remnants of European existence.

There leaps to the front in our minds pictures of pagodas; of junks, of temples of Buddhas—Buddhas with glowing, jewelled eyes and burning incense, throwing forth flights of stringy smoke and far-reaching odors.

We picture mandarins, walking in stately fashion, garbed in brocaded silks, padded slippers and their typical small hats. Who that has read of Fu Manchu, can so picture our mandarin without retaining the proverbial crafty expression; those slanting eyes and the thin moustache? One almost places him entirely in the picture, whereas he can really be but a small figure in the foreground.

Following closely in such a kaleidoscope of mental pictures, we see the great fleet of clipper ships—manned by sturdy Yankee sailors, spanning the Pacific with their precious cargoes of tea and spices from the Orient.

Truly, China is more than a word in the language; more than a name of a country—it is a magic "sesame" of romance, of adventure and color.

To a Marine who recalls the history of his Corps in that country—recalls the splendid and heroic defense of the concessions in the Boxer Rebellion—the word offers a promise of adventure.

There are many of these Marines leaving our States for the Orient soon, and probably most of them have just such a mental review of their China of history, of romance and of story fame.

But when we read the tales of modern travelers who have visited China, they blast our dreams. They tell of the smells, the general clamor of the waterfront, the pressure of humanity and the turmoil of civil war raging in that country.

They firmly tear away the attractive picture of mandarins in silken robes and, instead, place in front of us a modern Chinese—college bred and wise to the ways of the western world. Mandarins who lack those storied features.

They bring not to our minds the white canvassed clippers of olden fame, but the wholly practical and business-like steamers of many countries, that ply in and out of Shanghai and Hongkong. Their cargoes are not only the teas, spices and silks of old, but include, too, the simple, everyday articles which we know so well.

Is it that such revelations shall daunt the Marines who recall the Boxers, the clippers and the Buddhas? No, they set forth for the Orient expecting to find that which others claim to be lost. They will recognize in the smells of the waterfront the burning incense of temples, and in the ragged coolies their storied mandarins.

And—who knows? They may find, during their two and a half years in China, some of the glamour which bears with them when they leave us here in our practical, everyday and thoroughly modern United States.

—Arthur E. Day.

Service Clubs

William Sloane House

A locker trunk just arrived from the Philippines, China or Hawaii is a rather common occurrence at William Sloane House and those in charge know that in a few days or weeks there will appear a doughboy, Leatherneck or gob who will claim the locker and request a room to occupy during his stay in the city. In the short space of fifteen months since it first opened its doors William Sloane House has become well known, not only to the soldiers, sailors and Marines stationed around New York harbor, but to those in foreign posts as well, for in the Army and Navy news of a good thing soon spreads.

The things about the big fourteen-story building which the New York City Y. M. C. A. has erected on the corner of West 34th St. and Ninth Ave. that appeals most to the men in uniform is the fact that there is no discrimination, either in favor of or against the uniform. Each soldier, sailor or Marine is simply regarded the same as any other citizen who happens to be away from home and who wants to get good, clean living accommodations at a moderate price. For William Sloane House is not solely for men in military service but is for transient civilians as well, that is for all young men who have recently arrived in the city.

There is one thing, however, in which the soldier and sailor get all the best of it. That is in the Saturday night dances which are reserved for the men from the different military posts in the vicinity and for such other service men who may be here on leave. Each Saturday evening the service social rooms and the gymnasium are filled with soldiers, sailors and their lady friends. For the most part the partners for these dances are girls from the Y. W., clubs and churches, just the same sort of girls that an enlisted man would take to a dance back in his home town.

In addition to the dancing the social rooms are fitted out for bridge and other table games so that those who do not care to dance may still have a very pleasant evening. From the way in which many of the men have become regulars at these Saturday night affairs it is certain that Sloane House knows how to put on the sort of an affair which will appeal to the best of our enlisted personnel.

This Y. M. C. A. located in the middle of a big city is also becoming a center for the athletic activities of the men stationed around New York harbor. This does not mean that much of the actual competition necessarily takes place there, but rather that it has become the clearing house through which leagues are organized, schedules arranged and records are kept. This started with the forming of the New York Harbor Service League, made up of Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. secretaries. They have been joined by the athletic officers and together a very successful basketball league was run during the past winter with teams entered from Ft. Slocum, Navy Hospital, Mitchell Field, Ft. Hamilton, Ft. Jay, Ft. Totten, Marine Barracks, Ft. Wadsworth, Ft. Schuyler and Miller Field taking part.

Recently there was held at William Sloane House a conference in which en-

listed men from a dozen or more Army and Navy posts met and talked over their experiences and plans as to how they could make their lives most worthwhile, not only during the terms of their enlistments but also after their return to civil life. The men spent an entire day talking over their affairs and reaching proper conclusions regarding them. Civilians who happened to be in the building on that particular day remarked time after time as to the good appearance and fine type of men who are in the military service today.

One of the most practical ways in which Sloane House serves soldiers and sailors is in helping them readjust themselves to their return to civilian life, by helping them find work and also prepare themselves to fill better positions than they had when they enlisted. To do this, there are experts on the matter of guidance, who can show a man just which fields of endeavor he is qualified for and in which he is most apt to make the greatest success. Many times a man can waste many years of his life in a job for which he is not fitted either by aptitude or inclination. Other secretaries make a specialty of finding positions for men as they leave the service, and with the situation regarding employment in New York City at the present time, this is a most valuable aid to any man.

There are 1492 individual sleeping rooms in William Sloane House, so the Y is well able to take care of service men at all times, even when there is a specially heavy concentration of enlisted men in the city for special occasions.

When the fleet arrives in port and the gobs throng the streets of the city, making the most of their shore leave, Sloane House is taxed to its capacity, but even such a great influx of men as this has not proven too much for the building. In addition to taking care of the sleeping accommodations of the men, Sloane House's two large restaurants also provide a place for his meals and the social and reading rooms are ample for the times when he wants to sit around and rest. A very comprehensive program of entertainments and trips is planned for all times and the service man who does not call here during his leave in New York is overlooking a good thing.

Why Service Clubs?

You'll find him wandering idly about Times Square in New York, or Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. He may be seen ambling along Canal Street in New Orleans, or treading Boston Common. He tramps Union Square in San Francisco, or elbows his way through the hurrying crowds on Spring Street, Los Angeles.

He is neither an idler nor a parasite, a man of leisure nor an artisan looking for employment. He is merely one of Uncle Sam's nearly 200,000 men who have donned the uniform of their country—the enlisted man. Let us glance back for a moment to a brief ten years ago when the "boys" were coming back from France in droves and were endeavoring to rehabilitate themselves in civilian life. Happily our country was entering a period of industrial activity and the ex-doughboy, Leatherneck or gob soon rolled up his sleeves and went back to work in the office, factory or on the farm. The war was soon forgotten.

But Uncle Sam still had need of the

enlisted man to provide an adequate national defense, to guard our country and to man our battleships. At times he sends troops abroad to protect Americans living in foreign countries. The country cannot get along without the service man.

What happens to these enlisted men when they find themselves on leave a thousand miles from home? Many of them come from good homes and refined surroundings. The service itself provides moving pictures, band concerts, pool tables, bowling alleys, libraries and other means of relaxation for the men in their off hours when they serve at shore stations.

But neither the barracks, nor ship, nor tented encampment can ever make up for the loss of a "home." The bare barracks walls and the severely plain interior of a battleship compartment are dull and dreary indeed to the man who, perhaps, has only recently lived in a real home.

The love of a home is inbred in Americans. It does not depart when a man decides to enlist in one of the branches of the service. For a moment the lure of the new life, the prospect of traveling over far seas, or visiting foreign countries may dim the attractions of home. But like the ghost of Hamlet's father, sooner or later, thoughts of home will recur again and again to blur the vision and to tug mightily at the heartstrings. To meet this need of the enlisted men, service men's clubs have sprung up about the country. They may be found in virtually all large cities along the Atlantic or Pacific seaboard or wherever enlisted men are found in large numbers.

They offer a hearty welcome to the enlisted man, no matter what uniform he is wearing. They provide him with food, shelter, entertainment and hospitality. But better than all of these—they make him feel at home. True, the cost of these enlisted men's clubs is borne in part by the men themselves but the prices charged for food are ridiculously low, and well within the budget of the buck private.

Like oases in the Sahara, these service clubs bring a bit of cheer into the somewhat drab and dreary life of the enlisted man. Here he finds a kindly welcome, good cheer and a taste of the home life that goes so far toward making him satisfied with his temporary absence from home.

More than that he finds there some of the little refinements that are not to be found 'tween decks or in the squadroom. There is usually a friendly host, or hostess, to whom he can go for advice, and in whose company he is quickly made to feel as much at ease as if talking to his home folks.

Philadelphia United

Service men's clubs are solely, as their name implies, for the service man. They do not exist for any other purpose, and can give more time and attention to this work than can some other organization whose interests are divided. Such is the United Service Club of Philadelphia, which devotes 100% of its efforts to the well-being and comfort of the enlisted man.

Situated on the corner of 9th and Clinton Streets it radiates a quiet influence for good that reaches as far North, East, South and West as America

sends her service men. Here you will find books, periodicals, and stationery at hand for perhaps that long-deferred letter home; here you will meet men and women who instinctively understand your every need, whether it be dance with you, play games with you, or a chat with the hostess about your home, travels, troubles, or something else. There you will find that your uniform is honored and yourself respected because you wear it; that your integrity is relied upon, your loyalty taken for granted. Incidentally, you will rarely, very rarely, disappoint your trust.

The United Service Club of Philadelphia was the outgrowth of war enthusiasm. It was founded by the National Congress of Mothers and chartered in 1918, when war enthusiasm, patriotism and loyalty to flag and country was at its highest. During the reaction after the war, the club was forced to close its doors, but patience and persistence triumphed, and a committee led by Mrs. Stricker Coles, with the endorsement of General John J. Pershing, U. S. A.; Admiral Sims, U. S. N., and Major General John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C., succeeded in re-establishing the club and the boys have responded splendidly by their ever-increasing use of it and their constant proofs of appreciation. Each Wednesday and Saturday evening the social rooms of the club are filled to capacity with the doughboys, gobs and Leathernecks. The partners for dances are auxiliary girls, members of a subsidiary unit of the club. If you can't dance, they will teach you; if you can dance, they'll improve your old steps and teach you some new ones. No one is denied a dance nor greeted with "I don't want to dance this time." Whether you wear the uniform of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, they'll dance with you, cheerfully and willingly.

In addition to the dancing the social rooms are fitted out for bridge and other table games so those who don't care to dance may still have a very pleasant evening. Monday night is bridge night, and the same rules apply for it as for dancing. On Saturday evenings at 10:00 o'clock all hands retire to the dining room for a social chat, the best of delicious coffees, a few cookies of the kind that mother makes, fruit of some variety and, occasionally, ice cream is part of the menu.

From the way in which many of the men have become "Regulars" at these tri-weekly affairs it is certain that the United Service Club can entertain you in such a way as will appeal to you and have you telling your buddy to drop around and take advantage of the good times that he has heretofore been missing.

If so desired, private rooms can be had for \$4.00 and \$5.00 weekly; beds in dormitories for 50c a night; steel lockers for 35c a week or \$1.25 per month (some men rent them for an entire cruise). Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served daily, a special Sunday dinner being served for "four bits and a dime." Billiard, reading and writing rooms are always available. Stationery, cards, pool balls and other games furnished upon request at the desk.

The United Service Club of Philadelphia never loses a customer or a visitor. Everyone who has been there, GOES BACK. Why these splendid men and women are willing to devote their time

and funds for such work is best explained by Mrs. Coles in the succeeding paragraph:

"We love and honor our flag. Next to that flag, surely the UNIFORM OF OUR COUNTRY should command our deepest respect. We can best pay tribute to the men who died in that uniform a decade ago in defense of the American flag by honoring the boys who wear the same uniform today, and who are just as ready to offer their lives in the same cause tomorrow. We cannot all meet and personally offer our friendship to these lads; but each one can have a share in maintaining the established centers of hospitality which Rear Admiral C. P. Plunkett declares to be of 'paramount importance in building up and maintaining the proper morale among our men'."

Miscellany

They Come Back

Twenty-one years ago this October Private William Gately, U. S. Marine Corps, decided that the outfit wasn't to his liking, and deserted. That was on October 17, 1910, at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts.

But he forgot about that peculiar thing in a man's heart called "conscience." For more than two decades a little voice inside him kept saying, over and over, "You're a deserter, a deserter, a deserter." His eyes became ferrety, his soul troubled. Always there was the possibility that one of his former buddies would see him on the street, point him out. Always that fear laid across his heart like a dark cloud in the summer sky, preventing him from doing his best work, holding him down to minor, unimportant jobs. And the little voice kept whispering, "Go back, go back. Serve your time and get rid of me."

Well, it took the little voice a long time to triumph—twenty-one years—but he came back.

The morning report of changes, August 4, 1931, of Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts, carries the following laconic information:

"Gately, William, Private. Surrendered this post 12:45 p. m., 3 August, 1931, as deserter from this post since 17 October, 1910. Discharged 3 August, 1931, 'As undesirable, by reason of desertion, with character BAD, without settlement of accounts.' (Enlisted August 31, 1910.)"

The Marine Corps rightly reasoned that those twenty-one years he had spent with that whispering voice as his constant companion was punishment enough.

Old Bill Sykes

No officer attains high rank in the U. S. Marine Corps without having a number of anecdotes attributed to him. Major General George F. Elliott, U. S. M. C. (retired), was while in the service known for his sense of humor as well as his personal gallantry. His men would follow Old Bill Sykes, as he was lovingly called, into the pits of hell—and then some.

"Bill," as Lieutenant Colonel and commandant at Cavite, P. I., in '99, habitually wore a white helmet, carried a swagger stick, and was accompanied by a white bulldog. Yankee Sullivan, a pri-

vate Marine of many alias and varied service, was desirous of leaving the Corps in any way possible in order to accept a job as bartender in Manila.

Yankee tried vainly to get "three and a kick" but fate was against him. He was plentifully briggid, but the "kick" failed to materialize.

One morning just before an assembly two companies of Leathernecks were grouped in front of their barracks at the Cavite Navy Yard. Some were standing—others sitting on a long bench. The sentry on Number One spied the commandant and yelled, "Turn out the guard!" Colonel Elliott signalled the negative.

As he stepped through the gate, the Marines came to attention. All but Yankee Sullivan. He sat motionless. On came the officer, swinging his stick and Peggy at his heels.

Then the malcontent made his play. "Hello, Bill!" he sang out. "What's the good word this morning?" Old Bill glanced at the speaker, and grinned. Tapped the vizor of his helmet with his stick. And his answer was—"Hello, there, Sully. Everything's fine!"

There was a howl of laughter, and the colonel kept on going. As for Sully, he gave up trying for a "kick out" and deserted.

A few days later Colonel Elliott's battalion was to attack the insurgents at Noveleta, at noon. The army was to close in on the other side. Elliott's men were ready long before the appointed time and were growing nervous.

Old Bill glanced at his watch and grinned. "I don't think we need the Army for this job" he remarked. "How about it, you men?" His answer was a wild cheer, and 300 Marines took the position which 3,500 Spaniards had failed to take. The soldiers arrived later.

That night Colonel Elliott ordered Paymaster Richards (now Paymaster General) to give the men what money they had "on the books." Naturally, beer flowed plentifully, but for one night the battling 300 "owned the town." No wonder the Leathernecks swore by Old Bill.—R. A. Bosler.

Taps

Another Marine with a splendid record in the Corps and a successful career following his discharge has passed on into the Great Unknown in the person of the late Sergeant Harry L. Thiers, who was at one time attached to the office of the late Major General Commandant, Wendell C. Neville, in Peiping, China, 1916-1919.

Shortly after Thiers completed his military service he joined the staff of the Isabella County State Bank, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, where he remained until his death. He was assistant cashier in the organization.

He was given full military honors by the American Legion in tribute to the services he had given in the defense of his country and in memory as a comrade and a friend. His widow, Mrs. Merle Gow Thiers, resides at 518 South College Ave., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Joint Celebration

A joint celebration by the Army and Navy on Armistice Day as National Defense Day was advocated recently by

Acting Secretary of the Navy Jahncke, who proposed the abolition of Army Day in May and Navy Day in October.

He said such an observance would promote a better feeling between the two services and offset pacifist propaganda.

He has taken up the matter informally with Army and Navy officials.

Sgt. Major Baust Retires

Washington, D. C., August 18.—Sergt. Maj. Walter E. Baust, Marine Corps orderly to Secretary Adams, was jubilant today, for today marks the rounding out of his 30 years' service in the famous fighting outfit. Tomorrow he will put in his request for retirement, and shortly after September 1 this right hand man of the head of the Navy will be on his way to Houston, Tex., where he will make his home and resume the study of law.

Sergt. Maj. Baust is a native of Baltimore, but he likes the Texas country, its people and climate, and that's where he is going into retirement from the service. He has been on duty as Marine Corps orderly to the Secretary of the Navy since November 7, 1928, when Secretary Wilbur was still in office, and he's had the job continuously since.

He went through five major engagements in France in the World War. His five-starred victory ribbon that he wears with the Cuban Pacification badge and his good conduct medal, tell mutely of a career that has taken him to various parts of the globe.

Sergt. Maj. Baust enlisted in the Marine Corps on August 31, 1901, but his 30 years' service is reached today by reason of credit for a short period of double-time duty. When he actually retires on September 1, however, he will have spent 30 calendar years in the outfit. He has served on ships and far-flung shore—aboard the old cruiser Brooklyn, the Newark, the old battleship Texas, with the Cuban Pacification Force in 1906 and on recruiting duty in the South.

He went overseas with the 6th Marines in September, 1917, and went through the five major engagements in which that outfit participated, escaping unscathed and returning from France four days after the armistice. While on duty in Tennessee he read law for two years with Thomas F. Lyons of the University of Virginia, a retired Marine Corps officer, back in 1912 and 1913.

No relief man as orderly to Secretary Adams has been announced by the Marine Corps, but it is understood that Maj. Gen. Ben H. Fuller, the commandant, is circularizing the organization to pick a ranking sergeant with more than 25 years' service, but with two years still to do before retirement, for this coveted post.

Yangtze Medal Redesigned

Protest of the Chinese government has brought about a redesign of the medal for sailors and Marines who saw duty in the Yangtze Valley in 1926 and 1927. The new medal depicts the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, China's first president, at Purple Mountain, near Nanking. The word "service" has been substituted for the word "campaign."

The first design had been approved and was about to be struck at the Phila-

delphia Mint when the protest arose over the fact that the medal shows the Temple of the Dragon at Shanghai and uses the term "campaign" when China and the United States were at peace. The Chinese felt that a religious edifice would be an appropriate adornment for a service medal. The Navy Department agreed. Some 2,300 of the new medals will be struck for the Marine Corps and 8,000 for the Navy. Both new and old medals were designed by John R. Sinock, Philadelphia artist.

Lieutenant Conway

Washington, D. C., September 8.—The Navy Department has been advised of the death of First Lieutenant William W. Conway as a result of a plane crash at Memphis, Tennessee, which occurred at 2:10 p. m., September 7th. Lieutenant Conway was attached to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., where he had served since December 1, 1929.

His wife, Mrs. Ida Conway, resides at 1877 Glenview Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.

Voodoo Victim?

Felix Williams, a former Marine, was recently found dead in a San Francisco apartment, a silk handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, his head crushed with a gilded ornamental elephant. Police believe the slaying the result of an occult rite.

Curtiss Trophy Race

Washington, Aug. 22.—The Curtiss Marine Trophy race, since 1922 an event for naval service planes, will be held over a course near the Anacostia Naval Air Station late in October, Dr. George W. Lewis, vice chairman of the National Aeronautic Association contest committee, has announced. The event has previously been run early in the spring, but was postponed this year until after the national air races at Cleveland.

Dr. Lewis said that serious consideration was being given to a proposal to change the rules in order to allow commercial planes to compete for the first time.

General Fuller Inspects

Major General Ben H. Fuller left Washington on September 14 on a West Coast inspection trip that will keep him away from Washington until the latter part of October. General Fuller sailed from Hampton Roads on the U. S. S. "Henderson," accompanied by his aide, Captain Frank B. Geottge.

The "Henderson" is due to arrive in San Diego about October 3 and General Fuller will inspect Marine Corps activities there, going thence to Mare Island and Bremerton. He will return to Washington overland.

Ribbon Economy

Washington, Aug. 19.—Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams today issued an order that no new typewriter ribbons were to be distributed to Navy Department personnel.

Old ribbons, the order said, must be turned in to be re-linked and will then be re-issued; and it is hoped that a saving of \$800 a year will result.

Out of the Brig

By Lou Wylie

To the Service

You can write your songs of glory,
Bravery makes a dazzling story
And it's always written on the blood-red
hearts of men.

And the words are
graven deeper
Than they ever
are on paper
When a blade of
blue Damascus
is the pen.



Lou Wylie

Anchored are, in the same haven,
Songs of victory have their hot and crim-
son birth.

Mighty nations rise and rumble
Like the distant thunder's grumble,
Blaze like rockets in a lurid, fiery train,
Then they pass to dust and ashes,
Beaten soft by the cool lashes
Of the steady, silver-pointed April rain.

Let them talk of dimes and dollars,
Let them wear their white starched col-
lars,
Coo like doves, and dream of hands
across the sea,
When their coffers start to leaking
It's the Service they'll be seeking,
And its ships, and guns, and flying flags
for the emergency.

It's the warrior with his cutlass,
With his gun and with his gold lace,
For you cannot change the inborn traits
of men.
Where the fangs are whitest, strongest,
That's the nation lasts the longest,
So it is, and will be, and has always been.

Necessary Evils

Dear Fellows:

Camp days are over, and everybody is back to the regular grind of office, and all you fellows who put out to get the usual, or maybe it's the unusual, youths who travel back and forth behind grocery store counters and billiard tables and wheels of flying flivvers into fine fettle, can set back and thank the Lord that the Citizens Military Training Camps you have with you only on occasion, like mosquitoes, and sand flies. Come to think of it, this column has been associating too much with the Army, or it would never have made a break like that. You have the reserves, and take it from us, who is (or are) a good friend of an Army woman whose husband has been at C. M. T. Camps, YOU have a picnic. Reserves, whether they are officers or enlisted men in the Marine Corps, have an idea what it is all about. They don't go around filing the sights off their guns because they think the manufacturers left them there by

accident. Neither do they come around to the officers' tents at 3 o'clock in the morning asking them where they keep the baking soda because the Jersey white mule they have been imbibing has given them a bad stomach.

C. M. T. Camps are necessary evils. At least a chap who has spent several weeks in one for three or four years comes into the regular service knowing that to mark time all he has to do is to raise one foot in the air, place the other beside it, and continue the motion, and that he should salute all officers and flags including those in boxes.

You fellows who have been working with the U. S. Marine Corps Reserves have had a simply dee-lightful time compared to the Army officers that we know who have been doing duty over at Camp Dix. After telling a guy 49 times what reveille is, and how to get into his leg-gings, and that even if he had rather sleep he has just GOTTER come out for inspection, and all that you can do about it is to go out and take two aspirins in a glass of water, you can imagine, or can you? Anyhow, what we are trying to say is that after a visit to Camp Dix, although this column is solidly in sympathy with the officers, commissioned and non-coms there, Citizens Military Camps are really great things after all, for every once in a while you find a chap who can do things, and is really interested, and knows what it is all about, and it keeps a lot of others off the street.

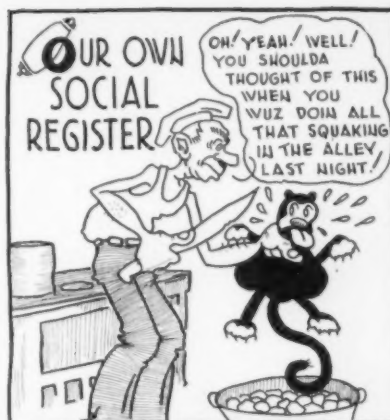
So, for that and a number of more logical reasons, we ARE in favor of C. M. T. Camps.

Gaucha

Only the other day we journeyed over to Meadow Brook to watch the crack Argentine polo team from the Hurlingham Club take a trouncing at the hands of the Army. Mostly it was over-confidence on the part of Hurlingham, for with the horses they have they needn't stop short of San Francisco when they are on a ball. Anyhow, they took a 14 to 8 licking, and what was more to the point had to put a gaucha, which you probably know is an Argentine cowboy, in to play in place of one of their players who got his shoulder dislocated. The gaucha couldn't speak 10 words in English, he didn't wear the Hurlingham colors, he wasn't rated at a single goal, but he could ride a horse and hit a polo ball, and he did. Even that panther-like and aristocratic bit of steel and ice that is the Argentine's cherished polo idol, Lacey, hadn't anything on the puncher, and no less a person than the Army's hard-hitting and hard-riding Lieut. McD. Jones, who was in the game, told us so.

Gauchos, we found out, don't like our tall buildings. They drink a delightful unsweetened tea that tastes like a liquid cigarette smoke, and they sit about the stables at Meadowbrook counting the shining coins on their wide leather belts, polishing leather and wishing to heaven they were back in the Argentine.

What with one thing and another, by the time this column reaches you it will be October 1st, and autumn will be at hand and we will be on the job trying to dig up some new New York experiences for you, if such things be, so until then, adios, as one might say in Spanish, if they knew any.



COOKS
FIRST-SECOND-THIRD-AND-FOURTH CLASS-THEY'RE ALL THE SAME-THEY RATE 1ST 2ND AND SO ON ACCORDING TO THE AMOUNT OF CAN OPENERS THEY HAVE WORKED OUT! A COMPANY COMMANDER CAUGHT A COOK READING A COOK BOOK ONCE AND RUN HIM UP FOR A SHOOT FOR MOPERY!

SOME COOKS ARE VERY ABSENT MINDED-I REMEMBER ONE WHO STARTED THE FIRE WITH THE VANILLA EXTRACT AND "DROOK" THE KEROSENE!

COOKS ALWAYS FOLLOW THE MENUS WRITTEN UP BY THE MESS OFFICERS-BUT COOKS HANDS ARE NATURALLY CRU-- I MEAN GREASY AND AFTER THUMBING THE MENU OVER FOR AN HOUR OR SO-IT GETS SO BLACK TILL HE CAN'T READ IT-SO HE SAYS: OH! HELL IT WUZ HASH!

THEN THE POT WOLLOPER SWEEPS UP THE DECK! COOKS SHOULD ALL BE PROMOTED-MAKE ALL OF THEM MESS SERGEANTS-THEN MAKE EVERY THIRD ONE A Q.M. SERGEANT-THEN-DROWN THE WORKS!

Around Galley Fires

By "Doc" Clifford

This month's notes are being penned in the splendid library of the Navy Club of New York, the doors of which have never been closed since its opening many



Dawson Photo
"Doc" Clifford

years ago. Marines and sailors always find a big welcome here on Park Avenue from Miss Mary McEl-liott, the hostess, and Mr. G. M. Ors-well, the manager of the club. Insep-arably connected with its opera-tion, the name and spirit of Mrs. Hamilton still hovers around the familiar surround-ings, and when she comes in a warm and affectionate welcome greets her arrival from all the fellows whose esteem for her never lessens as the years advance. The club is as near "Home, Sweet Home" as any place can be made by comfort, comradeship and realest friendship.

My month in Philadelphia enabled me to visit and get in touch with practi-cally all the Marines on active service there, and this was a really bigger job than one would expect. There is so much to see and learn at the Depot of Sup-ples that time flies long before the vis-itor has been successful in obtaining the information he desires. For instance, in the Mechanical Section you meet the master mechanic in the person of Wil-liam L. Riley who, after 18 years in ac-tive field service, commenced the record of "behind the scenes service" of 23 years excellent work in improving and making the materials for better equip-ment and comfort of the men in the field. His latest achievement is a greatly im-proved bunk or bedstead, so built and welded that when the heavy fellow sits on the side he is no longer badly pinched between the spring and the side. There are also no open joints to supply a har-boring place for the insects which some-times have a habit of following sleepers to their rest in some of the best ordered and most cleanly regulated hotels in the country. Another welcome product is the new mess gear which is being issued to Marines of the present day and of which one and all exclaim, "The best yet!" Lieut. G. W. Eakin, of the U. S. M. C. Reserve, is the officer in charge of this section, and one of the very busiest men to be met with even after hours, for he is an active reservist and living at Wil-mington, Del., is known and loved for his intense interest in and for the ex-cellent drum and bugle corps of the Jacob Ferdinand Speer Post V. F. W. of that city.

A peep into the Armory Section re-vealed the wonderful work of a fine group of fellows whose careful and ex-pert ability furnishes the Corps with that dependable equipment which enables the top-notch records for which our Marines

are famous to be made. The direction of their labors is the responsibility of Gun. Sgt. Frank W. Rinkunas, with his staff sergeants, Lee S. Kelly and Joseph Nelson, and Pvt. Carl E. Twinberg. In the engine room is William (Baldy) Har-ri-son, and the stores are in charge of Staff Sergeant Ratcliffe. This group is able to boast of nearly 90 years service, which is no small record.

A peep into the Clothing Department revealed the genial W. J. Hutton, who for so many years has been the manager of this very essential part of the Ma-rine's necessary equipment. Personal ex-perience enables the writer to positively state that when Mr. Hutton takes a per-son's measure for a uniform it will come to you a perfect fit and be a complete satisfaction. To go through the work-rooms and see the large numbers of people at work on the various articles of supply on which cutters, fitters, tailors and others are at work is of greatest interest. From a tie or handkerchief to the complete supply of materials for clothing and keeping in comfort of a Ma-rine by night and by day with protec-tion from mosquitoes at home and abroad by the best arranged nets that it is pos-sible to procure. The clerical staff con-sists of Serg. F. E. Harland, Corp. L. J. Ready and Pvt. J. W. Newbery, with a record of over 40 years in the Corps.

Motor transport has become so great and important a part of Marine organi-zation during the last few years that it necessitates quite a large staff, espe-cially so seeing that the training of ef-ficient men for the automobiles and trucks of the Corps in every post and detachment is carried through by this department. Capt. Fred S. Robillard is the officer in charge, with Lieut. Harold D. Hausen as his assistant. QM. Sgt. Frank M. Bailey, with 22 years to his credit, fills his responsible position with highest credit and each one of the va-ried personnel can be relied upon for perfect work in their many tasks. It is here we find Gun. Sgt. Barzillai Mc-Gray, Staff Sgts. Allen J. Gibson and Joseph A. Courter, together with Sgts. Jack B. Stutz, John J. Wood and Byral Bee, whose combined terms of service totals close to 100 years of worthwhile devotion to the work of a first-class Ma-rine. Eighteen other men complete the roster, which I believe includes the class having just left their training for sta-tions in all parts of the globe, from China and the Far East to Philadelphia Navy Yard.

To be greeted at the entrance to the depot by our old and faithful friend, QM. Sgt. John F. Johnson, is a reminder that of his faithful 37 years with the Corps no less than 22 years have been spent in the building. John was placed on the retired list seven years ago, but like the old war-horse still remains at his post of duty and in readiness for all tasks his present position calls for. Life to him, away from the everyday contacts, would lose its charm.

LIFE

Life is a blend of the good and the bad,
A bit of the glad and a bit of the sad,
A pinch of contentment, a time of un-rest,
A dash of the worst and a lot of the best;

A little of failure, a little of luck,
A bit of disaster and plenty of pluck;
And who would live long must be willing
to know

Winter and summer and sunshine and snow.

Life is a mixture of laughter and tears,
Hope and despair are part of the years,
Someone is born and somebody dies
Someone is foolish and someone is wise;
Someone is false to us, someone is true,
Now it is play and then tasks we must do,
Who grows to manhood must learn how
to take
Joy with its laughter and care with its
ache.

Life is a blend of the good and the ill,
And we must bear what shall come by
His will;
There must come tears to the brightest
of eyes,
Care visits the rich and the strong and
the wise;
No one escapes when the rain pelters
down,
Today you may smile, but tomorrow may
frown;
So stand to your portion of sorrow and
strife,
And know that it's all in the battle called
life.

Someone sent me recently a paragraph
entitled "Inches of Inspiration," which
is so good I could not help but pass it
on: "To live one's best each day, believ-
ing that God will give us strength for
tomorrow's load when it must be taken
up; to use one's best judgment in each
emergency and then refusing to worry;
to take the straightest course of honor
that appears before us and walking in
it without compromise; to invest one's
all on the side of right, confident that
God will protect the investment; to do
each duty that is clear to us, trusting
that God will make it clear when we
come to it—this is faith."

Visiting Major Simon at the Recruit-
ing Office, Philadelphia, I found every-
one in good spirits, rearing to go, in the
next open season for new recruits. First
Sgt. John D. Straw does not look a bit
older than when I last saw him, and de-
spite his nearly 18 years of strenuous
duty is as full of pep as when a first-
tour Marine.

Sgts. Leon W. Little, better known as
"Gunner Little," or maybe it's "Little
Gunner," and Webb V. Turner have
been taking a large crowd of radio folks
around the world during the last four
months. Every Monday they greet their
audience in most approved fashion at
the Studio of WLIT in Philadelphia and
at the time of writing are in far-away
China. Little is quite an adept at this
business, and I am told that the pair
make a fine combination. An old friend
in the person of Dean C. Barnum is at
Wilkes Barre, where the sergeant is
longing also for the season to open up.
Sgts. James L. Dunlap, Charles J. Del-
bers, and Leonard S. Kinder complete
the present staff who tread the pave-
ments of the City of Brotherly Love.

It was really a treat to meet one day
that well-known character of Quantico
fame, retired Sgt. Tommy J. Murrell.
Tommy is in splendid health and in
civilian clothes is almost as correctly

(Continued on page 49)



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Reading

The best heads the world ever knew were well read and the best heads take the best places.—Emerson.

What is literature? One of the best definitions we have ever run across is to be found in the introduction to "Literature and Life," by Edwin Greenlaw, William H. Elson, and Christine M. Keck:

"Literature is one form of the expression of life. It is not the only form. Men express themselves in many ways: through the language they speak, the homes they live in, the cities and great industries which are the sources of their wealth and their means of existence. All that concerns the material part of life, therefore, is an expression of some of the ideals about life that men and women hold. It is not less true that some part of the meaning of life may find expression through a beautiful painting, or a statue, or a song. A story may sum up in a few hundreds words an ideal that thousand of men would like to live by, or, if need be, to die for. A poem may sing itself into the heart of a regiment, or comfort those who are discouraged, or translate the beauty of birdsong or flower or the setting of the sun into words that will never die. Literature is the expression of the meaning and beauty of life, and if men could not find in life beauty and meaning, they would not care to live."

Most Marines are avid readers, but it is also true that most of us show little, if any, discrimination or taste in our reading matter. We generally pass over the heavier types of literature for a story that will hold us for the moment—a commonplace novel or a "pulp paper" magazine. To few of us, indeed, has ever come the supreme personal satisfaction and enjoyment of reading the works of such great writers as Edmund Spenser, John Dryden, Joseph Addison, Lord Byron, Henry Fielding, Charles Kingsley, or William Allingham.

How many of us have read and loved the immortal bard of Ancient Greece—Homer? How many of us know of that quaint history of the Ancient World, filled with so many delightful observances on life in those times, by Herodotus? How many of us, for that matter, have read over one or two of Shakespeare's plays or sonnets?

And in contemporary literature, how far behind most of us are! There is so much being published nowadays that we cannot wade through all the straw for the golden grain that lies hidden below, but by careful perusal of the book reviews and intelligent selection from the many libraries that are open to the public, we can provide ourselves with a short cut to the best literature being written at the present time.

Reading should be balanced between the old and the new. Too much of either will make us lose the proper perspective. If we read too much of the classics, we are likely to start wishing for "the golden age"; on the other hand, too much reading of modern literature is likely to narrow us, to make us forget the valuable lessons of the past that we will find in the classics.

But, most important of all, is that we should read good literature, whether classic or modern. Let us choose our reading matter with care, and we will be able to say, with Wadsworth,

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Evacuation

Another landmark in the history of the Marine Corps in Nicaragua is the complete evacuation of the Marines from the southern area, and the final withdrawal of all activities to Managua. The pursuit of bandits and the maintenance of law and order now lies completely in the hands of the Guardia Nacional. Aviation, however, which played such a prominent part in the Marine activities in that country, will continue to carry out its regular mission, consisting of the service of reconnaissance and attack, transportation and ground liaison. Its entire work, except a portion of the transportation service, will be performed in the interest of the Nicaraguan national guard. The evacuation of the Marines in the southern area was accomplished by using all five transports.

Perhaps the most dangerous flight in Nicaragua is that to Puerto Cabezas, which was made recently by a Fokker and Ford for the purpose of ferrying Guardia troops and ammunition to that seaport as re-enforcements. The course lies over a jungle, mostly uninhabited, 250 miles long. There is no possible landing field other than the field at destination. To be reasonably safe, planes are required to carry enough gas for a return trip, which cuts down the useful load.

The following letter of commendation, addressed to Lieutenants Young and Jack, was recently received in connection with bandit disturbances at Puerto Cabezas: "All phases of the disposition of these two aircraft squadron units, reconnaissance, communication, bombing, and delivery of machine gun fire throughout the Moss Farm and Logtown engagements, were performed with superior military judgment, courage, and effect, and, in my opinion, contributed in the greatest degree to the defeat of the bandits and to the death of Pedro Blandon."

—Army & Navy Register.

Athletics

Along with the chill winds of October comes the thoughts of football, bowling, ice skating, basketball, and the other sports that are coming to supplant summer activities. Baseball in the States is passing for another year, tennis tournaments and golf are still going strong, polo is active, and outdoor smokers still popular; but soon the winter sports will be fully under way.

Perhaps the greatest thing the Service has to offer is the opportunity for every man to participate in his favorite game. This year the Marine Corps will support three major teams instead of the All Marine football squad. San Diego, Parris Island, and Quantico will each have a representative team. And there will be countless other squads in the smaller posts and the sea-going detachments.

There is no school or club offering the diversified forms of sport and athletic competition that can be obtained in the Service. No matter which type strikes your fancy you will have opportunity to indulge. Of course, naturally, if you chance to be stationed at Hawthorne, Nevada, you aren't going to have much opportunity to enter in the whaleboat races. But out there they seem to be enjoying themselves riding fence and playing cowboy generally.

Athletes in the Marine Corps have made names for themselves in the world of sport. They are playing baseball with the major and minor leagues; they are headliners in the boxing and wrestling games. Everyone of them gives credit to the Marine Corps for his training. The opportunity came to them and they took it. Your opportunity lies before you. Are you taking advantage of it? You are not necessarily training for a professional career if you participate in the various competitions. But you may rest assured that you will get more out of it than you put in. Mr. Fielding H. Yost says:

"America is a nation of Athletes."

"I don't mean that every boy is a prospective Big League baseball player, All-American football star, or junior Bill Tilden. I do mean that every boy wants and can find a sport in which he can make himself a better-than-average performer. Hitting a baseball, swimming the crawl stroke, or dropping a basketball through the hoop is partly natural ability."

This is even more applicable to the Service man. His quarters are seldom far from the diamond or gridiron. The gymnasium is usually close at hand, as are tennis courts. Most post have facilities for swimming. What more could a man want!

If you are neglecting your opportunity, you are foolish. Get into the game—any game where you exercise your body and your mind.



SILENCE WITH A KICK

"Every time my wife hears a noise at night she thinks it's burglars and wakes me up."

"But burglars don't make any noise."

"So I told her. So now she wakes me up when she doesn't hear anything!"

—Bystander (London).

Caller—"I wonder if I can't see your mother, little boy. Is she engaged?"

Willie—"Engaged, hell! She's married."—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

Hark—"I wonder if that fat old girl over there is really trying to flirt with me?"

Stark—"I can easily find out by asking her, she is my wife."

—Salt Lake City Rope Yarn.

"Daughter," said the father sternly, "I don't like that young man you go out with."

"Yeah?" retorted daughter. "Well, don't worry, you're simply poison to him, too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



"And do you remember how old you were when you married me?"

"Twenty-eight physically and six months mentally."

McDonald: That's a poor blade you've got on your safety razor, Sandy.

MacTavish: Well, it was good enough for my father, and it's good enough for me.—Training Station News.



Fielding: "Why all the excitement up at Bill's place last night?"

Compton: "Oh, a girl in her pajamas was playing a violin and a string broke."

Fielding: "What—on her violin?"

Compton: "No, on her pajamas."

"Why so sad?"

"I am insolvent."

"How much have you made over to your wife?"

"Nothing."

"How much money have you invested abroad?"

"Not a penny."

"Man alive! You are not insolvent—you are ruined."

—Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

A mine superintendent had gone down into the lower levels to talk to a crew of men imprisoned by a cave-in.

"George," he shouted to one colored miner, through a narrow aperture, "are you married?"

"Nossuh," answered a lugubrious voice; "dis hyah am de wustest fix I evah been in yet."

—Training Station News.

Judge: "So your only defense is that you were drunk when you kissed that lady. How can you prove that?"

Defendant: "Well just take a good look at her yourself, judge."

—Training Station News.

OR ST. MIHIEL

Hotel Guest (during vet reunion): "I won't stay at this hotel another minute. I didn't get a wink of sleep all night. I never knew a bunch of grown men could make so much noise!"

Clerk (patient but patriotic): "Lady, you should have heard the noise they made at Verdun!"—Foreign Service.

Sergeant (spotting recruit's button undone).—"Wot's this? None of your sun-bathing tricks 'ere, m'lady."

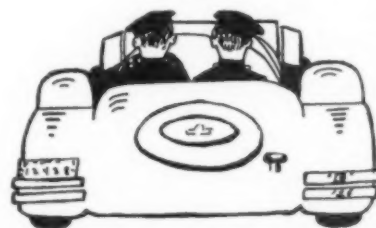
—Globe and Laurel...

"A sharp nose indicates curiosity," says a critic. A flattened nose often indicates too much curiosity.—Punch.

"I want to buy an alarm clock which will awaken the maid without disturbing the other members of the household."

"Sorry, madam, but that kind is not yet on the market. The only alarm clocks are those which awaken everyone in the household except the maid."

—The Outspan.



"I called on Mabel last night, and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions."

"That must have been embarrassing." "Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Mabel called from up-stairs and said, 'That isn't the one, mother'."—Optimist.

Dear Old Lady—"Captain, would you please help me find my state-room?"

Captain—"Have you forgotten what number it is, madame?"

D. O. L.—"Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again, there was a light-house just outside the window."—Puppet.

REACH FOR AN AXE

First Convict: "That guy they're going to hang tomorrow just smashed up his radio set."

Second Convict: "What's the idea?"

First Ditto: "He was trying to forget his troubles when he heard an announcer say, 'Consider your Adam's apple.'"

—Foreign Service.

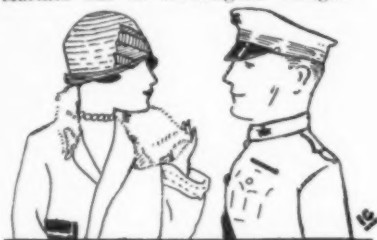
A Bishop had been speaking with some feeling about the use of cosmetics by girls.

"The more experience I have of lipstick," he declared, warmly, "the more distasteful I find it."—Ferne Free Press.

Hubby—"You didn't have a rag on your back when I married you."

Wife—"Anyway, I've plenty of them now."

And our Government never does anything by halves—except, maybe get the Marines out of Nicaragua.—Judge.



"Well," said she, indignantly, "if you will not marry, I will sue you for breach of promise."

"All right," replied he, calmly. "I'll sue you for slander for suggesting that I asked you to marry me."

Sambo had found a job for the week on a railroad section gang, and was taking leave of his family when his wife came to the door and shouted:

"Come back heah, Sam. You hasn't cut a stick of wood fo' de stove—and you'll be gone a week!"

The negro turned and looked very much aggrieved.

"Honey," he said in a tone of injured innocence, "what's de mattah? You'all talks as though Ah was takin' de axe with me."—Training Station News.

First Typist: I wonder why the boss passed you over in the last promotion?

Second Typist (tearfully): I can't think.

First Typist: Yes, I suppose that's the reason.—Answers.

The "Leviathan" was being towed into her berth on the North River, New York, when a dirty little coal barge came down the river and got in her way. The officer on the bridge of the big liner yelled through his speaking trumpet:

"Hey, clear out of the way with that mud scow!"

The man on the scow yelled back:

"Are you the captain of that vessel?"

"No," replied the man with the gold lace.

"Then speak to your equals; I'm the captain of this one!"—Newport Recruit.

"I hear Rowley is getting married next week."

"Good! I never liked that fellow."

—The Outspan.



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"Amy: How often must I warn you to keep away from sailors!"

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Sergeant: "If you could only shoot as well as you can eat you'd be O. K."

Recruit: "Well, I've been practisin' eatin' for twenty-two years, but I've only had this rifle ten weeks."

—Globe and Laurel.

An angry woman rushed into the registrar's office. In her hand she bore a license. To the registrar she said:

"Did you, or did you not, issue this license for marryin' me to Albert Briggs?"

"Yes, I believe I did. Why?"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she demanded, "he's escaped!"

—Kablegram.

Cameron: "What caused that explosion on your dad's farm last week?"

Pranschke: "Oh, he fed a chicken some 'Lay or Bust' feed and it turned out to be a rooster."—Tarheel Alarm.

Two city children were visiting on their uncle's farm. Seeing a newly laid egg in one of the nests, one child said:

"I wonder how the old hen gets the shell on."

"I guess she lays the egg first and then plasters around it," returned the other.—Boston Transcript.

A man went into a shop to buy a fountain pen. The young lady gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words "Tempus Fugit."

The saleswoman offered him another pen.

"Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these better, Mr. Fugit."

—Tid-Bits, London.

Sergeant: "Well, my lad, I see you've got a 'bull' at last."

Tubby (the regiment's worst shot): "Hooray!"

Sergeant: "Yes, and it's lying dead in the field on the right of the target."

—Walla-Walla.

One hoary Major of Infantry was waxing wroth at the National Rifle and Pistol Matches. He had been assigned the task of taking care of the trap-shooters, and he aspired to be in charge of the international champions. He called his numerous assistants together and roared:

"Any of you birds know anything of trap-shooting?"

"Yeh, Major, I'm your boy—" a voice from the rear rank.

A shave-tail advanced with uncertain mien and faced the Major.

"What do you know of trap-shooting?" he was asked.

"Trap-shooting! Good gracious, Major, I thought you said crap-shooting."

—U. S. Army Info. Bureau.



"Say, Tony, I gyppa da laundry al-right."

"You gyppa da laundry?"

"Sure, da bill she says, rags one cent, and all da time she's my best under-shirt."

He: "I come to bring warmth and light into the bleakness of your home."

Romantic Spinster: "Oh, you dear—"

He: "Nix on the love stuff, old lady. I'm the installation man for the gas company."—Pensacola Weekly.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

With the Sixth Brigade at Virginia Beach

The Sixth Marine Brigade, Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Staley commanding, left for Camp Pollard, Virginia Beach, Va., at 10 p. m., 22 August, via the steamer "Northland," for two weeks of intensive drill.

The brigade, numbering 1,500 Marines, is one of the largest civilian military organizations in the United States, although, as a brigade, it is less than one year old.

The troops formed at 9:00 a. m. on John Marshall place, the head of the column resting on Pennsylvania Avenue and the battalions massing up to Louisiana Avenue. Moving off in columns of squads, the brigade proceeded via Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh Street to the wharves.

The Sixth Marine Band, numbering 85 musicians, under Lieutenant Arthur E. Harper, led the parade.

The motor transport corps, in command of Captain J. Banks Berry, of Rockville, left earlier, driving their vehicles to Virginia Beach. Included in the train was the brigade ambulance.

The brigade is formed in four battalions with three rifle companies and one machine gun company to each battalion. The battalions are commanded by Majors Harvey L. Miller, well-known in service publishing circles; Earl C. Lane and Vincent Stack, and Captain Harry C. Grafton. The brigade medical detachment of 60 men is in command of Lieut.-Comdr. Don S. Knowlton.

A feature of the send-off of the brigade was the presentation by Major General Ben H. Fuller of the brigade colors to Colonel Staley. General Fuller also presented commissions to Second Lieutenants Winslow H. Randolph, Jr., William E. Coombs, William Sheperd and Justin Shook, elevating them to the rank of first lieutenant.

A large gathering of relatives, friends and others attracted by the troop movement, which is the largest of a single branch of the military service out of Washington since the World War, lined streets near the wharf and cheered as the "Northland" swung into the channel to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the brigade band.

Included in the brigade are five members of Congress: Major Melvin J. Mass, of Minnesota, who served as chief of staff; Captain David S. Hopkins, of Missouri; Captain Andrew L. Sommers, of New York, and Captain Vincent Carter, of Wyoming.

Arriving at camp the following day, the Marine brigade got down to business of training with a will and in a surprisingly short time had the cantonment running on an efficient basis.

On the 25th they began firing the range, with the Second Battalion of the Twentieth Regiment taking first turn. Instruction and firing were under the

supervision of Captain Francis Geraci, range officer.

That night the officers and enlisted men were guests at a dance at the New Ocean View Casino, arranged by F. E. Turin, chairman of the entertainment committee, and Frederick Hodges, manager of the convention bureau of the Norfolk Chamber of Commerce. This was the first of a series of entertainments that were immensely enjoyed by the Devil Dogs. The brigade orchestra furnished the music. Lieutenant Justin Shook headed a delegation of officers who greeted the hostesses at the dance.

On the 26th, the First Battalion, Twentieth Regiment, commanded by Major Harvey L. Miller, paraded for the instruction of the balance of the brigade in preparation for the parade on Friday, when Major General Ben H. Fuller arrived for a week-end visit.

Major Miller's battalion must have shown the rest of the brigade the correct dope, for General Fuller expressed himself as amazed by the wonderful performance of the troops, and complimented Colonel Staley and his officers and men highly upon the excellent condition of the camp as a whole.

The weather at camp was fine with the exception of the first day or so, when Sergeant Major C. P. Daum remarked that "It was more like Brest than anything I ever encountered. If Smedley Butler's duckboards had been in evidence, I would have sworn that I

was landing in France again." Light showers fell during the rest of their stay, but these proved no great inconvenience.

Surf bathing at Virginia Beach, about a mile from camp, was indulged in daily by officers and men. A special life guard detail under command of Sergeant Major Daum had two men on the beach at all times to keep any of the men from drowning. The great rollers at Virginia Beach have claimed many lives in the past, and this precaution was necessary.

One of the best-liked figures at camp was First Lieutenant S. W. Brookhart, Jr., son of Senator Brookhart. He was very much in evidence at all times and took the welfare of his men to heart like a true Marine officer.

Mr. McWilliams, from the RKO Keith circuit, put on an entertainment that was greatly enjoyed by members of the Sixth Brigade at the Y. M. C. A. on Friday night, the first week.

Sergeant Major Arthur G. Hamilton, personnel sergeant major of the Twentieth Regiment, tells an amusing incident that happened one night shortly after they arrived at camp. It seems that the O. D. was inspecting a sentry and, as O. D.'s are wont to do, asked him what his general orders were. The sentry replied, "Same old stuff." At last report, he was captain of the head.

A boxing tournament was held during the two weeks at camp, eight gold medals, awarded by Mr. Fred Buckholz, owner of the Occidental Hotel, Washington, D. C., being presented to the winners. The lucky ones were as follows: Flyweight, Sheperd, M. P. Co., Roanoke, Va.; bantamweight, C. Newman, A. Co., 20th Marines, Washington, D. C.; featherweight, Nolan, A. Co., 20th Marines; lightweight, Madden, Med. Det., 23rd Marines; welterweight, Blackmar, Co. F, 20th Marines; middleweight, Rollins, B Co., 20th Marines; light-heavyweight, McFeely, Ser. Co.; heavyweight, Pine, Engineers.

The supreme test of any military organization stationed near a famous resort where "wine, women and song" are to be enjoyed, is the number of men confined by the civil authorities. The fact that not a single man from the Sixth Brigade was put in the hoosegow while at Virginia Beach speaks eloquently for itself.

Their two weeks of intensive training finally at an end, the Sixth Marine Brigade broke camp on September 5 and returned to Washington the next day by steamer.

Early in the afternoon of the 5th, the brigade passed in final review before General L. W. T. Waller, Sr., adjutant-general of the State of Virginia and commanding officer of the 69th Division. After he had trooped the line at the final parade, General Waller pronounced the Marine Brigade "the finest looking military organization ever to train at Virginia Beach."

Immediately after the review, the bri-



Col. J. J. Staley

gade began the job of breaking camp. The long streets of khaki canvas came down with precision at the bark of a gun, and that night the members of the brigade slept under pup tents preparatory to their departure for Washington.

Excellent work was done on the range, but the final shooting scores have not been compiled as we go to press and the various cups and trophies involving marksmanship have not been awarded, although the high individual rifle cup and gold medal was won by Sergeant Foster E. Bender, Company D, 1st Battalion, 20th Marines. Bender, who is a member of the Washington Park Police, turned in a score of 244 out of a possible 250 at both slow and rapid fire.

The Elizabeth Harris Cup for squad drill was won by a squad from Company D, 1st Battalion, 20th Marines, Captain Thomas J. Luckett commanding. Corporal F. R. Moirarity was squad leader. Captain Luckett's company also came through with a winner when the "Best Marine Medal," awarded by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, went to Private H. A. Hockett.

The best drilled squad in the brigade came from Company D, 23rd Marines, First Lieut. Thomas J. Irwin, commanding. The brigade company drill honors were won by Company E, 20th Marines, Capt. Michael J. Kelly, commanding. This is the Eastern High School company. This victory gave Company E the colonel's cup and also the Norfolk Chamber of Commerce cup.

Company drill honors in the 23rd Marines were won by the Brigade Military Police Company from Roanoke, the Washington company defeating them in the final competition before a board of Regulars headed by Maj. David S. Berry.

The Brigade Surgeon's cup for the most valuable man in the medical detachment was won by First Sergt. Robert L. Jenkins, Medical Detachment, 20th Marines.

The silver cup for the most valuable man in the brigade band was won by Sergt. William F. Herrman.

On all sides, both military and civilian opinion accorded the Sixth Brigade the highest of praise. Military observers were outspoken in their praise of how much could be learned and accomplished by rigorous, intensive training, while civil authorities lauded the behavior of the brigade as a whole.

Daily leave expired at 10:30 o'clock and the majority of the men spent their evenings within the camp area at swimming parties or witnessing boxing matches and entertainments. At a meeting of the officers and non-commissioned officers, Colonel J. J. Staley, commanding the brigade, expressed satisfaction not only at the training accomplishments, but also at the exemplary conduct of the men.

The officers of the brigade attributed the excellent behavior of the men to the fact the training was hard and arduous with few hours for play. Sunset parades kept the command in camp until late afternoon. Both officers and men took their training seriously and made the most of their opportunities to learn all they could of life in the Marine Corps.

Over all the country Reserve units, C.M.T.C., and National Guard training camps have been established; but we believe none can surpass in efficiency the Virginia Beach encampment.

From the Shores of Fifty-Second Street

On the 14th of August a detail of ten men from Co. A, 1st Battalion, 19th Marines, became duly initiated into the Leatherneck Sea School via the Eagle Boat route. We say "initiated" because this was the initial voyage for six of the ten.

The Marine Detachment, under Sergeant "Scribe," boarded the U.S.S. "Eagle No. 26" at seven bells and shoved off for Block Island. The vessel hit fourteen knots as she passed Ft. Lafayette and maintained that speed throughout the trip.

After the first chow, the cook realized that three and a half hours per meal wasn't exactly according to the Sunnyside of Life so he squawked to the skipper on the bridge. The naval officer told it to the Marines and the result was ninety men fed in one hour. Besides this mess supervision the Leathernecks kept a running watch on the bridge, made sure the port holes were kept closed, etc.

The Marine Detachment was quartered aft near the gobs but the sejeante and Corporal "Monk" Costello were billeted with the petty officers adjoining—of all places!—the officers' ice-box! If you permit your imagination to run amuck, you'll still be perfectly correct.

The Terry Brothers and Greening returned with some first hand knowledge of navigation and despite the fact that the old wagon rolls like a Spaniard emitting an "rr," none of the menahem, that is, the Marines—became sea sick.

Saturday night liberty was made impossible by the settling of a heavy fog and a downpour of rain. This wouldn't have been so bad only cigarettes were scarcer than Marines at Sandino's birthday party. Cigarettes were so scarce in fact that the men rolled rough pipe tobacco in head-pulp and liked it, too.

The fleet was sighted off Montauk Point and some uninvited sharks paid their respects on Sunday morning and one seven-footer spurned a good sized pork chop—depression 'n' all.

The Eagle boat returned to the armory on Sunday night at one bell. The verdict of the Gyrenes was that the trip was great with a capital "G."

Among the things we thought you might deem interesting are the following: When Major General Butler arose to speak at the anti-gang rule meeting at Madison Square Garden, someone yelled, "Put the Marines on the job." A thunderous outburst of approval ensued . . . There is a grammatical error in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States, viz: "We, the people . . . in order to form a more perfect union . . ." If something is perfect, it has reached the mark of perfection and therefore cannot be made more perfect . . . No matter what they tell you, that picture in the company office depicting the battle at Vera Cruz is authentic in detail . . . Ex-Sgt. ("Salty") Dean, a charter member of the Fouled Anchor Club, is now happily married . . . Reverting back to the first item in this paragraph (re. General Butler), let it be recorded here that a Marine receives \$0.70 per diem. The average New York patrolman receives \$10.00 a day. The total number of policemen in New York City outnum-

ber the entire Regular Marine Corps by some three thousand men. We just thought you'd like to know . . . In the Army during the Huge Conflict, a silver stripe on the arm indicated service home while gold meant service "Over There." All this albeit silver outranks gold.—William McK. Fleming.

Training Log

The following is an extract from the training log of Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, U. S. M. C. R., covering his two weeks of active duty at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., this summer.

The New York American ran an excellent editorial about the service of Lieutenant Houck. He is the only member of the New York police force who is also an officer in the Marine Corps Reserve and they made quite a story out of it, picturing him with the caption, "Serves Under Two Flags—Father Knickerbocker's and Uncle Sam's."

The editorial states, "It is safe to say that Detective Houck is a better policeman for his service in the Marine Corps. The corollary is likewise true—Lieutenant Houck is a better Marine officer for his service in the police department."

"Some of the same qualities are requisite in both occupations—intelligence, loyalty, leadership, alertness and physical perfection. The sterner discipline prevailing in the Marine Corps is a good thing to carry over into the police department. And the thorough knowledge of human nature, which a good policeman cannot help but acquire, is a quality which will stand any military man in good stead."

"Lieutenant Houck merits commendation for his willingness to serve under the flags of both the city and the nation."

"Equally prepared to deal with the enemies of society or the enemies of the nation, he is a more useful citizen than most of us."

"And in serving the city and the nation he is also serving himself. For such training is bound to make anyone a better, all-around man."

The training log of Lieutenant Houck follows:

Time: August 10 to 24, inclusive.

Place: Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Day, First Week

A. M. The business of reporting officially to Colonel E. A. Greene, commanding Marine Barracks. Attended office hours.

School: Navy yard regulations, the post orders, and the orders for sentries. Instructed by Lieutenant G. D. Hamilton.

P. M. Physical examination.

School: The compilation of the guard roster; the morning report; muster rolls; official correspondence. Instructed by Captain Walter Sweet.

Second Day

A. M. Attended troop and drill. Assigned to command second platoon. Inspected platoon. Drilled platoon in close and extended order. Attended office hours. Accompanied O. D. on inspection tour of barracks, mess hall, guard room and brig.

P. M. School: Manual of the sword, instructed by Lieutenant Miles Newton.

(Continued on page 47)



Thirty

Falling in line with the other national officers of the old administration who pass in review your scribe bids his readers, if any, a fond farewell as he bows out more or less gracefully as National Chief of Staff. My association with National Commandant W. Karl Latons as a small cog in his wonderful machine which carried the League along from an obscure organization to a strong national group to be reckoned with, has been both pleasant and inspiring. To National Paymaster-Adjutant A. Ernest Beeg, with whom I have been officially associated for the past six years, I owe much. It was he who furnished the major part of the copy which enabled me to get out my column for the past two years. To Maurice Ilch, Rudy Trow and others I also extend thanks and last but not least, H. C. Edgerton, the "Old Warrior" of Albany and dean of Marine Corps veterans. May his shadow never grow less!

And to the Editor of "The Leatherneck," his staff and predecessors I am duly thankful for their kind consideration and able cooperation which helped in a great measure to carry me through.

So adios, Marines, pals and buddies, as I step down from the limelight and into the ranks of those who carry on. First and always, Semper Fidelis, we serve. There are no "ex" Marines.

Latons Sums Up

The following is a summation of a letter written by National Commandant W. Karl Latons to all officers of the League prior to the National Convention at Buffalo. Reference to the preliminaries of the convention is omitted, as that will be past history when this goes to press:

"The books of our organization will close on September 1 and voting strength will be determined by the actual number of members that you have paid up on that date. We are reporting on a 10-month year, as our convention is a full two months earlier than in previous years.

"I am convinced by this time that the wheels of progress are turning and that because of the interest displayed by so many individuals in various parts of the country that we have many men of ability to whom we can turn for leadership. In the two years that we have been on a civilian basis we have equipped and maintained an office in Washington, we have furnished a fine lapel button and are now supplying our new magazine, "American Defence," and we have perfected not only a national organization, but are well on our way to success in state organization. You will never know the real fun until you get some more detachments formed in your own state and start to mix with the boys in other towns. You have just as much author-

By Frank X. Lambert National Chief of Staff

ity for organization as I have. You own just as large a part of the office equipment and supplies in Washington as I do. You should have as much interest in building up old Gyrenes into comradeship as I.

"My work has been a pleasure with you as my officers during the past year especially. Lately I have been away from my office and I haven't given as much time to the League as I would have liked, but I do my best. I don't want to brag about it, but we are offering our members more for their money than any service organization. We are all giving our time and money so that all our buddies will get "League-alized" (I claim credit for that), and the fact that we were thrown out of a nice soft nest in Corps Headquarters two years ago and had to shift for ourselves without a penny to start with, and to have been able to accomplish what we have, is remarkable in view of the fact that several of the largest civic organizations took an awful licking in membership during the past year.

"So get the old feeling back—you know—to hell with the sailors and soldiers; this is a Marine outfit. And just as our gang did at Belleau Woods, and just as they would like to do if they could be with us, let's turn at our objective for the coming year and give them plenty high-powered explosive."

Detachment Briefs

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment conducted a successful clam bake on Sunday, August 16, at Albany. We have no details of the festivities, which we were invited to attend but could not make, much to our disappointment. Anyhow, we know the boys had their usual good time.

We used to receive considerable publicity from Portis Detachment of Birmingham, Ala., but somehow they seem to have fallen down lately. How about it, Paul?

The Santa Barbara, Calif., Detachment, recently chartered, has elected the following officers: Clarence J. Lant, commandant; Victor A. Doerner, sergeant of the guard; Cecil Kettlewell, corporal of the guard; Frank L. Kennedy, adjutant-paymaster; Gen. T. P. Kane, chief of staff and Carl Monroe, judge advocate. The sergeant and corporal of the guard? Looks as if the boys intend to walk post!

Arthur Dudley Sims Detachment of Memphis, Tenn., has re-enlisted four members: V. E. Miller, C. L. Curtis, J. W. Hewitt and Richard L. Powers.

J. E. McGuire, who served overseas

with the 95th Company, Sixth Regiment, has joined the League as a member-at-large from Guatemala, Central America.

Commandant Milton Solomon, of New York Detachment No. 1, Past County Commander of the American Legion, engineered a successful campaign at the New York State Convention at Syracuse which brings the 1932 state convention to Brooklyn.

E. D. Howard Detachment of Oakland, Calif., T. J. Kingsley, commandant, recently signed up four new members. They are: Ezera L. Tedrick, Gerald O. Griffith, Clarence L. Kraff and Herman N. Middendorff. Sergeant Harvey I. Diamond, paymaster of the detachment, did the recruiting.

Sacramento, Calif., Detachment of the League was recently chartered, with L. J. Davis as temporary commandant. Department Commandant Thomas J. Kingsley describes the new detachment as "a husky looking bunch of Marines."

The McLemore Marines Detachment of Houston, Tex., recently re-enlisted Frank M. Johnson, Jr., H. C. Seymour, Herbert F. Adey, Mike Lathrop, George L. Attaway, Frank Wicks, R. McDonald, J. D. Farrington, C. A. Smith, A. Marquart, G. C. Schleeter and E. D. Emmons.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment recently disposed of seven bugles to the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Schenectady, when their bugle and drum corps ran out of wind. They still have the bass drum on their hands, however.

Although the National Convention at Buffalo will have been past history by fully 10 days when you read this, the fact that all copy must close for "The Leatherneck" by the tenth of the month makes it impossible to give you any details of the big gathering until the following issue. Then you will know who the new national officers are and what a hot time the boys had in the Bison City.

The Old Warrior's Tale —Chapter 4

In the spring Private Ben Hart and I were told to report on board the U. S. Flagship "Powhatan," then at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Having done so, we were made acquainted with the members of the guard under command of Capt. Henry J. Bishop, assisted by Lieutenant Biddle, who later on became major general commandant of the Corps.

For Lieutenant Biddle I had every respect, as he was kind and considerate and looked after his men's welfare as far as was in his power to do; one of the

(Continued on page 48)

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

DECATUR. By Irvin Anthony (Scribners). \$3.50. A biography of the Naval hero of the war with Tripoli.

SLEUTHS. Edited by Kenneth Macgowan (Harcourt, Brace). \$2.50. An anthology of twenty-three famous short detective tales.

ON FORSYTE CHANGE. By John Galsworthy (Scribners). \$2.50. The further adventures of the Forsyte family.

LA SALLE, by L. V. Jacks (Scribners). \$3.00. Romantic story of the French Explorer.

PLAY THE GAME. Edited by Mitchell V. Charnley. Viking Press. A book of all sports and athletic competitions, written by such authorities as Fielding H. Yost, Rogers Hornsby, "Red" Grange, Benny Friedman, Grantland Rice, and a host of others. \$3.50

FLYING DUTCHMAN. By Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould. Henry Holt and Co. The story and achievements of the man who brought terror down from the skies; Fokker, the eccentric genius. \$3.00

JEB STUART. By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners. A flashing biography of a romantic leader of the Civil War. Profusely illustrated by the author. \$5.00

THE BATTLE AT BLANC MONT. By Lt.-Col. Ernst Otto, German Army (retired). Translated by Martin Lichtenberg, U. S. M. C. Published by U. S. Naval Institute. A German officer's explanation of the Blanc Mont affair. \$2.00

THE BLACK NAPOLEON. By Percy Waxman. Harcourt, Brace & Co. The story of Toussaint Louverture, Haiti, Santo Domingo and Continental treachery. \$3.50

THE ROAD BACK. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown & Co. A sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," in which the demobilized soldiers find the world has gone on to leave them out of the scheme of things. \$2.50

TO THE VICTOR. By Henry von Rhau. Longmans, Green & Co. A well-plotted, romantic adventure that keeps you guessing as to how the young Prussian officer is going to extricate himself from the web of his difficulties. \$2.00

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR. By General Pershing. Stokes. A complete account of America's accomplishments and the difficulties of her leader in the World War. 2 volumes, boxed. \$10.00

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S MILITARY HISTORY. By Lt.-Col. W. A. Mitchell, U. S. A. Infantry Journal, Inc. A study of military strategy from 1500 B. C. to 1918 A. D. With a supplementary analysis of Napoleon's campaigns. \$5.00

REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE. By Major General John A. Lejeune. Dorrance. Inspiring autobiography of a Marine officer. \$4.00

BOOKS—PASSING IN REVIEW

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

By FRANK HUNT RENTFROW

Davy Jones' Locker

FIDDLER'S GREEN, by Albert Richard Wetjen (Little, Brown & Co.) \$2.00.

Fiddler's Green is defined by Mr. Webster as "The humorously imagined Elysian fields of sailors and vagabond craftsmen, where credit is perpetually good and there is always a lass, a glass, and a song."

In his book of that title Mr. Wetjen takes us down to that happy land under the sea and lets us observe, through the eyes of Tommy Lawn, just what a glorious life these old, departed shell backs lead.

The S. S. "Bramcar," of which Tommy Lawn was second mate, struck an iceberg. The next thing Tommy knew he was floundering in the water. "He struggled mightily at first and tried hard to shout, but the icy shock had taken his breath and was setting his limbs on fire . . . He thought he heard the hard, labored sound of oars in rowlocks, but he was not certain. He rose and fell hugely on the swells and began to feel sleepy. Lights blurred before his eyes . . . Eventually everything turned black and he felt himself slide down a vast windy abyss, at the bottom of which he suddenly discovered himself upright and sound but considerably dazed. Someone gave him a terrific slap between the shoulders, almost knocking him down . . ."

Thus Tommy Lawn met "Ben the Bosun" and was conducted by him through the endless and eternal home of great legends and seafaring traditions. All the sailormen of all the world and of all the ages are foregathered in Fiddler's Green.

They were all there. Davy Jones and his brother Casey. Casey Jones has charge of the Glory Hole, where most of the firemen go; Noah, Drake, Columbus, Mother Carey, and "men in plum velvet breeches and embroidered jackets, men in half-armor and chain mail, men in gorgeous plumed hats and queer leather bonnets, men in tam-o'-shanters, steel-engraved casques, helmets and fur caps. Some of the men wore swords, some daggers, some mere dirks or sheath knives."

Mr. Wetjen has cleverly woven the legends of the sea into a sort of "Alice in Wonderland" yarn; and we recommend it highly for entertaining reading.

Soldier of Fortune

THE INCREDIBLE YANQUI, by Herman B. Deutsch (Longmans, Green) \$3.50

Lee Christmas, the incredible Yankee, who was "In the fall of 1894 a man who was destined to upset various lesser governments—not to mention the dance he led the United States of America—left New Orleans for the tropics because he was penniless and there was nowhere else for him to go.

"Thirty years later, almost to the day, he returned to New Orleans from the tropics because he was once more penniless and there was nowhere else for him to go.

"But, in the meantime—"

It was in those thirty years—the "in the meantime" that Lee Christmas carved his name of reckless daring on the scroll of Latin-American Soldiers of Fortune. And he carved his name deep enough and bright enough that he became more of a romantic legend than a man of flesh and blood. Mr. Deutsch has endeavored to strip away the veil of romance and record the adventures of the Soldier of Fortune. But if this were his purpose, his pen betrayed him, for although he has achieved a remarkable biography, the legendary hero still swaggers and swanks glamorously through the pages.

Had not a railroad physician discovered that Christmas was color blind, Lee would probably have achieved little beyond the reputation of a drunken, quarrelsome engineer.

Down in Honduras they were not so particular about the eyesight of train drivers, so down he went, where he operated an asthmatic little engine that hauled banana cars up and down hills.

He was snatched from this obscurity when a revolution suddenly blazed forth and his train was commandeered at rifle-point to transport troops. It meant little to Christmas, and during the battle which followed, he stepped into the game himself, and found it to his liking.

During the subsequent years he followed the fortunes and misfortunes of revolution and war. Mr. Deutsch has endeavored to strip the glamor from his adventures, and in doing so he undoubtedly gave us a far better picture of Lee Christmas than had he set out deliberately to further the fable and romance.

ORDER BLANK

THE LEATHERNECK, 1931
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

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SEA BREEZE

By A. R. Bosworth

There's a lazy wind, a vagrant wind,
that down the street comes straying,
And brings with it a spicy smell that
wakens memories;
For it wanders past the harbor where the
freighting ships are lying.
The sailing ships, the roving ships,
from far-off sundown seas.

There are roses in my garden, when the
little wind comes blowing
And the air is honey laden, for their
smell is, oh! so sweet;
But the vagrant wind reminds me that I
must be up and going,
With a steady trade behind me and a
staunch deck 'neath my feet.

Oh, it lingers but a moment, and the
smell is brief and fleeting,
Then it's gone, and only roses waft
their perfume on the air,
But a dozen distant seaports in that in-
stant hail me greeting,
And my life ashore is all at once turned
strangely drab and bare.

There are men tonight who dream of
home, and long for their returning—
But the smack of salt and smell of tar
is borne upon the breeze—
And my heart leaps up in answer, and
the soul of me is yearning
For a sailing ship, a roving ship, to
roam the seven seas!

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

Popper was a poor provider,
He made lots of dough;
But his family got none of it,
'Cause he gambled so.

Once he came home in a barrel,
Mommer said: "That's good!"
Then, she added: "Now, at least,
We'll have firewood!"

"A-FIGHTIN' IN THE AIR"

By Milton V. O'Connell

Say! I've soldiered out in China—battled
in the Philippines,
And I've seen a lot of funny things—a-
travelin' with Marines.
There are seven hash-marks on me arm—
and scars most everywhere,
But I'm damned if they can get me to
go fightin' in the air!

With a good old thirty-thirty I have
fought in many scraps,
And I've even used a bolo knife on little
yaller chaps.
These new-fangled guns and trappin's
may be fine for them that's there—
But you'll never catch this Leatherneck
up a-fightin' in the air!

When you stop a bloody bullet and there
ain't a stretcher near,
If you're on the ground, me bucko, you
go crawlin' to the rear.
There's a chance you'll keep on livin'—
if you manage to get there
But there ain't no chance of crawlin'—
when you're fightin' in the air!

Days and nights was hot in Belleau—
and you never knew just when
Some big Prussian Guard would get you
with a bayonet—but then
While there's life there's always hopin'—
and the odds at least were fair
But I'd hate like Hell to chance it—up
a-fightin' in the air!

All these flyin' birds are merry with their
aviatin' talk,
But they ain't so merry, soldier, when
they're told "Get out and walk!"
When the wings begin to crumple and
the engine gets a scare
Then it ain't so grand and merry—up
there, fightin' in the air!

You can call me damned old-fashioned,
and an antiquated fool,
But for safety in my travelin' give me
just a galley mule!
You can have your wings and glory; you
can strut around for fair,
But I'll stay on terra firma, while you're
fightin' in the air!

And when battle smoke is over and
they're countin' up the loss
I'll be eatin' chow in comfort—you may
have a wooden cross.
And I may not be progressive, and your
glory I won't share
But I'll probably be livin', when you've
crashed down from the air!

TO AN AVIATOR'S BRIDE

By Jayhawker

May the god of the winds be good to him
And bring your lover home
When the ways of the sky are wet and
dim

With the gray clouds—tattered foam.

May the god of machines be true to him
And take your lover through
When his motor misses and close and
grim

Ahead is a mountain view.

May the God of women be kind to you
And ease the ache in your soul
Should your lover lose somewhere in the
blue

And his life be the transport's toll.

—Chicago Tribune.

SONNET TO A LADY

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

There are so many things a man could do
To wrench a lasting tribute from this
life;

Perchance to conquer nations or to hew
Commemorating stones of ancient strife.
The secrets of the solemn, somber sea
Await the probing of new buccaneers,
And tangled forests, in virginity,
Have ripened for the axe of pioneers.

And yet, again, the scorn of earthly
things
May drive him cleaving through the
empty space,
To greet the sun on silvery, flashing
wings,
And grave a name that Time cannot
erase

There are so many things a man could
do;
And I have wasted Life and Love—on
you!

THE SUFFERING JIMMIE-LEGS

By R. M. Blackman

This job of being Jimmy-legs
Is beginning t'get my goat,
For these guys are all so salty
Yuh'd think they owned thuh boat.
I get 'em up at Reveille,
I make 'em turn in at taps.
I make 'em air their beddin'
An' keep 'em from shootin' craps.
Some men do what I tell 'em,
An' again there's others who won't.
Some get sore if I make 'em do things,
An' the Skipper gits sore if I don't.
I'd like to keep all my shipmates,
So I'll tell the Skipper today,
T' give my job to the Leathernecks;
They don't give a darn either way!

A SAILOR EXPLAINS TO THE JUDGE

By H. H. Cornish

"It's like this, your honor, see?
As near as I can tell.
A gentleman hired my boat, and he
Was quite a proper swell.
He brought a lady down with him
To make a longish trip.
And so we scrubbed her thoroughly—"
Judge: "The lady?"
Jack: "No, the ship!"
"Well, cutting off my story short
To come to what befell.
We started but put back to port,
Which much annoyed the swell.
She fell between two waterways
And got a nasty dip.
So we rigged her out with brand-new
stays—"

Judge: "The lady?"

Jack: "No, the ship!"

"At last we put to sea again
And started for the west,
All spick and span without a strain.
When all at once I'm blest,
Her bloomin' timbers got misplaced,
Which quite upset the trip.
The water washed around her waist—"

Judge: "The lady's?"

Jack (nodding): "And the ship's."

"That's all, I thank your honor; now
I'll state to you my claim.
Five hundred dollars, you'll allow,
Won't build her up the same.
Her rudder's gone, her nose is broke,
Her flag I've had to dip.

She's lying now upon the mud—"

Judge: "The lady?"

Jack: "No-o-o! The ship!"



Football

Quantico Kicks Off

Quantico, Va.—All you Gyrenes whose hearts jump up in your throats as two powerful elevens clash on the gridiron

(and that means the whole darn Corps) had better get out in the woods and start practicing "Hold that line!" "We wanta touchdown, we wanta touchdown!" without delay, for on this auspicious date no less than seventy-five big, husky pigskin wrestlers reported to Head Coach George W. McHenry, First Lieutenant, on the athletic field here. (And while you're practicing, better tune up on "Sweet Adaline," too.) Sixty-three candi-

dates for the Quantico aggregation had drawn the padded moleskins last week, but twelve more aspirants for gridiron honors showed up at the eleventh hour and were to be found in the squad that Lieutenant McHenry sent jogging around the field.

Several members of last year's powerful All-Marine eleven are at Quantico and it is around these veteran players that Lieutenant McHenry hopes to build a fighting Leatherneck aggregation that will keep the Globe and Anchor high in the lists of scrapping elevens.

Veterans of the All-Marine team who will play on the Quantico contingent this year are First Lieutenant Joseph C. Burger, Second Lieutenant David F. O'Neil, Second Lieutenant Orin K. Pressley, Second Lieutenant Harold W. Bauer, Cpl. Harold M. Ferrell, Pvt. Charles W. Gann, Pvt. William L. Morning, Pvt. Lee W. Popple, Cpl. Jerold J. Stuckwisch, and Pvt. Edgar W. Strouse. It is possible that other stars of last year may join the squad at a later date, among these being Gy. Sgt. Henry P. Crowe, who is now at Camp Perry with the Marine Corps Rifle Team, firing in the National Matches.

Experienced players from last year's Quantico Marine Barracks Post team are Gy. Sgt. James E. Hill, Pvt. Orin W. Hostad, Pvt. John Posik, Pfc. Randal I. Booth, Cpl. Neil F. Young, Pvt. Samuel M. Seldon, Pvt. John H. Ferrell, Pfc.

Willis G. Shew, Pvt. Howard E. Sumnerell, Cpl. William E. Adams, Cpl. Matthew F. Byrne, Pfc. Robert Resio, Pfc. Andrew P. Zeher, Pfc. Clinton R. Butler, Cpl. Donald P. Dever, Pvt. Raymond C. Shess, Pfc. Stanley Duda, Pfc. Edward T. Kane, and Pvt. Edgar W. Strouse.

First Lieutenant McHenry has announced the following schedule for 1931.

Friday, September 25th—Fort Monroe, at Quantico.

Saturday, October 3rd—St. Thomas College, at Scranton, Penna.

Sunday, October 11th—Langley Field, at Langley, Virginia.

Friday, October 16th—Campbell College, at Quantico.

Wednesday, October 21st—Fort Du Pont, at Quantico.

Saturday, October 24—Baltimore Firemen, at Baltimore, Md.

Sunday, November 1st—Carlisle Barracks, at Carlisle, Penna.

Friday, November 6—Gallaudet College, at Quantico.

Wednesday, November 11—American Legion (tentative), at Philadelphia, Pa.

Friday, November 13th—Navy Apprentice School, at Quantico.

Saturday, November 21st—Davis & Elkins University, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Thursday, November 26—John Carroll University, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Saturday, December 5th—President's Cup Game, at Washington, D. C. (If selected by Major General Commandant.)

In case arrangements are made for the American Legion game at Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11, the game with Navy Apprentice School on Nov. 13 will be cancelled from the schedule.

Negotiations are under way for a game on Wednesday, November 11th, with the American Legion, in Philadelphia, Pa.

The games played in Quantico will start at 2:30 p. m. We want every Marine in Quantico and the posts around Quantico to be on hand. It's up to us to provide a team that will be full of the old fight—up to you to give them the moral support that brings victory.

More of the Same

Whatever the Quantico Marines may accomplish before the end of the football season, as far as an early start at practice is concerned they have the jump on all other squads in this section. Since August 24 the Marines have been raising the dust on the athletic field at Quantico, have had two or three scrimmages already, and from now until the beginning of the schedule will go through an intensive period of the roughest kind of practice.

On this Quantico team will depend in

large measure the Marine foot ball reputation for the coming year, as the All-Marine eleven, as such, is out of existence. However, there is a strong sentiment in the corps to make the Quantico eleven virtually an All-Marine team, with Quantico as its home, instead of having an All-Marine eleven, known as such, and actually without a place to hang its hat.

It would not be surprising to see teams developed at Quantico to equal, if not surpass, some of the teams that in former years have played as All-Marine combinations.

Several of the men who played last year on the All-Marine eleven are now at Quantico working just as hard on the Quantico team as they worked last fall at the Philadelphia Navy Yard as members of the All-Marine outfit. And, before the end of the season, it would not be surprising to see the team just about as strong as the team of 1930.

Lieut. George McHenry, who formerly played in the backfield of the All-Marine team, is head coach, having replaced Tom Keady, now at Western Reserve University. Acting as his assistants are Lieut. Harold Bauer, former Naval Academy and All-Marine back, and Lt. Dave O'Neil, who is in charge of the backs. He also is a former Navy player. Lieut. Joseph C. Berger and Lieut. Orin K. Pressley, the former from University of Maryland and the latter from Clemson College, are coaching the linemen, and Lieut. Paul Moret, formerly of Naval Academy, is handling the ends.

Besides the men back from the 1930 team, at least three exceptionally good new players have been uncovered. Lloyd Willingford, star quarterback of the U. S. S. "Antares" eleven last year; Vincent Kleponis and Marion Trees, linemen from the San Diego, Calif., Marine base, are standing out as real finds, according to those in touch with the workouts of the squad so far.

George Robertson, star back on the All-Marine team last season and one of the best punters in the East, is with the team again. Popple, Stuckwisch and Gann are the best of the other All-Marine players of last season back with the squad.

From the Quantico Post team of last season also have come several players of worth, among them Shew, Zeher, Butler and Dupler standing out as about the most valuable.

The season is to be opened September 25 with the team from Fort Monroe, a Coast Artillery organization stationed at Old Point. From this game until the end of the finish the Marines will be battling through a season that should be exceedingly varied in the types of teams to be met. Some of the opposing

outfits are likely to be only fair, while others are pretty sure to stack up with the strongest. Take John Carroll University, for instance. No coach would ever pick that school as a set-up. But, on the other hand, the Navy Apprentice School is not likely to be a very difficult eleven.—H. C. Byrd.

First Gridiron Battle

Saturday, September 12th at Santa Barbara, Calif., the San Diego Marine



Glick

Corps Base pig-skin warriors and the Santa Barbara Athletic Club team raised the 1931 gridiron curtain in a night game. The Leathernecks smothered the Clubmen under a 25 to 0 score. The game is believed to have been the first of this season in which major elevens participated.

The Marines, facing one of the toughest schedules ever played by a West Coast service eleven, showed strong offensive power against the Club team, but proved somewhat weak in making tackles. The team functioned smoothly at all times and displayed a good defense. Having completed several weeks training the Marines are in tip-top condition and should be going strong when they meet the Olympic Club at Kezar Stadium, San Francisco.

Jean Neil, Marine fullback, made the first score in the initial period when he pulled down a 15-yard pass and stepped across the pay line. Glick converted. Stovall, halfback, hit center for the necessary yardage to score the second touchdown after a march down the field during the second quarter.

"Chicken" Mathiot, slight Marine back, tore the club line to pieces in a series of plunges to make the third counter in the third quarter. Neil went through for the last score in the final quarter by tearing through the line after a series of brilliant plays had placed the ball within scoring distance. Neil, Donnelly and Mathiot starred for the winners but the entire team played as a unit and all those who saw action turned in excellent work.

Santa Barbara threatened but once. In a customary loser's last quarter frenzy of passes the clubmen advanced the ball to within a few yards of the Marine goal, but were prevented from scoring when a penalty was inflicted. More than 5,000 spectators witnessed the game.

Following this game the Marine team headed for the San Francisco Bay district where they will take on the Olympic Club, and at Vallejo they play the California Aggies. On the way home they play San Jose State at San Jose October 3rd. The following players made the Northern trip:

Ends: Glick, Sonnenberg, Holland and Parker.

Tackles: Cummings, Kafka, Lambert, Gates and Mace.

Guards: Cornelson, Glib, W. H. Smith, Brooks, Cooper and Standley.

Center: S. L. Sitton.

Quarterbacks: Strong and Hood.

Halfbacks and fullbacks: Donnelly,

Callahan, Farr, Mathiot, Poppleman, Stovall, Barieau, Lloyd and Neil.

Accompanying the team were Captain Lott, Athletic Officer, Captain Liver- sedge, Coach, and Lieuts. Lloyd, Bailey and Thompson, Assistant Coaches. Trainers Shadbolt and Goldenburg completed the personnel.—JWK.

If Numbers Mean Anything

With the close of the baseball season, our attention is drawn to another great sport, football. As everyone knows, the All-Marine team has been disbanded and there will be three big teams, Quantico, Parris Island, and San Diego. Speaking for Parris Island, the competition between these teams for the right to play in the President's Cup game will be strong. Two meetings have already been held here for the candidates and if numbers mean anything, we have already reserved our pullman for Washington. The team will be in the very capable hands of Lieutenant Emery E. Larsen, who coached a championship team in his last season at Parris Island. He will have as assistants Lieutenants Robert O. Hunt, who starred at V. M. I., and Robert H. McDowell, who was a tower of strength to Citadel in his undergraduate days.

Among the well-known footballers here now are Bobby Gotko, who sank the Coast Guard last year; Davidson, from Clemson; Grua, who played with the Chicago Bears; Lieutenant Allen, of Florida, and O'Brien, who played with the Ninth Army Corps last year on the West Coast. These men will probably form the nucleus of our representative team. Lieutenant Robbins has booked a strenuous schedule, one that will thoroughly test our mettle.

October 3—Newberry College—Home.
October 10—Oak Ridge Military Institute—Home.
October 17—Catawba College—Away.
October 24—So. Georgia Teachers—Home.
October 31—Campbell College—Home.
November 7—Wofford College—Home.
November 14—Norman Park College—Home.
November 21—Fiedmont College—Home.
November 28—Bowdon State College—Home.

Inexperienced But Game

Hardly had the echoes of the last crash of the bat against the old horsehide faded away, when Lieutenant Emery E. Larson arrived at Parris Island, bringing with him a tinge of fall and football weather. Now to those who know him, the name Larson is synonymous with the word action, and this year has proved no exception. The day following his arrival, a call for aspirants for gridiron glory was issued and sixty candidates reported to Head Coach Larson at the East Wing. The first week was devoted entirely to calisthenics and those exercises that limber up the dormant muscles; having those sore muscles (and there sure were plenty of them) rubbed into good shape; and getting the feel of the pigskin.

While most of these sixty men showed great promise, a cut was necessary; and the squad of forty-five men to represent the Island was picked the following week. On the whole, the candidates are young and inexperienced, but the fire and dash they display every day promises to go a long way to overcome the other shortcomings. The staff of coaches face an almost Herculean task of turning a green lot into a winning machine. Lieutenants Larson and McDowell are whipping the backfield men into shape, and Lieutenants Hunt and Allen are taking care of

the linemen. With only a month to go before the whistle of the opening game, the boys are getting plenty of work daily except Sundays, practicing from 3:30 p. m. to 6 p. m. It is much too early to make any predictions of any kind, save that we know the boys will be fighting in true "Devil Dog" style, every moment, and "fight" goes far towards winning games.—H. S. Griffin.

Shooting

Wakefield Matches

A. L. Gramm, of Boston, a national guardsman, set the pace in the Maier and Ratigan matches at Camp Curtis Guild, Wakefield, Mass., on August 10. In the Maier Match, Gramm's runner-up was Cpl. William Easterling, U. S. M. C., with a score of 50 and 4.

Easterling, paired with Carl Laine, another Leatherneck, captured the only team match of the morning's activities, the Ordance event, with a total score of 194. Marine Gunner Calvin Lloyd captured the Cummings Match with a 50, outranking, in the later stages of the match, Pvt. J. G. Jones, also of the Marines, whose total score was another 50.

August 11: The Neider Match bids fair to be the most interesting of the series. A shoot-off was necessary to determine the winners in all classes. This match consisted of but one stage at 200 yards rapid fire. At the end of the first heat five Marines were tied at first place with possible 50 scores; two national guardsmen were tied with 49 and two civilians were tied with 47. Even the "lucky" prize had five contenders, each with a 43.

It has been the custom for the Marines to toss a coin and thus determine the winner when two of them are tied for first place. This procedure saves energy for future matches, but is difficult to accept when an ownership of a watch or other valuable trophy depends upon the toss of a dime. Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd won in that manner over John G. Jones, in the Cummings match. In the Neider Match, however, no ground rules existed for the determination of a five-way tie and Coach Jackson ordered a shoot-off.

Marines Laine, Blodgett, Tucker, Easterling and Harris went onto the firing line, each with a determination to win the shoot-off. Laine and Blodgett, however, were the only ones remaining when the targets were marked. They were still tied with 49 apiece. They then fired again and this time Laine made another possible while Blodgett had 44.

The Twenty-Sixth Division Match saw a three-way tie, among the Leathernecks at the top of the ladder. Private John Jones finally emerged from the tangle undisputed winner of the prize.

The Sergeants' Match saw the Marines make a clean sweep of the entire field, three of their eight four-men teams finishing at the top of the ladder.

August 12: Sgt. Carl I. Laine, of the Marine Corps, won over Sgt. Roy O. Anderson, of the Massachusetts State team, on the very last shot of the Woodman Match. This contest, of 10 shots at 200, 600 and 1,000 yards, was a hectic one. Anderson led at the 200-yard firing point, 48 to 47. Both made a 49 at 500 yards. In the 1,000-yard stage Laine made a possible 50, while Anderson dropped his last shot for a score of 49. Although

their aggregate scores were tied, Laine outranked Anderson.

Gunnery Sgt. James R. Tucker stood third in the Woodman Match by outranking First Lieut. R. E. Presnell and Capt. E. D. Edstrom, all of the Marine team.

August 13: Marines Easterling, Cochran and Guy tied in the Weld Match this morning and then finished the shoot-off in the same order. The scores were low due to the unpleasant weather conditions.

The Youngman Pistol Match, fired in the rain on August 12, was won by First Lieut. Raymond Presnell, Marine Corps. The Artillery Team Match, firing concurrently with the Youngman Match, was taken by the first Marine pistol team, composed of Lieutenant Presnell, Gunnery Sergeants Tucker and Bailey, and Private Seeser. There were but two teams entered in this match—both from the Marine Corps.

August 15: The Marines took high honors in the Hayden Team Match Friday with a total score of 2,831 for the leading Leatherneck combination. It was not news for them to win the match, but it would have been news for any other team to have stood high.

The first Marine team stepped into the lead at the take-off and were never given a great deal of competition. The team consisted of Easterling, Laine, Seeser, Hamrick, Harker, Presnell, Blodgett, Conradt, McMahon, and Fisher.

Sgt. Carl I. Laine won the 500-yard Engineers Match yesterday after four men had tied with possible 50s. He made a 49 on his second string, while Lieutenant Presnell and Gunnery Sergeant Bailey scored 48s.

(Editor's Note: The above extracts are from several articles by Lieut. William McKean, U. S. M. C., which appeared in the Boston Transcript.)

Shorts on Sports

Pitched .817

Jerry Zlamal, discharged from the Marine Corps July 7, established an enviable record in baseball. After two years in the tropics, playing in the outer gardens, he was transferred to Parris Island. Here he blossomed into a pitcher and in two years twirled twenty-one victories against six losses. Because of his hitting, Jerry played the outfield when he was not on the mound; coming out of the Corps with a batting average of .311 for four years. Jerry plans to continue his baseball in the small leagues of Pennsylvania. Here's to your good luck, Jerry.

Comeback

Jimmy Russo, the popular Marine welterweight, will be ready to answer the gong again in a short time.

The call of the ring was too great for him and he will be right back in harness in about three weeks. Jimmy, who says he is a cousin of Joe Mandarano, middleweight champ of the Marine Corps, was last seen at the Boston Garden some three months ago in an all-military New England title bout, and was kayoed in the first round of a semi-final bout. He is training diligently now and is confident that he will make a better showing next time. Russo, when in top form, is fast and a deadly hitter with either hand.

Break Record

Port Elizabeth, South Africa, Aug. 8. Barney Berlinger, of the Penn A. C., and Walter Marty, of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, led a touring American track and field team to a decisive victory over a picked South African squad today. The Americans won 11 of the 12 events of the program, broke one South African record and tied another.

Not in Illinois

Chicago, Aug. 8.—Jack Dempsey and Benny Leonard may attempt comebacks if they choose, but not in Illinois. This is the stand of Major Gen. John V. Clinchin, chairman of the Illinois Athletic Association, and his colleagues.

San Diego Marine football team is scheduled to meet the West Coast Navy eleven at Navy Field, San Diego, October 18.

Bowling

Maple Topplers

Four men from the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., are included in the lineup of Palmateer's Delicatessen bowling team. They are facing a hard schedule in the Temple Bowling League, and they got away to an auspicious start on the night of September 16th, when they made a clean sweep of their three games.

QM. Sgt. Ellwanger, with a nifty set of 357, led the Marine maple spillers, while every member of the team bowled a very consistent game.

The score:

Palmateer ..	104	117	106	327
Dupris	90	127	96	313
Ellwanger ..	115	121	121	357
McElroy	122	94	102	318
Benedetto ...	117	90	107	314
	548	549	532	1629

These four Marines, with Pfc. Harmon, now discharged, represented the Barracks in the Headquarters tournament last year and romped home with the General's Cup.

—MAC.

Do You Know:

What year the first All-American team was selected?

How many times Ty Cobb led both major leagues in batting?

What horse won the Kentucky Derby in 1923?

What is the Olympic games record for putting the 16-lb. shot?

Who won the President's Cup during the 1915 national matches?

How many times has the Marine Corps won the national rifle team match?

Did John Buvid, a former Marine, play with the 1930 Milwaukee baseball team?

Who won the Canadian open golf match in 1930?

What was Notre Dame's record in games won and lost under Rockne?

See page 46 and J. W. K. will answer these or other questions you may care to ask.



RESINOL, THE GOOD MARINE

RESINOL PRODUCTS exemplify that old Marine Corps slogan, "Semper Fidelis." RESINOL SOAP and OINTMENT are always faithful. The next time you return from a long weary hike, and your dogs are too tired to bark, apply a little RESINOL OINTMENT to them, and feel instant relief. RESINOL SOAP is the only soap for Marines. It cleanses, rejuvenates, and lathers a rich creamy lather. Its pure soap bubbles instinctively drive germs from the body down the old scupper. RESINOL PRODUCTS are on sale all over the world at all Marine Corps Post Exchanges. Remind your Post Exchange Steward to get some for you.



Baseball

Awards Trophy

Quantico, 17 August.—Major General Smedley D. Butler, commanding general, Marine Barracks, Quantico, at eight o'clock tonight presented a large silver loving cup to the baseball team from the Aircraft Squadrons, East Coast Expeditionary Force, Marine Barracks, Quantico, for winning the Intra-Post baseball championship, and congratulated the men on their success. General Butler also awarded silver trophies, consisting of images of baseball players on pedestals, to the Aircraft Squadrons and the Signal Battalion team captains in recognition of their winning the first and second rounds, respectively, of the preliminary series.

The entire series was divided into two rounds of sixteen games each. The Signal Battalion won the first round, the Aviation nine won the second round, and then the two teams started a three-game series to determine the Intra-Post championship. Aviation, by a 4 to 2 score, won the first game on Monday, 10 August; and on Friday, 14 August, by a 9 to 5 score, again defeated the Signalmen and won the Intra-Post championship.

Answers to Questions on Page 45

The late Walter Camp selected the first All-American team in 1889, players from Princeton, Harvard and Yale composed the team.

Cobb led both leagues ten times: 1909-10-11-12-13-14-15-17-18-19, and tied with Honus Wagner in 1907.

In 1923 Zev won, with Earl Sande up. The time, 2:05 2-5.

The Olympic games record for the 16-lb. shot is 52 ft. 11/16 in., by John Kuck, U. S. A. team, in 1928.

Gy.-Sgt. Andrew Hagen, U. S. M. C., won the President's Cup during the 1915 national matches.

The Marine Corps won the national rifle team match ten times, first in 1911, then 1916-18-19-21-22-23-25-28-30.

Buvid pitched for Milwaukee in 45 games, winning 10 and lost 11 for an average of .476. Wildness hindered him, as he gave most bases on balls, 122.

Buvid formerly played with the Peking Legation Guard team.

Tommy Armour defeated Leo Diegel in 36-hole play-off of tie.

During the thirteen years Rockne coached at Notre Dame his teams won 105 games, lost 12 and was tied 5 times. They scored 2847 points against 625 scored against them. Some record!

National Matches

(Continued from page 13)

"It will be the Marines and the Infantry in that order," one sage remarked.

"The Coast Guard is doing fine shooting," another declared.

Rapid fire was next. The Marines, Cavalry, Coast Guard and Infantry were loading, in that order.

Chuckling when he saw the Marine Corps' 4-point lead, a Leatherneck belatedly:

"We got 'em scared now. Rapid fire is pie for Gyrenes; the best the Doughboys will do is get into second place."

That was a happy Marine.

A Colonel of Cavalry appeared to be the only man with a different idea.

"The automatic pistol is the Cavalry's weapon; that Cavalry team will win this match with its weapon. They can't lose now."

Few, if any, agreed. Certainly none expressed assent.

Rapid fire was over. Shots were scored. The United States Cavalry was first in the national match with the Cavalry weapon. It had outshot all of the other 38 teams in the match. Rapid fire proved the Cavalry merit. The Colonel of Cavalry wrote down the final score:

Cavalry, Regular Army ..	1,261
Marines	1,256
Infantry, Regular Army ..	1,253

The old Cavalryman was happy. As he walked by a Marine asked:

"Who is that Cavalry colonel?"

"He's Colonel Osmund Latrobe, the Executive Officer, and at one time was military aide to President Coolidge," a Doughboy captain told him.

"Well, he sure had the right dope about that automatic pistol being the Cavalry weapon."

The members of the Marine Corps pistol team and their scores in this match were as follows:

Smith, Harry L. (Capt.), Capt. USMC. Hq. D. C.	
Edson, Merritt A. (Coach), Capt. USMC. Hq. D. C.	
Jones, John G. (Alternate), Pvt. USMC	
Hohn, Lewis A. — 1st Lt. USMC	80 92 80 252
Fisher, Morris — Gy.-Sgt. USMC	79 90 80 249
Bailey, Henry M. Gy.-Sgt. USMC	79 87 79 245
Presnell, Ray. T. — 1st Lt. USMC	78 94 83 255
Tucker, James R. Gy.-Sgt. USMC	76 90 89 256

Total 1,256

N. R. A. 600-yard Two-man Team Match. The United States Marine Corps made a killing, complete and total, in this match, winning all the first 10 places. Zsiga and Tiete were first with a score of 100; Easterling and Laine second, with 99; Easley and Bartlett third, with 99; Presnell and Edson fourth, with 98; Cagle and Tucker fifth, with 98; Lee and Lemons sixth, with 98; Harker and Cochrane seventh, with 98; Moore and Lloyd eighth, with 98; Robinson and Crowe ninth, with 97; and Martin and Slocum 10th, with 97.

Some shooting!

The National Individual Rifle Match. Marines did not do so well in this match, although Easterling equalled the score of the winner, First Lieut. E. F. Sloan (Infantry), with a 286, but was out-ranked. Marines to win gold badges in this match were Easterling, who placed third, Conradt, who placed ninth; Tucker, who placed 12th, and Hunt, who placed 15th. Silver badges went to Lloyd and Presnell, who placed 31st and 32nd, respectively. Bronze badges were won by Harker (43rd), Jones (62nd), Fisher (70th), Cochrane (88th), and Bartlett (129th).

National Rifle Team Match

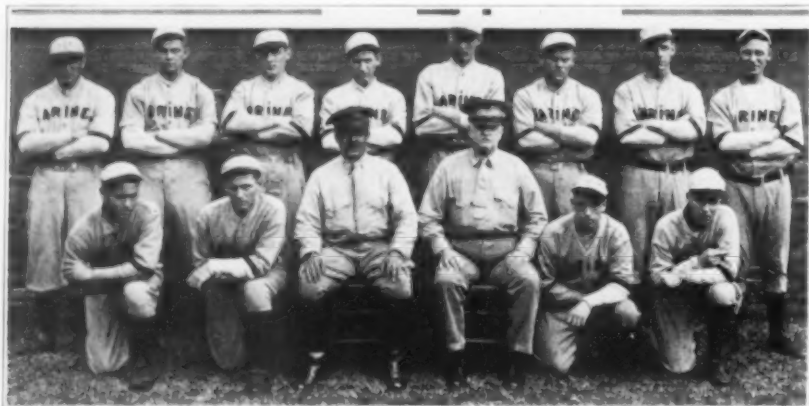
Fighting an uphill battle on the 1,000-yard range, the United States Marine Corps overtook the Coast Guard Team, the Infantry Team, and 110 other teams, and finished with the title, team champions of the National Rifle Team Match, America's greatest team rifle title. Their score was 2,809 out of a possible 3,000. The United States Coast Guard Team, young to the National Matches, was second with a score of 2,788. The United States Infantry was third with a score of 2,759. The Navy had 2,757, Cavalry, 2,749, and Engineers, 2,745.

As the top place changed during the course of the shooting the Marines, victors 11 times in this national classic, took a glance at their team captain, Capt. Joe Jackson, 107 Gray Court Apartments, Winston-Salem, N. C.—and determined to win. He was on his last big match. After more than 30 years' service Capt. Joe Jackson was getting ready to leave the Marines. They were shooting for their Corps—and for "Captain Joe."

And they had the situation in hand, after a terrific contest with the young Coast Guard Team, the Infantry Team, and the Navy. The Coast Guard Team took the lead the day before and when the 200, 300 and 600-yard shooting was over the Coast Guard was topping the honor roll—but the Marines came crashing through on the 20-shot, 1,000-yard range, and took the title. Corporal Easterling shot a 292, equaling the record.

The team coach of the winning Marines was CMG Calvin A. Lloyd, of New Berlin, N. Y.

The shooting members of the championship team were: Cpl. John C. Blodgett, First Lieut. Pierson E. Conradt, Sgt.



Parris Island Baseball Team for 1931, with record of 37 wins and 17 losses. Front row: Smith, Carden, Lieutenant Robbins (Coach and Post Athletic Officer), General Lee, Commanding General, O'Brien, and Koehler. Top row: McDowell, Kerr, Gotko, Casey, Cole, Brannen, Sutton, and Maxwell.

John C. Cochrane, Cpl. William A. East-erling, GS Morris Fisher, Sgt. Frelan S. Hamrick, Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, Sgt. Carl I. Laine and Pvt. Edward V. Seeser, all of Quantico, Va., and Second Lieut. August Larson, Washington, D. C.

Tennis

Champion

Quantico, Va., Sept. 8, 1931.—Second Lieut. Presley M. Rixey, USMC, of Culpeper, Va., son of Col. P. M. Rixey, USMC, also of Culpeper, Va., won the distinction of being the champion raquet-er of the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., yesterday afternoon when he defeated Maj. Roger Peard, USMC, of Washington D. C., in the finals of the Quantico Marine Post Tennis Tourna-ment, which was open to all officers and enlisted men of the post.

Lieutenant Rixey will be presented with a handsome trophy consisting of a silver figure of a tennis player, raquet in hand, mounted upon a large silver loving cup.

The tournament was one of the first of its kind to be held here and was con-sidered a success due to marked interest shown by all participants and numerous spectators who watched every match.

A complete resume of the match play is as follows:

First Round: Lieutenant Rixey de-feated PhM1c J. Tipton, Field Hospital, 6-1, 6-2; PhM1c F. E. Lusk, Field Hos-pital, defeated Private Orlando, Marine Corps Schools, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3; Capt. Hal Potter defeated Private Topper, Signal Battalion, 6-1, 6-0; Cpl. Gordon H. Mer-win, Headquarters Co., defeated Lieuten-ant Stillman by default; Maj. Roger Peard defeated Pvt. Henry Sauls, 74th Co., 6-0, 6-3; Pvt. H. L. Perreault, Sig-nal Battalion, defeated QM. Sgt. Hale, M. C. S., 6-0, 7-5; Pvt. Dean McWilliams, Post Band, defeated Pvt. P. Brown, Post Band, 6-0, 6-0; Major Whaley defeated Pvt. Franklin Boyer, Post Band, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4.

Second Round: Lieut. Rixey defeated F. E. Lusk, 6-1, 6-2; Capt. Hal Potter de-feated Corporal Merwin, 6-1, 6-2; Maj. Roger Peard defeated Pvt. Perreault, 6-2, 6-0; Private McWilliams defeated Major Whaley, 4-6, 14-12, 10-8.

Semi-Finals: Lieutenant Rixey defeat-ed Capt. Potter, 6-4, 7-5, 6-1; Maj. Peard defeated Private McWilliams, 6-4, 8-6, 6-3.

Finals: Lieutenant Rixey defeated Ma-jor Peard, 7-9, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

Quantico tennis players are girding themselves for the Doubles Tournament which opens this week at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. The win-ners of the doubles tourney, also open to all officers and enlisted men of the Post, will receive trophies similar to that awarded the singles champion.

Marine Corps Reserve Training Log

(Continued from page 39)

Small arms practice: the sub-Thompson, Colt automatic, and Springfield rifle. In-structed by Lieutenant Whele.

Third Day

A. M. Attended troop and drill. In-spected second platoon. Drilled platoon in close order. Attended office hours.

School: Pay and muster rolls. In-structed by Captain Walter Sweet.

P. M. Post exchange audit and book-keeping. Instructed by Lieutenant Miles Newton. Reported to summary court martial to witness proceedings. Major A. W. Jacobsen senior member of the board.

Fourth Day

A. M. Attended troop and drill. In-spected second platoon. Commanded second platoon in platoon drill.

School: Small arms practice. Rifle, standing, sitting, and prone positions, slow and rapid fire. Instructed by Lieu-tenant Whele.

P. M. Auditing pay rolls. Instructed by Chief Pay Clerk Robinson.

Fifth Day

A. M. Attended troop. Participated in parade and review in honor of Colonel E. A. Greene, whose retirement occurs on September 1, 1931.

School: Q. M. department. The issue of clothing; transportation; public prop-erty; subsistence accounts; surveys, etc. Instructed by Major A. W. Jacobsen.

P. M. School: Duties of the mess offi-er. Instructed by Lieutenant G. D. Hamilton. (Had the pleasure of meet-ing Lieutenant Colonel G. M. Kincaid, the new commanding officer of this post, whom I served under at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1914.)

Sixth Day

A. M. Accompanied the commanding officer on a tour of inspection.

P. M. Holiday routine.

Second Week, First Day

A. M. Small arms practice. Sub-Thompson machine gun, Colt automatic, Springfield rifle. Instructed by Lieu-tenant Whele.

P. M. School: The duties of the ad-jutant for formal guard mount and bat-talion parade. Instructed by Lieutenant G. D. Hamilton.

Second Day

A. M. Formal guard mount and bat-talion parade, commanded by Captain Walter Sweet.

P. M. School: Naval Courts and boards. Chapter on summary court mar-tials. Instructed by Captain Walter Sweet.

Third Day

A. M. Attended troop and drill. In-spected second platoon. Informal guard mount. Attended office hours. Accom-panied O. D. on inspection tour of bar-racks and grounds.

P. M. School: The procuring of sup-plies from the naval supply depot. In-structed by Major A. W. Jacobsen.

Fourth Day

A. M. Accompanied fire marshal, Lieutenant Miles Newton, on tour of fire duty. Attended office hours.

P. M. School. Reported to Captain Clauson, commanding Naval Prison, for instruction in prison routine, the han-dling of prisoners, and prison guards.

(Editor's note: Lieutenant Houck was assigned warden of the U. S. Naval Prison at Mare Island in 1918.)

Fifth Day

A. M. Assigned as commander of the guard. Informal guard mount. At-tended office hours.

P. M. Visited all sentries and listened to all orders, both general and special.

Sixth Day

A. M. School: Deck court procedure. Instructed by Captain Walter Sweet. Ac-

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NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

accompanied commanding officer on inspection tour.

P. M. Holiday routine. Detached.

Editor's note: Both Captain Frank Mallen, U. S. M. C. R., and Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, U. S. M. C. R., wish to thank Colonel E. A. Greene, Colonel G. M. Kincade, and all the officers of the post for the splendid cooperation, generosity, instruction and schooling which they received, and convey the impression that Colonel Kincade is to be congratulated on having such a fine staff of willing officers, who made their two weeks' training a real pleasure instead of a grind.

The Old Warrior's Tale

(Continued from page 40)

finest if not the finest I came across in the service. The "Powhatan" was commanded by Capt. T. Scott Fillebrown, with Rear Admiral Trenchard, a typical sailor. Later on in life, when I had again put on civilian clothes, I made the acquaintance of an old bluejacket who had served under the Admiral during the Civil War and who had the best words to say of him.

The other officers were Lieut. Com. French E. Chadwick, Lieutenants Reeder and Biehler, Navigating Officer Lieutenant Dunlap and Midshipman Mulligan. Of the guard, I can remember but a few, but there were Larry Doran, "Trapper" Brown, Frank Freeman (our mess cook), Fisher, Hunt and Johnny Jackson, as drummer, and "Fifer" Kaiser. We made a two months trip to the West Indies, where I saw a little trouble, but not to any extent.

Returning to Norfolk, Va., I was injured during a big gun drill as the ship was sailing for New York. The next day I was relieved from duty for the present. Arriving at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, I was immediately sent to the Naval Hospital, where I remained two months and 17 days and then back to the barracks, where I was promoted to corporal, having passed the necessary examination. I did not have my warrant very long when I was told to report back to the "Powhatan" and relieve Corporal Ben Hart. This was the same man who went from the "Colorado" to the "Powhatan" and who had been promoted to corporal, but having been elevated on board ship, he was to lose his rank according to the ruling of those days. I put in the rest of my time on board requesting, when discharged, it might be given me at Norfolk, Va.

The day I was to be discharged I was on duty at the port gangway. The night before at taps the bugler played "Home, Sweet Home" and I thought how nice it fitted in with my case. I spent several days at the barracks and met Captain (Micky) Cochrane, who signed my discharge. My warrant as corporal was signed by Col. Charles G. McCauley, then in command of the Corps. During my time there was but one sergeant major in the Corps, and he was at Washington; now I understand there is one at every post.

Returning to civil life, I again took up time with the state militia and was immediately promoted to corporal, having passed the examination before a board sitting for that purpose. At the examination the chairman was so well pleased with the outcome that he said

"that was the best examination I have ever heard (outside my own company)," and it caused me to laugh. He asked me where I had obtained the information and I said, "I am just out of the U. S. Marines." He had nothing more to say. In less than three months I was elevated to color sergeant, as which I put in two enlistments.

In June, 1891, I joined the Army-Navy Union as a veteran; served as the garrison commander, adjutant several terms, then became department adjutant, department commander and two consecutive terms as national judge advocate. In 1921, I learned of a meeting of New York Detachment, Marine Corps Veterans, as it was called then, and returned home determined to form one here. I obtained the necessary 10 names and was awarded a temporary charter by Maj. Sidney W. Brewster, then national commandant, but the weather that winter was very severe and after being elected commandant, my efforts were in vain, for we had no regular place of meeting and the boys decided to let it go until such times were more favorable. In 1923, I attended another meeting of the organization in the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, and at that meeting the name was changed to the Marine Corps League.

At the meeting of the Marine Corps Veterans, and at which meeting the name was changed to the Marine Corps League, I was very much opposed to the change for, once an organization has adopted a name, it should stick to it. I had quite an argument with Colonel Read, then in active service, about the change. I really lost my head in the argument and may have made some cutting remarks for which, at this date, I feel very sorry and I hereby apologize and hope he will read this article and understand my regret. It was only in deference to the wishes of Major General Lejeune that I accepted the change of name, but if the time should ever come to refer back to the old name, believe me, I will be for it.

Later on I enrolled with the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment of Albany, N. Y., and am still with it. A finer bunch of boys would be hard to find, for when anything is started for the benefit of the Detachment or League, and although a committee is appointed, every member has his shoulder to the wheel and it goes through with a bang. Anyone who has attended any of their entertainments will willingly vouch that they got their money's worth. At the present time, I am on my second term as detachment chaplain, and I feel assured that what little I have accomplished for the benefit of the detachment has been fully appreciated.

I am thankful to all who attended the National Convention a few years back, for accepting my humble efforts in creating a grave marker and the credit should go to my detachment. There is plenty more to say if I could only bring my memory back as it was 10 years ago, but age will tell on most every one and more on some than others. So with this simple offering for the good of the cause I will bring this to a close and try in another way to give other ideas for the benefit of the cause. As time goes on many things will come to my mind of former days, and I will jot them down for reference.

H. C. Edgerton.

Properly Honored at Last

The remains of Capt. John Gwinn, U. S. N., who once commanded the U. S. S. Constitution, were re-interred August 24 with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery. The body of his widow, Mrs. Caroline S. Gwinn, also was laid to rest with him at yesterday's ceremonies.

The body of the commandant of "Old Ironsides" and that of his wife were brought here from the Philadelphia cemetery, where they were buried for more than half a century, by the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

A company of Marines from Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., assisted in the ceremonies.

A Tribute to General Butler

(Continued from page 14)

to attack Fort Riviere, Haiti, with a force made up of detachments from the Fifth, Thirteenth, Twenty-third Companies, and the marine detachment and sailors from the "Connecticut." Fort Riviere was an old French bastion fort, about 200 feet on the side, with thick walls of brick and stone, the walls being loop-holed. The original entrance had been on the north side, but had been blocked, a small breach in the southern wall being used in its stead. As this breach in the wall was the only entrance to the fort, it was naturally covered by the defenders on the inside making passage through it into the fort a most hazardous undertaking for the leading man. Notwithstanding the fact that the fire of the Cacos was constantly passing through this hole in the wall, Sergeant Ross L. Iams, Fifth Company, unhesitatingly jumped through, closely followed by Pvt. Samuel Gross of the twenty-third company. A melee then ensued inside of the fort for about 10 minutes, the Cacos fighting desperately with rifles, clubs, stones, etc., during which several jumped from the walls in an effort to escape, but were shot by the automatic guns of Fifth company and by the Thirteenth Company advancing to the attacks.

It is urged that Maj. Smedley D. Butler be given a medal of honor for his conspicuous bravery during the assault on Fort Riviere. Two men entered ahead of him, doing so to prevent him from being the first. Theirs was devotion to him, while his action was devotion to duty. The assault inside the fort was made by 23 men with the knowledge that no quarter would be given them.

Order of the Black Star

BUTLER, Smedley D. Brig. General
Commanding 5th Brigade, U. S. M. C.
Ordre de l'Etoile Noire (COMMANDER)
Decree of December 12, 1919

"The Grand Chancellor of the National Order of the Legion of Honor Certifies that by Decree of December 12, 1919, The President of the French Republic confers on the above, the decoration of Commander of the Order of the Black Star. Done at Paris, December 12, 1919. Seen, verified, sealed and registered. No. 4157. The Chief of the First Bureau.

Signatures Illegible

Distinguished Service Medals

November 11, 1920
The President of the United States

takes pleasure in presenting the DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL TO SMEDLEY D. BUTLER, Brig. Gen., U. S. M. C.

for services during the World War as set forth in the following citation:

"For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. He organized, trained and commanded the 13th Regiment Marines; also the 5th Brigade of Marines. He commanded with ability and energy Camp Pontanezen at Brest during the time in which it has developed into the largest embarkation camp in the world. Confronted with problems of extraordinary magnitude in supervising the reception, entertainment and departure of large numbers of officers and soldiers passing through this camp, he has solved all with conspicuous success, performing services of the highest character for the American Expeditionary Forces."

For the President

Countless men have served with General Smedley Butler (one serves "with" him, not "under" him); a few swear at him, but the vast majority swear by him. He has the reputation of the stern taskmaster; but he is one who never sets a task he is unwilling or incapable of performing himself.

What the general's plans may be, or what profession he intends to follow, we do not know. However, we are certain of one thing—General Butler will succeed in whatever venture he undertakes. And whatever he may do, and wherever he may go, we hope good fortune goes with him.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 34)

dressed as the so-much-talked-about visitor to Europe during the last month.

Does anyone remember one of the never-say-die group of the 84th Company veterans named George Elmer Whippo? George was wounded in the first days of the Argonne and today is, I am told, an expert in the work of chair-carrying at the Red Cross rehabilitation building in New York. He is still that happy, vibrant figure of the old days and sends greeting to the fellows of the Sixth Regiment who can yet remember him.

Passing down Park Avenue the other evening I saw a fellow polishing brass work in the doorway of one of the new office buildings. He looked like an old Marine of Quantico days, so I shouted, "Hello, Marine!" He at once turned and with a rush came to the sidewalk with outstretched hand excitedly exclaiming, "Why, Doc, I'm so glad to see you!" It turned out to be Arnold, one of the anti-aircraft boys. He is now married and holds a good job for these days in putting his Marine training into practice by doing all his work with the spirit of the old Corps.

Next month I must return to my notes on the Philadelphia Barracks and Navy Yard group, together with information also of Brooklyn and its new commander, Colonel Kincade. Till then I can only say "adieu" and ring down the curtain.



Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

What is the effect of irritation upon the throat? Here are the exact words of a noted authority retained by us to study this question. He writes:

"First, the vocal chords, on account of their delicacy of structure, would be the first tissues to give indication of irritation, evidenced by the huskiness of the smoker's voice, the result of relaxed tension and slower vibration of the vocal chords. The next site of irritation would be the tissues adjacent to the vocal chords comprising the larynx, therefore the general focal point of the irritation would be in the voice box represented externally by the Adam's Apple."

So—Consider your Adam's Apple. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Reach for a LUCKY instead.



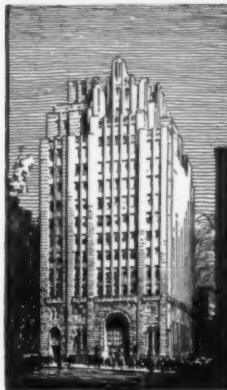
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Early Days in Carolina Province

(Continued from page 9)

prayers and spirituals. The old church yards about the Episcopal and Huguenot churches are very precious today because of records on monuments. Monuments were carved in Italy and always carried fulsome epitaphs—there was never room enough to tell the story!

The plantations were made up of de buckruh, servants and slaves. Along about 1735, 3000 slaves were coming in yearly, the average plantation value of same being \$700 or \$800 each. The slaves were experts in making piggins, tubs, pots and rush baskets. Indians did not make satisfactory workers. Around the year 1700, the plantations might carry each 1000 cattle which found their own food in grass, shrubs and wampee bulbs (in the marshes).

In 1690, John Stewart, seeing the abundant native wild growth of Indigo, advised its use for dye making, which was done. At the time of the American Revolution the Colony was exporting yearly, 1,007,660 pounds of Indigo—this being sufficient blue dye for England's needs and partly for European needs. England, in 1747, was using 600,000 pounds French Indigo dye costing six shillings a pound. The first agricultural bounty paid in this country was on Carolina Indigo—sixpence a pound. Miss Eliza Lucas, in 1741, introduced here the seeds of the cultivated and more prolific Indigo plant, as coming from Antigua. Bene, or Sesame, was grown. Rice and silk cotton followed Indigo.

Trade with England in the Carolina Province began in 1670. While Virginia sent out only a little tobacco and Massachusetts sent nothing, the Carolina Province exported enormous amounts in such as indigo, rice, naval stores (tar, pitch, turpentine and rosin), deer skins, furs, hides, provisions, lumber, etc. The Colony's imports in 1754 were about 200,000 pounds Sterling, while her exports ran up in 1754 to 242,529 pounds Sterling. In her imports and exports the Colony was doubly useful to England and in all was a jewel of a province!

Charleston, for a long while, was the rice market of the world. Landgrave

Smith introduced rice seed from Madagascar into the Colony, 1693. Impetus in rice growing was given when in 1778, Mr. Lucas invented a mill—the model still in use—for hulling and cleaning it, and when, in 1784, General Pinckney and Gideon DuPont introduced a system of flooding the rice fields with water through storage ponds, dams, canals, etc., rice exports from South Carolina



Memorial

To the men of Parris Island who gave their lives for Democracy.

and Georgia finally ran up to nearly two hundred millions of pounds a year. The rice era was a rare exhibit in world agriculture. It was an era here of great intelligence and culture. The young men were educated at Oxford and Cambridge and the young women had English tutors. Rice was a great wealth maker. In the

memoirs of Colonel Richard Lathers, Georgetown, S. C., it states that the yearly net income of a rice planter with 150 slaves, was \$15,000 and that the yearly increment value through births of his slaves educated his children. The negro food was rice. The Gullah negro then and today would think he was starving if debarred from his rice diet.

There is along the Carolina Coast a golden chain of islands, some 17 in number, where grew later on and beginning 1825 the world's Sea Island or silk cotton, whose lint length was 1½ to 2 inches and which substituted for silk. These islands make up a romance in history, in crops and in peoples. Here lived the Sea Island negro—the Gullah. St. Helena Island today has some 4,000 negroes who own their own homes. These negroes link back, direct, to the old plantation days. Here in the island's big Community House of Penn School, are sung the best and purest spirituals in the United States. "The St. Helena Spirituals" is a printed book made up of these above spirituals.

The flora of the country deeply interests the modern visitor. Here are live-oaks 12 feet in diameter and with 172 feet spread of limb. The Liveoak avenues on the R. H. McCurdy place, Tomatley, are the most majestic tree avenues in the world. Our oldest cypress trees are here—1200 to 1500 years old. Here is the magnolia grandiflora, three and one-half feet in diameter and 175 years old. Here are slash pine, tupelo and sweet gum trees, and the strange Chinese tallow and running willow oak. In the wild fields are phlox, black eye susan, coreopsis, mallow, salt myrtle, globe flower and dwarf buckeye. Along all the causeways and holding back the tides, tamarix grows. Everywhere grows casena bushes with their brilliant red Christmas berries and from which leaves the Indians made yaupon tea. Today we find here three of the nation's finest floral gardens—Magnolia, Middleton and Cypress Garden. What happened in the section ages ago passes all understanding for how came here its millions upon millions of tons of phosphate rock, with its 56% content of animal bone! The first discovery of this rock and its exploitation took place here and without doubt it constituted the greatest agricultural discovery that had ever been made. From 1872 to 1893 the whole world came here for its phosphate material in guano making.

Facing the sea lying in front of St. Helena Island, is an island range called the "Barrier Islands," wild, uninhabited by the human and unmarred by him. Here are the largest breeding places for wild birds in the United States—wood ibis, osprey, tern, egret, pelican, eagles, etc.—in all some sixteen or eighteen types. Many deer are here, and rac-

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coons. On the beaches here is the finest surf bass fishing perhaps in our country, while the sea inlets between the islands are full of all kinds of fish.

In the Port Royal and Charleston country today, are perhaps a hundred game preserves—more are here than in any other section of the States. Here in abundance are quail, deer, turkey, duck, etc. The whole coast is famous for oysters, shrimp and diamond back terrapin. The remarkably high tides are responsible for an unusual quantity of great and very beautiful tidal marshes. These marshes are full of animated life. And the prettiest thing here is the marsh hen, who builds in the tall grasses for her pretty brood, a floating nest that rises and falls with the run of the tide and the sweetest sound here is the vesper song of this marsh hen a-bidding good night to the setting sun with her

Chee, Chee, Chee! Chee! Chee!

The Romance of Parris Island

(Continued from page 8)

all their high sounding name The Lord's Proprietors was a narrow, selfish, impotent body and a broken reed to lean upon and it was this body that was responsible for the failure of Port Royal to come into its heritage. If the body had carried out its promises what enormous exports would have gone out from the Colony and what a jewel of a possession and a cornucopia of richness would have been the province! Handicapped as she was she sent out millions of deer skins, huge amounts of lumber and naval stores and the whole of England's needs in indigo and rice. We must not forget, too, that for 200 years this narrow strip of coast land was the crux and sole support of the whole State of South Carolina.

Heavily populated by Indians was the Carolina coast. Life for them was easy because of climate, rich soil for crops and the abundance of foods in forest and water. Ribaut at Parris Island speaks of them, that they were kind-hearted, fine appearing and cleanly in person and homes and that they wore soft doeskin garments painted in colored designs. Some twenty Indian mounds are today in this section. The chiefs about Port Royal who helped the Huguenots were Audusta, Touppa, Stalame and Mayou.

In later days the Yamasees (Yemassee is incorrect spelling) played a great part here. In 1597, there was a Yamasee revolt in Gualle in which followed the murder of friars and breaking up of missions and a remarkable speech was here made as to the cause of the trouble by

the Yamasee chief. The Spanish meted out terrible punishment. The Yamasees came up to Carolina and were settled on the islands around Port Royal River. Later this powerful tribe was moved some fifteen miles up into what became known as Indian Land and extending from the Combahee to the Savannah rivers. Here they built many towns—Salkehatchie, Altamaha, Tomatley, Pocataligo, Coosawhatchie, Okatee, etc.

The Creeks of central Georgia, the Cherokees of the mountains and the Carolina Indians suffered great wrongs at the hands of that miscellaneous aggregation known as "Charleston Traders," who went among them with packs carried on the backs of Indians and horses. The climax of these wrongs came in the 1715 Yamasee War, which began at the chief's town, Pocataligo. Flames and murder and terror spread all the way to Charleston! Doomsday seemingly had come for the Colony! Almost by a miracle Captain Chicken turned the Indians back. Their towns were destroyed. The remnants fled to Gualle and Florida. It took years and years for the Colony to recover.

The negro slave that tilled the land of the Port Royal River islands and extending all the way up to Georgetown, was the Gullah. He is wholly distinctive and sui generis in color, facial expression and in speech. The Gullah language is made up of 1700 words. You could not understand today, a group of them in rapid talk. The best of all negro spirituals have come from the Gullah, the words and the crooning music of his spirituals being all his own and out of his heart. Through indigo, rice and Sea Island cotton days as a slave he did the work. It was he who by felling trees, digging up roots, building dams, storage ponds and canals, created the miracle of transforming cypress swamps into rice fields! Every white child had his or her negro Mauma. The negroes sat in the broad galleries of the white churches as fellow members and communicants and by the same white minister they were buried.

In olden days Parris Island was noted for its palms, cedars and live oaks. The island is one of 62 inhabited islands that here amid deep salt waters make Beaufort County to be a veritable Venice land! The tides here run 8 to 13 feet. Today these islands are given over to growing rich crops of truck, vegetables now taking the place of former time crops.

Today as taken over and owned by the United States Government, Parris Island is known the world around, for her Marines have sailed all the seas and trod the soil of every land! But what a marvelous history and tradition is forever hers—this oldest of all our American islands!

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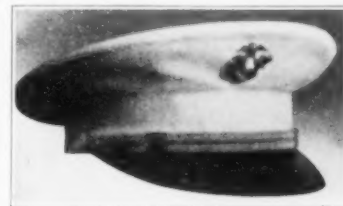
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The Marine Factory, Parris Island

(Continued from page 12)

knew. Much work in the way of plant life, grass and trees has been done and, as some poet would say, has become a real "sylvan retreat"—a garden spot in South Carolina where one can find landscapes pleasing to the eye, soothing to the spirit, and scenery bringing a person close to nature. Our climate is wonderful and well adapted to out-of-door training and athletics the year around.

The old Hostess House of wartime construction has been remodeled and is now monikered "The Post Inn." There is an old naval custom which requires all good Marines to have a desire to skip a meal in the messhall now and then and donate a little money to the post's amusement through the purchase of some rations over the counter of a restaurant. Being fully cognizant of this trait, the post exchange here had constructed a post exchange restaurant, including an excellent soda fountain, in the main station area at the approximate cost of fifteen thousand dollars. Here short orders and the traditional cup of "java" can be obtained, and if the old-timers will run very lightly over this part the writer will say that good milk-shakes, ice cream and sodas can be had at the fountain. We have one of the most up-to-date barber shops in the post exchange. In this connection the style of hair-cuts vary, but it is felt in the most select circles that the two-inch styles will be worn by the majority. A new bake shop was recently finished and after looking it over the writer's enjoyment of his bread and pastry has increased two-fold. This bakery has the most modern equipment and is a four-star activity of the post. New machinery has been placed in the post laundry, roads are being built, the traffic is good. We have a new commissary which has all the appearances of a modern chain grocery store, carrying an excellent line of all types of commissaries. A post exchange filling station is being maintained where oil and gasoline may be purchased without the usual State tax by the members of the service (this through the courtesy of the Tax Commission of South Carolina) and small repair work done on privately owned automobiles. We have an excellent golf course and through the efforts of Colonel Manney, the president of the Golf Club, and the board of governors, Lieutenant Commander Patton, Lieutenant Fink and Captain Armstead, this course is rapidly becoming one of the best in this section of the country. Tennis courts are plentiful and of course there is all kinds of room in the surrounding waters for swimming and boating.

With the decision of the Major General Commandant to do away with the All-Marine athletic teams, athletics have taken a great turn for the better at this post. We entered the baseball world this past Spring and had a most wonderful season. Our team was rather slow in getting started, due to the lack of players, but through the efforts of General Lee and the interest of Major Brewster at Headquarters, the players were forth-

coming; and after First Lieutenant Edward A. Robbins took over the team as athletic officer, we established a record for wins. We are collecting personnel and material for a championship football team this fall, the post exchange council has appropriated sufficient funds to supply everything required in an equipment way. First Lieutenant "Swede" Larson has been ordered here to take over the helm, and the laurels had better lay low when we start charting the football waters this fall.

The old Lyceum has been remodeled and made into one of the best sound picture theatres in the South. We are running a good class of pictures each night, for which there is no admission charge. We recently secured new seats for the Lyceum and now we have a real theatre. We have a splendid library with a good class of books and periodicals, and all members of the command are welcome at all times. Captain Walter J. Green is playing the position of morale officer on our "team" and is certainly playing a wonderful game, and is due a vote of thanks from the entire command for our good evenings' recreation.

Following the World War, there were considerable aviation activities at Parris Island, both for land planes and seaplanes. Later the old aviation field was discarded and all aviation activities moved to Quantico. However, in recent years we established a stub mast at this post and have had several visits of the U. S. S. "Los Angeles" from Lakehurst. Our drill field is suitable for land planes and we frequently have callers by air. In addition there is a landing field at Beaufort, across the bay, about fourteen miles distant by automobile. There was established here in 1930 a well equipped aerological station which is manned by a Marine sergeant who is an aerologist, and who is on duty here from the Bureau of Aeronautics, with special reference to trips and aerial conditions for the information and guidance of the U. S. S. "Los Angeles."

A need at Parris Island, felt in many quarters, is that of extending the training to about fourteen weeks and the establishment of an infantry weapon school in order that all recruits leaving the depot here will be competent in all classes of weapons of the infantry type. If this were done we would have a finished product coming from the recruit depot at this post, a Marine thoroughly competent in all infantry weapons, primarily an infantryman, and thoroughly capable of taking up artillery, signal corps, engineers, aviation, or sea duty. Due to the fact that many recruits leave the island without training in these weapons and go to posts having no such training, these men later find themselves on expeditions requiring the use of these weapons and lacking in the knowledge of their operation.

There are many interesting things down on Parris Island, many improvements have been made, but we are not through. We have a commanding general and a staff all looking for the betterment of our plant, having in mind the betterment of the product, the spirit of accomplishment hangs over all the island and we are determined to go ahead. We don't expect all we want at one time, but are gradually working to the perfection of our machine.

Contents Noted

A Wartime Buddy

Dear Sir:
I would like to get in touch with Mr. John T. Ratto, who was in the active service with me. He was a Sergeant in the 47th Company, 5th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, in the offensive operations in the Arsonne Sector on November 1, 1918.

If you have any record of Mr. Ratto, other than 1740 Fleet Street, Baltimore, Md., I would greatly appreciate any assistance you can give me in locating his present address.

Thanking you in advance, I am
SIDNEY P. DOIZE.
620 South Cortez Street,
New Orleans, La.

At the time Sergeant John T. Ratto was discharged on November 17, 1919, he gave his forwarding address as General Delivery, Baltimore, Md. When he enlisted in 1915, he gave the address of a cousin, John H. Malatesta, 3139 Jerome Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Doc Clifford

Dear Sir:
It was my pleasure last Sunday evening to be a member of the congregation at a church service held in the Bethlehem Baptist Church of this city. The sermon was delivered by the Reverend John H. (Doc) Clifford, and it was with the greatest satisfaction that I found him well after his recent illness.

I found that "Doc" had not forgotten me after five years time and we had a delightful conversation. During the course of our talk I became acquainted with the fact that our Chaplain is no longer making his tour of the Marine Corps posts.

"Doc" Clifford, in the years that he has been with the Marines, has become as much a part of the Marine Corps as have our other traditions and his name has become associated with the thought of religion in the mind of every Marine (regardless of creed) with whom he has come in contact.

It seems to me that something might be done to insure his continuing his post tours. A contribution of ten cents from every Marine would pay all expenses and enable "Doc" to continue the charity of his work. Perhaps someone has a better suggestion but we can't lose this man who has observed our motto, SEMPER FIDELIS, in every way.
PFC. SHERIDAN F. HARDEY.

Foot of Snyder Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Friend in Need

Dear Sir:
I would thank you if you could get the present address of a friend of mine for me, Trumpeter Richard Marshall, who is at present in the Marine Corps.

It is my understanding that he is stationed on the East Coast.

I certainly would appreciate any help that you would be able to give me.
AUSTIN B. SPEED.
MD. USS LOUISVILLE.
c-o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.
Trumpeter Marshall is at present serving with the Barracks Detachment, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Queyrrouze?

Dear Sir:
Will you please insert a reading notice in THE LEATHERNECK to the effect that anyone knowing the whereabouts of Private Harold J. Queyrrouze to please communicate with the undersigned?

He was last heard of at the Naval Prison Detachment, Portsmouth, N. H.

The desired information will be greatly appreciated.
MILBURN C. CREECY.
Marine Barracks,
Pacut Sound Navy Yard,
Bremerton, Washington.

Seek and Ye Shall Find

Dear Sir:
I would like to know when I will receive my Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal—also a campaign bar.

I would also thank you for information anent my Good Conduct Medal, to which I think I am entitled. I was discharged on July 25, 1925, after serving one enlistment and nine months of a one year extension.

These medals would hold many memories for me and I would like very much to receive them.

CHARLES W. EDWARDS.
MD. USS WEST VIRGINIA.
c-o Postmaster, San Pedro, Calif.

Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal, No. 1024, has been forwarded to Mr. Edwards under date of August 20, 1931. Campaign bars are not issued by Headquarters Marine Corps but can be purchased at a nominal cost from any military shop.

Mr. Edwards has been awarded Good Conduct Medal No. 90310, which will be forwarded to him within the next month.

Thanks

Dear Sir:
Enclosed herewith is a check in the amount of \$2.50. Please enter by subscription to THE LEATHERNECK for one year.

I am a legionnaire of the Army but I think your Gazette is the best ever.
J. B. WHALEN.
4 South Main Street,
Rutland, Vt.

Yangtze Medal

Dear Sir:
Please answer the following in your columns. Are Marines who served with the Marine Expeditionary Forces in Shanghai, China, from February, 1927, to 1929, entitled to a medal known as the Yangtze Expeditionary Medal?

EX-FOURTH REGIMENT MARINE.
Men who served in China or were members of a ship's landing party between the dates of September 3, 1926, to November 21, 1927, only, are entitled to the Yangtze Medal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sergeant, MB, Parris Island: Several Marines were transferred from the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peking, China to the Sixth Regiment, Third Brigade, U. S. Marines, Tientsin, China, on 7 August, 1928, and served in that regiment until about September, 1928, when we were transferred to the United States. Are we entitled to the Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal for time served in the 6th Regiment while on Expeditionary duty?

Answer: Yes.

Staff Sergeant, MB, Parris Island: A man who has designated on Form NMC, 502-A&I (beneficiary slip) as his beneficiary and dependent relative, his mother, and showing dependency consists of "voluntary contributions," dies. Is it necessary for this dependent to make formal application for the six months gratuity paying proof that she was dependent upon her son? My interpretation of Article 28-41 (1), MCM, is that such application is not necessary.

Answer: When a beneficiary has been designated, the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department sends such beneficiary proper application blanks upon which to submit claim for death gratuity, provided, that the death of the man was not the result of his own misconduct. The application requires that a dependent relative, other than wife or child, must prove dependency, and when there is a question as whether dependency really exists the matter is referred to the General Accounting Office for final action.

First Sergeant, San Diego: Private Smith deserted from the MD, USS "Texas"; Feb. 4, 1931, surrendered at the Recruiting Station, Los Angeles, Calif., May 10, 1931, delivered to this Base, May 12, 1931, under guard sent from this Base to Los Angeles, on May 12, 1931; confined May 12, 1931, recommended for trial by GCM, on May 14th, letter from Major General Commandant directing that he be picked up on rolls of this Base, received May 25; charge and specification received June 10; tried by general court-martial June 15. What remarks should appear on muster rolls?

Answer: MAY ROLL: 12 jdfr desertion Feb. 4, 1931, deserted from MD, USS "Texas." 10 surrendered Rects. Sta. Los Angeles, Calif. 12 delivered this post under guard. 12-31 conf awtg trial GCM.

JUNE ROLL: 1-14 awtg trial GCM, convicted. 15-30 conf awtg results of GCM.

(b) Sergeant Doe, 17th Co. 1st Bn. 5th Rest., 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, is granted a furlough of 30 days with travel time for the purpose of visiting U. S.; sailed from Corinto on the USAT, "Somme," May 2, 1931; arrived at San Francisco, May 11, 1931, reports at this Base June 8, 1931, awaiting transportation to Nicaragua; he deserts on June 15, 1931. What heading and remarks are appropriate in his case on the muster rolls?

Answer: HEADING: Deserters. REMARKS: 8-14 temp att awtg trans to Nicaragua. 15 deserted.

First Sergeant, Mare Island, Calif.: Two privates, their ship at sea for target practice, report to the Patrol Office five hours over leave. They are directed to report to the USS "Procyon," where they are placed in the Draft Division until the return of this ship. What would be the remarks in the case concerned on the muster roll?

Answer: HEADING: Temporarily Attached. REMARKS: (dates) AOL from USS (dates) awtg arrival of USS



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20.00 for 12 Months	244.40
25.00 for 12 Months	305.50
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General Information

AIRCRAFT GUNNERY

Observation Plane Squadron 9M, Port au Prince, Haiti, attained the highest merit in aircraft gunnery in the Observation and Scouting Squadrons Navy and Marine Corps—and was awarded the Gunnery Trophy for the fiscal year 1931. This is the second year in succession that this squadron has won this trophy.

Observation Squadron 6M, Aircraft Squadrons, ECEF., Quantico, Va., took third place.

Fighting Plane Squadron 10M, Aircraft Squadrons, WCEF., Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif., took second place in aircraft gunnery in the Fighting Squadrons class—Navy and Marine Corps.

THE FOLLOWING-NAMED MEN HAVE ATTAINED A SCORE OF 92 OR BETTER OVER THE PISTOL QUALIFICATION COURSE DURING 1931.

Sgt. Frank Ackerman	96
Sgt. Maj. Oliver M. Schneider	95
Gy.-Sgt. Johnson B. Hill	95
Pvt. Walter S. Smith	95
Capt. John F. Blanton	94
Pvt. Robert V. Soranno	95
1st Lt. Rupert R. Deese	93
1st Lt. William A. Hamilton	93
1st Sgt. William E. Mitchell	93
Sgt. Louis P. Mazzei	93
Capt. Frank D. Strong	92
Gy.-Sgt. Joseph W. Logue	92
Cpl. Charles F. Criswell	92

RIFLE QUALIFICATION COURSE DURING 1931.

Pvt. George W. Martin	335
Pvt. John Queen	333
Sgt. Reuben C. Ward	329
1st Sgt. William E. Mitchell	327
Pvt. Emmitt Perdue	327
Gy.-Sgt. Johnson B. Hill	326
Cpl. Arthur J. Sutton, Jr.	326
Gy.-Sgt. Gordon Hopp	325
Sgt. James E. Hunt	325
Sgt. Irvin N. Kelly	325
Pfc. Frederick W. Huppert, Jr.	325
Pvt. Herbert J. Letellier	325

PROMOTIONS

Under date of September 2, 1931, and by Circular Letter No. 103, the Major General Commandant advises that due to the excess numbers in the grades of sergeant, corporal, field music and private first class incident to the reduction of the Corps to 16,000, the provisions of the Marine Corps Manual relating to promotions to these grades are temporarily suspended. Promotions in these grades, except in the cases of marine detachments afloat, will be made only on the specific authority of the Major General Commandant in each case.

Vacancies at all posts and stations, including foreign short stations, but excluding ships' detachments, will be filled by transfer, grade for grade.

Promotions in the grades of sergeant, corporal and private first class in marine detachments afloat will be made, within authorized complements, without reference to the Major General Commandant, on ships' warrants or appointments. In accordance with Article 614, Navy Regulations, ships' warrants and appointments continue in force until the termination of the cruise, unless sooner vacated by order of the appointing authority. Upon the permanent transfer ashore of the holder of a ship's warrant or appointment, notation of the revocation of such warrant or appointment will be made in the man's service record book.

RETIREMENTS

The President of the United States on September 1, 1931, approved the application of Major General Smedley D. Butler, U. S. Marine Corps, to be placed on the retired list of the Marine Corps after thirty-three years service. The retirement of Major General Butler will take effect October 1, 1931.

The Major General Commandant on September 10, 1931, gave notice and approved of the retirement of Sergeant Major Ernest Arnold, U. S. Marine Corps, as of October 1, 1931. On that date Sergeant Major Arnold will have completed thirty years, one month and six days service in the U. S. Marine Corps.

The Major General Commandant on August 11, 1931, approved of the application of Sergeant Llewellyn Jenkins, Jr., U. S. Marine Corps, to be placed on the retired list of enlisted men on September 1, 1931. Sergeant Jenkins will have completed thirty-two years, ten months and eleven days in the U. S. Marine Corps on August 31, 1931.

USS "CONSTITUTION"

The Acting Secretary of the Navy, Honorable Ernest Lee Jahncke, in conference with the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral W. V. Pratt, USN., announces the following southern itinerary of the United States Frigate "Constitution":

10-16-31 Yorktown 10-23-31

10-24-31	Baltimore	11-2-31
11-2-31	Annapolis	11-6-31
11-6-31	Washington	11-12-31
11-12-31	Norfolk (N. O. B.)	11-16-31
11-19-31	Wilmington, N. C.	11-23-31
11-24-31	Charleston, S. C.	11-30-31
11-30-31	Savannah, Ga.	12-7-31
12-7-31	Brunswick, Ga.	12-11-31
12-11-31	Jacksonville, Fla.	12-16-31
12-18-31	Miami, Fla.	12-28-31
12-29-31	Key West, Fla.	1-4-32
1-7-32	Pensacola, Fla.	1-11-32
1-11-32	Mobile, Alabama	1-15-32
1-15-32	Gulfport, Miss.	1-19-32
1-21-32	Baton Rouge, La.	1-27-32
1-28-32	New Orleans, La.	2-11-32
2-15-32	Corpus Christi, Tex.	2-22-32
2-24-32	Houston, Tex.	3-1-32
3-1-32	Galveston, Tex.	3-7-32
3-8-32	Beaumont, Tex.	3-13-32
3-13-32	Port Arthur	3-18-32
3-20-32	Lake Charles, La.	3-22-32
	(Depth of water permitting)	
3-26-32	Tampa, Fla.	3-30-32
4-2-32	Key West, Fla.	4-5-32

ADDRESSES IN SERVICE-RECORD BOOKS

A few service-record books are being received at Headquarters Marine Corps without information concerning the Marines intention to re-enlist, or future address. Headquarters requests that this information be placed on the bottom of page 26 of the new service-record books and on a similar page in the old style books.

COMMENDATION

The President of the United States has presented the NAVY CROSS to the following officer and enlisted man for their services in Nicaragua:

CAPTAIN JOHN C. WOOD:

"For distinguished service in the line of his profession during the period 11-13 April, 1931, during operations against organized banditry in the vicinity of Logtown and Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua."

FIRST SERGEANT CLYDE R. DARRAH:

"For distinguished service in the line of his profession as commander of a patrol of the Guardia Nacional, operating in the vicinity of Moss Farm, Nicaragua."

Captain Alton M. Parker, FMCR., and Marine Gunners Kennard F. Buler and Victor H. Czeska have been awarded gold medals by Special Act of Congress of 23 May, 1930, in recognition of their valued services as members of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. The medals were personally delivered by Admiral Byrd.

First Lieutenant Greson A. Williams has received a special letter of commendation for his service in Nicaragua.

POST EXCHANGE

Bills Receivable: It has been noted that Bills Receivable, representing post exchange issues to prisoners in a non-pay status, are not always collected promptly.

Exchange officers' and members of Post Exchange Councils are advised to investigate failure of payment of any bill that has been outstanding for three months or more.

Accounting Machines: The Exchange Section at Headquarters Marine Corps has custody of a bookkeeping machine, Underwood Standard, No. 3-14, and an adding machine, Burroughs Portable. Neither of these machines is in working order, but can be repaired at small cost, and were received from exchanges since disbanded. Post Exchanges needing either or both of these machines and willing to pay for repairs and cost of shipment, should make application to the Headquarters Exchange officer.

PROMOTIONS—FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

FIRST SERGEANT Arthur G. Hamilton—to Sergeant Major.

GUNNERY SERGEANTS—John J. Kant to 1st Sergeant.

Harry W. Warner—to 1st Sergeant.

Kenneth J. Zoeller—to 1st Sergeant.

SUPPLY SERGEANT Richard A. Burton—to Quartermaster Sergeant.

SERGEANTS Frank A. Aloia—to 1st Sergeant.

James W. Bayne—to 1st Sergeant.

William R. Elliott—to 1st Sergeant.

Frank Gelfound—to Gunnery Sergeant.

Natt L. Hodgeson—to Supply Sergeant.

Lester S. Keefeauver—to Supply Sergeant.

Ira E. LaLonde—to Staff Sergeant.

George Playfair—to Supply Sergeant.

Fred L. Rawlinson—to Gunnery Sergeant.

Albert J. Van Natta—to 1st Sergeant.

CORPORALS—Charles E. Baltz—to 1st Sergeant.

Julian F. Walters—to 1st Sergeant.

PRIVATE John W. Augustine—to 1st Sergeant.

Henry E. Cook—to Gunnery Sergeant.

Paul H. Hardenburg—to Drum Major.

Michael J. McDonald—to Gunnery Sergeant.

STAFF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE
SIXTH MARINE RESERVE BRIGADE

Brig. Sgt.-Maj. John E. Fondahl.
Brig. Sgt.-Maj. Charles P. Daum.
Sgt.-Maj. Arthur G. Hamilton.
Sgt.-Maj. Harry J. Volkman, Jr.
Sgt.-Maj. Harold D. Johnson.
Sgt.-Maj. Oliver C. Brown.
Brig. QM.-Sgt. Richard A. Burton.
Brig. QM.-Sgt. Charles H. Heller.
Brig. QM.-Sgt. John A. Hanschmann.
PM.-Sgt. George H. Hubert.
PM.-Sgt. Harry G. Vaughn.
1st Sgt. John W. Augustine.
1st Sgt. James W. Bayne.
1st Sgt. Frank O. Brass.
1st Sgt. William E. Brigham.
1st Sgt. Charles C. Brown.
1st Sgt. John M. Earnest.
1st Sgt. William M. Eser.
1st Sgt. William R. Elliott.
1st Sgt. Rollie V. Essex.
1st Sgt. Edward H. Hamilton.
1st Sgt. Robert L. Jenkins.
1st Sgt. Henry M. Link.
1st Sgt. Cyril W. Pitts.
1st Sgt. James N. Shippe.
1st Sgt. Paul A. Smith.
1st Sgt. James A. Tawney.
1st Sgt. Carl W. Tomlin.
1st Sgt. Joseph A. Valade.
1st Sgt. William R. Via.
1st Sgt. Julian P. Walters.
1st Sgt. Harry W. Warner.
1st Sgt. Kenneth J. Zoeller.
Gy.-Sgt. Louis W. Berry.
Gy.-Sgt. Henry E. Cook.
Gy.-Sgt. George C. Devoe.
Gy.-Sgt. Frank Gelfound.
Gy.-Sgt. Luther H. Gentry.
Gy.-Sgt. Earl Mathews.
Gy.-Sgt. Michael J. McDonald.
Gy.-Sgt. John P. Meshkoff.
Gy.-Sgt. Neil G. Payne.
Gy.-Sgt. Michael R. Quinn.
Gy.-Sgt. Fred L. Rawlinson.
Gy.-Sgt. Watson Salkeld.
Gy.-Sgt. Myron E. Thompson.
Sup.-Sgt. Lester S. Keefauver.
Sup.-Sgt. Nat L. Hoodon.
Sup.-Sgt. Oren J. Henning.
Sup.-Sgt. James E. Bennett.
Sup.-Sgt. William E. Riley.
Sup.-Sgt. George Playfair.
Sup.-Sgt. Alfred L. Mallonee.
Drum Maj. Marcel Causin.
Stf.-Sgt. Rexford H. Blaine.
Stf.-Sgt. Ira E. LaLonde.
Stf.-Sgt. Mason LeR. LeGate.
Stf.-Sgt. Roger Randall.

LIST OF SUPPLY SERGEANTS ARRANGED
ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

Mitchell, Granville—September 5, 1930.
McCord, Alfred B.—November 13, 1930.
Hyland, George J.—December 4, 1930.
Hagerdon, Roy E.—December 26, 1930.
Elms, George E.—January 6, 1931.
Cryts, Bennie—February 17, 1931.
Sira, Walter A.—April 1, 1931.
Caven, Robert M.—April 6, 1931.
McDonough, Patrick J.—April 24, 1931.
Schurr, John W.—June 2, 1931.
Seiler, Charles—June 17, 1931.
Stephenson, Frank H.—July 20, 1931.

Rosters for Promotion

SERGEANT MAJOR

1st Sergeant McHugh, John.
1st Sergeant Layman, Joseph M.
1st Sergeant Pince, William.
1st Sergeant Darmond, James M.
1st Sergeant Davis, Charles.
1st Sergeant Bowen, Lee T.
1st Sergeant Hartman, Charles W.
1st Sergeant Twobie, Jeremiah.
1st Sergeant Klehm, Charles G.
1st Sergeant Harmann, William W.
1st Sergeant Cartmell, Hall V.
Gunnery Sergeant Fisher, Morris.
1st Sergeant Brosnan, Daniel W.
1st Sergeant Clayton, Raymond.

FIRST SERGEANT

Sergeant Harland W. Bond.
Sergeant Glenn C. Seider.
Sergeant Harry D. Hill.
Sergeant Maxwell K. Smith.
Sergeant Charles M. Adams.
1st Sergeant (Const. Det.) Frank Verdier.
1st Sergeant (Const. Det.) Edwin C. Clarke.
Gunnery Sergeant (Const. Det.) William O'Grady.

Gunnery Sergeant George L. Robinson.
Gunnery Sergeant Robert F. Harris.
Gunnery Sergeant Robert C. Wood (Band Duty).
Sergeant Morris F. Goode.
Sergeant Theodore B. Crawley.
Sergeant James A. Ducey.
Sergeant James T. Aylward.
Sergeant John C. Wright.
Sergeant Walter Glasgow.
Sergeant Willis E. Hall.
Sergeant John L. Little.
Sergeant John A. Hidy.
Sergeant Dalton D. Farrar.
Sergeant Thomas F. Dowd.
Pfc. Lewis E. Griffin (Band Duty).

GUNNERY SERGEANT

Sergeant Robert L. Jennings, Ordnance.
Sergeant Otie H. Holstine, Ordnance.
Sergeant Roy M. Fowl, Ordnance.
Sergeant Dana T. Huston, Ordnance.
Sergeant Henry G. Davis, Ordnance.
Sergeant Ernest V. Maddox, Ordnance.
Pfc. William B. Greear, Jr., Band Duty.
Sergeant Wilson R. Santmyre, Ordnance.
Sergeant John F. Smith, Ordnance.
Sergeant Clifford Cheshire, Ordnance.
Sergeant Walter Kimrey, Ordnance.
Sergeant Ora C. Harter, Ordnance.
Sergeant Walter Holzworth, Ordnance.
Sergeant Joseph R. Tiete, Ordnance.
Sergeant Rudolph Kohs, Ordnance.
Sergeant Everett J. Drury, Ordnance.
Sergeant Carl Raines, Ordnance.
Pfc. Cecil R. Watkins, Band Duty.
Staff Sergeant Harry D. Goode, Motor Transport.
Gy. Sgt. (NNGD) Louis Rossich, Ordnance.
Pfc. James A. Kane, Lithographer.

STAFF SERGEANT

Sergeant Samuel M. Trippe, Mechanical.
Sergeant Clarence E. Jacobs, Mechanical.
Sergeant Edgar A. Hartman, Mechanical.
Sergeant Rex R. Stillwell, Mechanical.
Sergeant John Pederson, Mechanical.
Corporal Mike Debiski, Mechanical.
Sergeant Cecil E. Anderson, Mechanical.
Sergeant John J. Rogers, Clerical.
Sergeant John A. Miller, Clerical.
Sergeant Merl S. Smith, Clerical.
Sergeant Joseph L. Stoops, Clerical.
Sergeant Leonard T. Hughes, Clerical.
Sergeant Arthur V. Erickson, Clerical.
Sergeant Baxter E. Vann, Clerical.
Sergeant Douglas S. Catchim, Clerical.
Sergeant Robert G. Hendricks, Clerical.
Sergeant Harold C. Sharp, Clerical.

PROMOTIONS

(Continued from page 5)

Albert J. Martens—to Corporal.
William H. Matkin—to Corporal.
Arthur A. Mendenhall—to Corporal.
Alton J. Moore—to Corporal.
Thomas Murphy—to Corporal.
Vernon L. Muse—to Corporal.
Leland A. Nemitz—to Corporal.
Forrest Norflett—to Corporal.
Abraham Olf—to Gunnery Sergeant.
George Pfeifle—to Corporal.
Milford P. Piercy—to Corporal.
Loren P. Reeves, Jr.—to Corporal.
Francis A. Rogowski—to Corporal.
Reuben Rosenthal—to Corporal.
Raymond A. Rothfuss—to Corporal.
Harry T. Saunders—to Corporal.
Rudolph H. Schonings—to Corporal.
David Y. Shenk—to Corporal.
Cleon C. Smith—to Corporal.
Eustace R. Smoak—to Corporal.
Chat Speight—to Corporal.
Everett D. Walters—to Corporal.
Ben W. White—to Corporal.
Marcel J. Wicks—to Corporal.
Louis F. Wilson—to Corporal.
William A. Wright—to Corporal.
PRIVATES Paul G. Abernethy—to Corporal.
Roice L. Biffle—to Corporal.
Natole G. Brails—to Sergeant.
Clifford K. Carter—to Corporal.
Edward Conwill—to Corporal.
Richard M. Couch—to Corporal.
Lawrence B. Frisch—to Corporal.
John Frisone—to Corporal.
Merle B. Johnson—to Corporal.
John E. O'Malley—to Corporal.
Howard L. Putty—to Corporal.
Lawrence J. Rahberger—to Corporal.
Daniel P. Sandman—to Corporal.
Willis R. Singletary—to Corporal.
John L. Stone—to Corporal.
Robert G. Straine—to Corporal.
Albert J. Summerfield—to Corporal.
Harold E. Withey—to Corporal.

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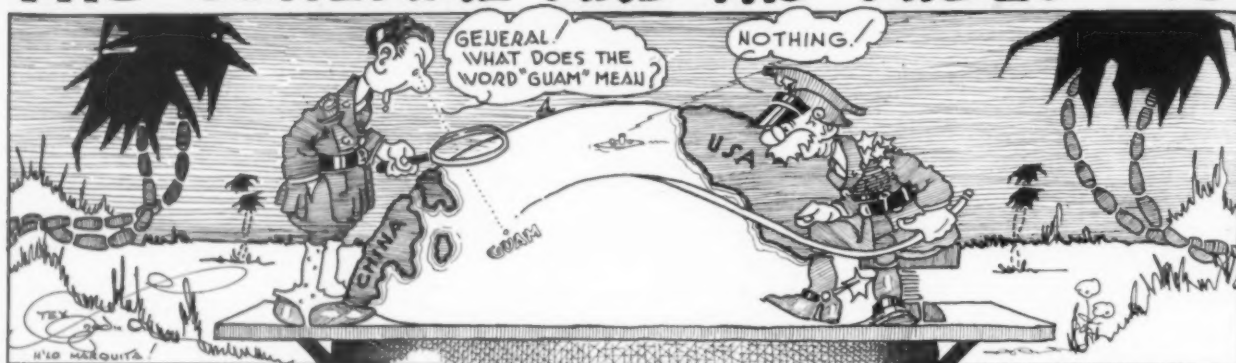


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 "A TINY DOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN"
 AND WHO ARE WE TO DENY THAT THE GEN'T DIDN'T KNOW HIS DOT?—

★ THE GENERAL UPON ARRIVAL IN GUAM IMMEDIATELY WENT INTO CONFERENCE WITH SGT. MAJOR MC CALLUM—THE CONFERENCE LASTED UNTIL THE SECOND EARTHQUAKE SHOCK BOUNCED THEM OUT THE BACK DOOR OF THE 'JAPS'—MINIATURE SWIMMING POOL—THEY RETIRED OR SCRAMMED OVER TO HANGAR NO 2—(RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE HANKADAMS CO)—THERE THEY-----

★ STARTED THE INSPECTION



THE FIRST BAFFLING PROBLEM—WAS---WHY DOES A FIVE PALM TREE RAUNCH TAKE UP SO MUCH OF GY. SGT. MORE'S SPARE TIME? MAYBESO THEY ARE "CABBAGE" PALMS. HUH.



ED'S NOTE: GEN. WHOSSIS HAS TAKEN THE MATTER UNDER ADVISEMENT—AND WILL ENDEAVOR TO HAVE THE GOLDSTAR ASSIGNED AS STATION SHIP AT THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL AT FT. SILL OKLA., THIS IS IN ORDER THAT CAPT. LEGETTE CAN'T POSSIBLY FORGET—GUAM, GUAM.



QM. SGT. PETE WILGUS MISSED THE JULY HENDERSON—AND—BECAME SO SAD—AND—REGUSTED—UNTIL HE WENT AROUND THE GOLF COURSE THREE TIMES—AFTER—MIDNIGHT.



THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT THE DEPTH OF THE CAMP WATER SUPPLY—FALL IN THE TANK.

IT'S A DARK SECRET!
 WHO DISCOVERED GUAM!
 OH! I DUNNO!
 THERES A RUMOR GOING THE ROUNDS THAT IT WAS TRADER HORN AND A STAFF SGT, NAMED MACE.



ELEPHANT HUNTER HATS—HOBNAIL SHOES—SHORTS—AND PLENTY COURAGE—IS THE PRESCRIBED UNIFORM—TO NOT WEAR WHEN YOU CALL ON THE CMC.

WE WILL BE LOOKIN YOU OVER IN CAVITE—NEXT MONTH.

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WHITE AND
KHAKI BLANCO

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DAIRIES
ICE CREAM

GRANGER
SMOKING
TOBACCO

ONCE every cruise we find a Marine who bewails the fact that The Leatherneck contains so much advertising. This bozo belongs way back "in the days of old when knights were bold." Advertising columns are the bulletin boards on which science and industry post their recent discoveries, new inventions, and modern processes; and the WISE Marine will always welcome this method of keeping abreast of the times.

IN A recent questionnaire conducted by our magazine, 100% answered "yes" to the question, "Do you read the advertisements in The Leatherneck?" This is very gratifying and shows that the average Marine is on the alert and ready to take advantage of every opportunity offered for progress and improvement.

PRODUCTS advertised in the The Leatherneck are of proven worth. Experience has shown them to be economical and reliable. The Marine who makes a practice of buying advertised goods need never fear of marching backward. He will always be finding better ways of doing things successfully, will always have his lockers stocked with the best and most modern items--will be carrying on with a great advantage over those who do not appreciate this function of advertising.



"CEASE FIRING!"

Quit drying up your throat with parched tobaccos—smoke a *fresh* cigarette, instead!

The choice Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos that go into Camel cigarettes don't have to be given a "third degree" of parching to make them smokable.

Every care is taken to keep the natural moisture and fragrance in these mellow tobaccos during the making. And, then, each package of twenty Camels is wrapped and sealed in moisture-proof Cellophane.

Camels reach you *factory-fresh*—and that goes from Manhattan to Madagascar.

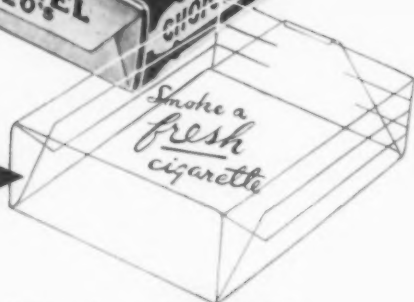
The Rookie has followed the Old Timer to the joy of the fresh cigarette. In every rank of every branch of the service, the new Humidor Pack of Camels is the decoration of the smoke-wise.

Just inhale the soothing smoke from one package of Camels—then go back to your old cigarette—if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
Columbia Broadcasting System—every night except Sunday



HUMIDOR
PACK



● Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. It delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

